THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu ted Weekly Magazine
Founded 1728 by Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 5, 1908

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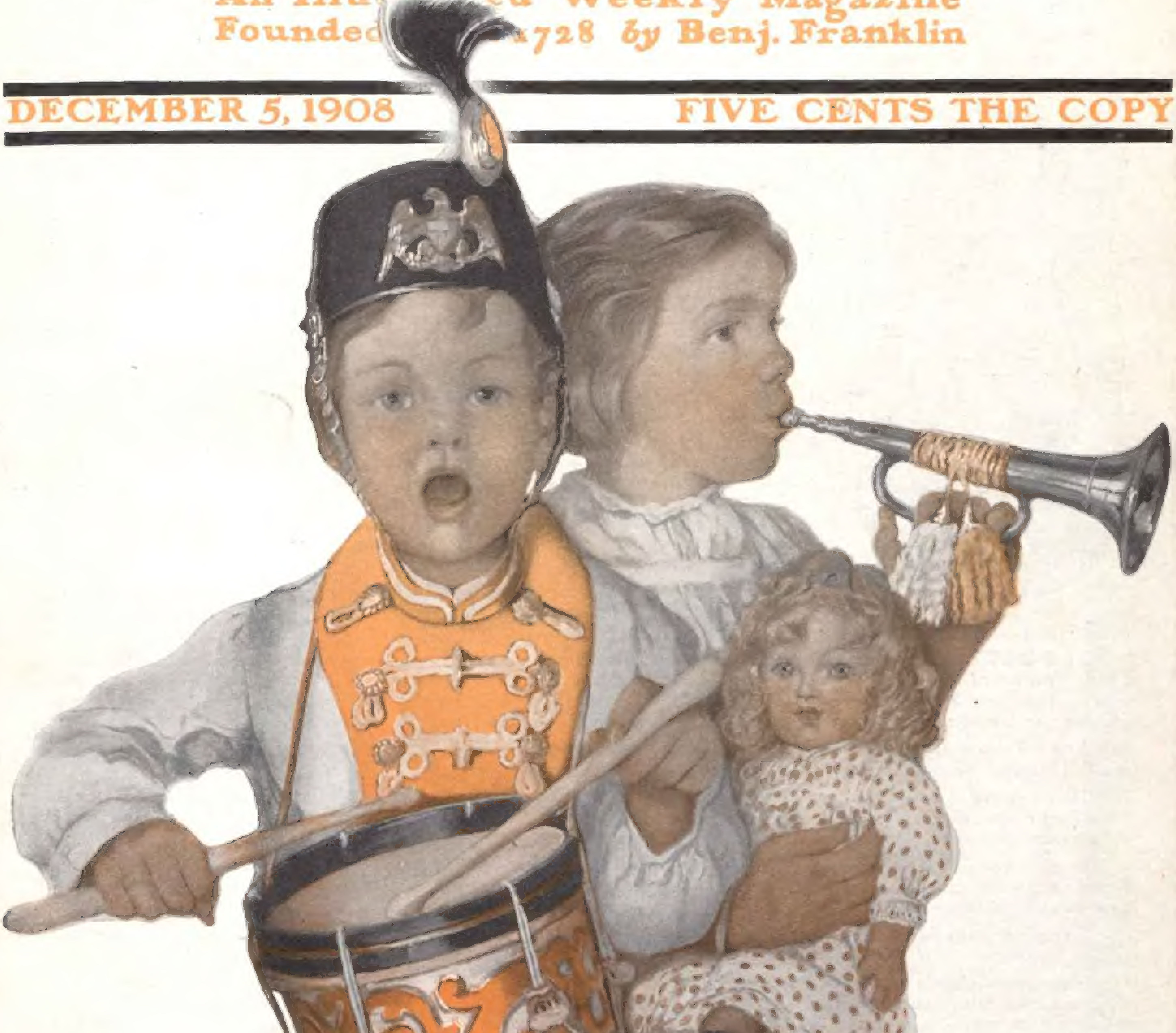
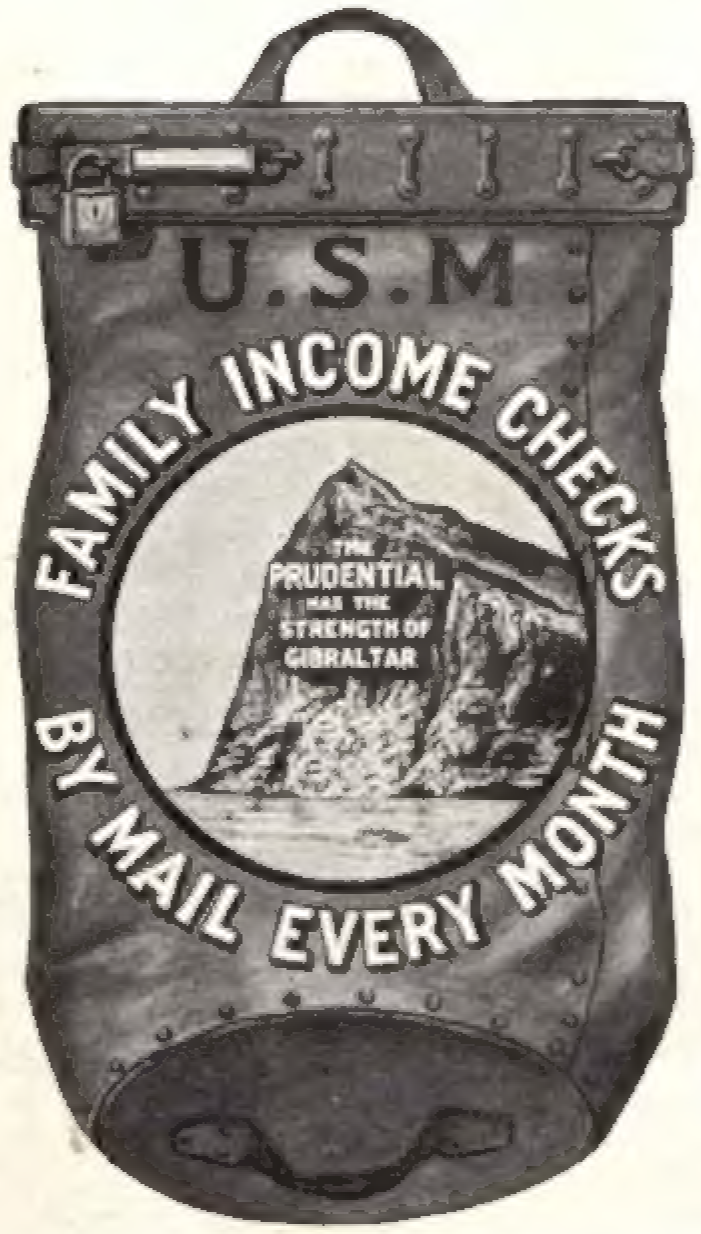


CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The Very Newest Idea in

PRUDENTIAL

Life Insurance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THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
BY MAIL EVERY MONTH

A Statement by the President:

THERE is no other business which bears so important a relation to the welfare of the family as that of Life Insurance. The Prudential's object is to provide for the men and women of the United States the most practical form of Life Insurance Protection—that which will contribute most completely to the welfare of those for whose benefit Life Insurance is taken.

With this sincere purpose in mind, The Prudential is issuing a Life Insurance Policy which, it is believed, meets more closely the necessities of the family—those who are left behind when the breadwinner dies—than any other form of Life Insurance before the American people to-day.

It is called the **Monthly Income** Policy, from the fact that the proceeds, instead of being payable in one sum, are paid to the family in a **series of checks** on the first of each month,—and continue for a period of 20 years or for the lifetime of the Beneficiary if it has been so selected.

The great advantages of this plan are apparent. Think of being able to leave your wife a **Monthly Income**,—a guaranteed sum which nothing can disturb—not affected by hard times, bad judgment in investments—which cannot be lost, depreciated or stolen—but which will come to her regularly **every month for twenty years, or her lifetime**,—thus enabling her to adjust the family expenditures, relieving her from all worry and putting poverty out of reach.

This is just what the new Monthly Income Policy accomplishes—it pays the rent, the household bills, provides food, clothing, education for the children—perpetuates your salary in fact—all by a monthly Income which cannot fail.

THE COST of this policy is low. For example, if you should be 30 years old you could, by paying The Prudential $167.35 per year (which means **a** saving of only $13.95 per month, or about $3.50 per week), assure to your family after your death—**$50 Every Month for 20 years,** or $12,000 in all! At slightly higher cost, you could make this Income payable to your wife or daughter **for her entire lifetime.** This is called the Whole Life Plan.

You can also arrange to confine all your payments to the Company to the first 20 years after taking out the Policy. This is called the 20 Payment Life Plan.

Now suppose you would like to arrange to **protect your own old age**—to assure yourself of an Income which would start 20 years from to-day, if living, and last for 20 years longer, or—for you as long as you live and your wife as long as she lives if she survives you. This can be done too, under the Endowment Plan.

Suppose you and your wife were both 40 years of age: $214.20 per year (a saving of $4.12 weekly) paid to the Company for 20 years would provide a **guaranteed Income** of $25 per month, beginning at age 60 and **continuing as long** as **either you or your wife should live,**—and in any event for not less than 20 years.

Every rate and value in this Policy is absolutely guaranteed—in the Policy itself—while back of it are the great resources of The Prudential.

The success already attending this new Monthly Income Policy proves that it is striking the keynote of popular demand. You cannot afford to ignore a method of providing for your family or for your own old age a protection so sensible, so sure, so convenient, and so inexpensive. We wish to tell you what The Prudential can do for **You** in this matter. Write now while the subject is fresh in your mind. We will furnish you full Information—just adapted to **Your** particular case.

Remember, we believe this to be the greatest plan for the protection of your family ever devised—marking an epoch in Life Insurance. **You** should take advantage of it, for your family's sake. **Write Now** to

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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.
Home Office: Newark, N. J.

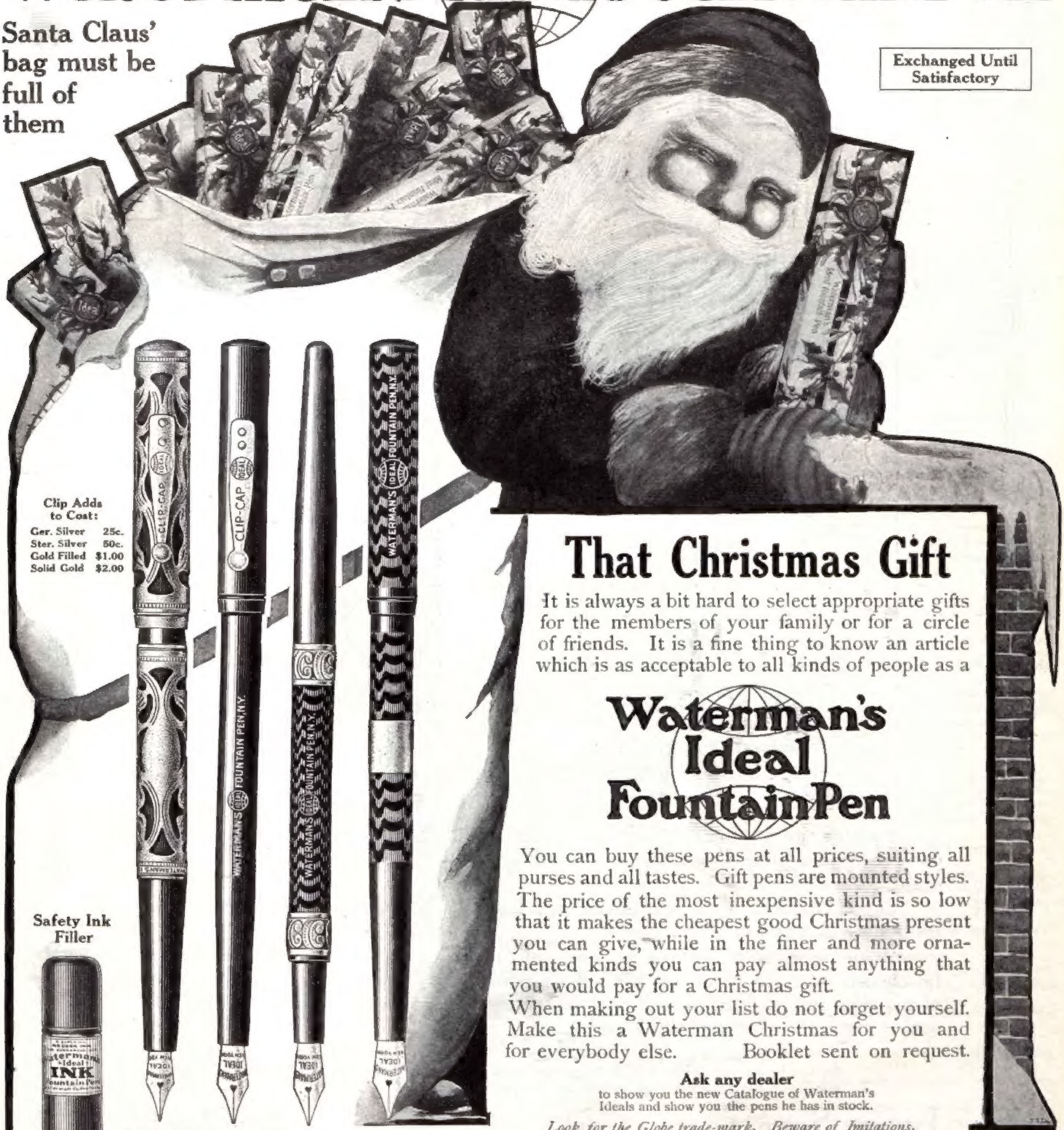
John F. Dryden
President

In order that we shall know where you read this we would appreciate it if you would mention this publication in your letter.

Until Everybody has a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Santa Claus' bag must be full of them

Exchanged Until Satisfactory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WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN, N.Y.
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Ster. Silver	50c.
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Safety Ink Filler

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No. 412 $5.00	12 $2.50	22 G. M. $3.50	12 G. M. M. $3.50
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That Christmas Gift

It is always a bit hard to select appropriate gifts for the members of your family or for a circle of friends. It is a fine thing to know an article which is as acceptable to all kinds of people as a

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

You can buy these pens at all prices, suiting all purses and all tastes. Gift pens are mounted styles. The price of the most inexpensive kind is so low that it makes the cheapest good Christmas present you can give, while in the finer and more ornamented kinds you can pay almost anything that you would pay for a Christmas gift.

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Ask any dealer
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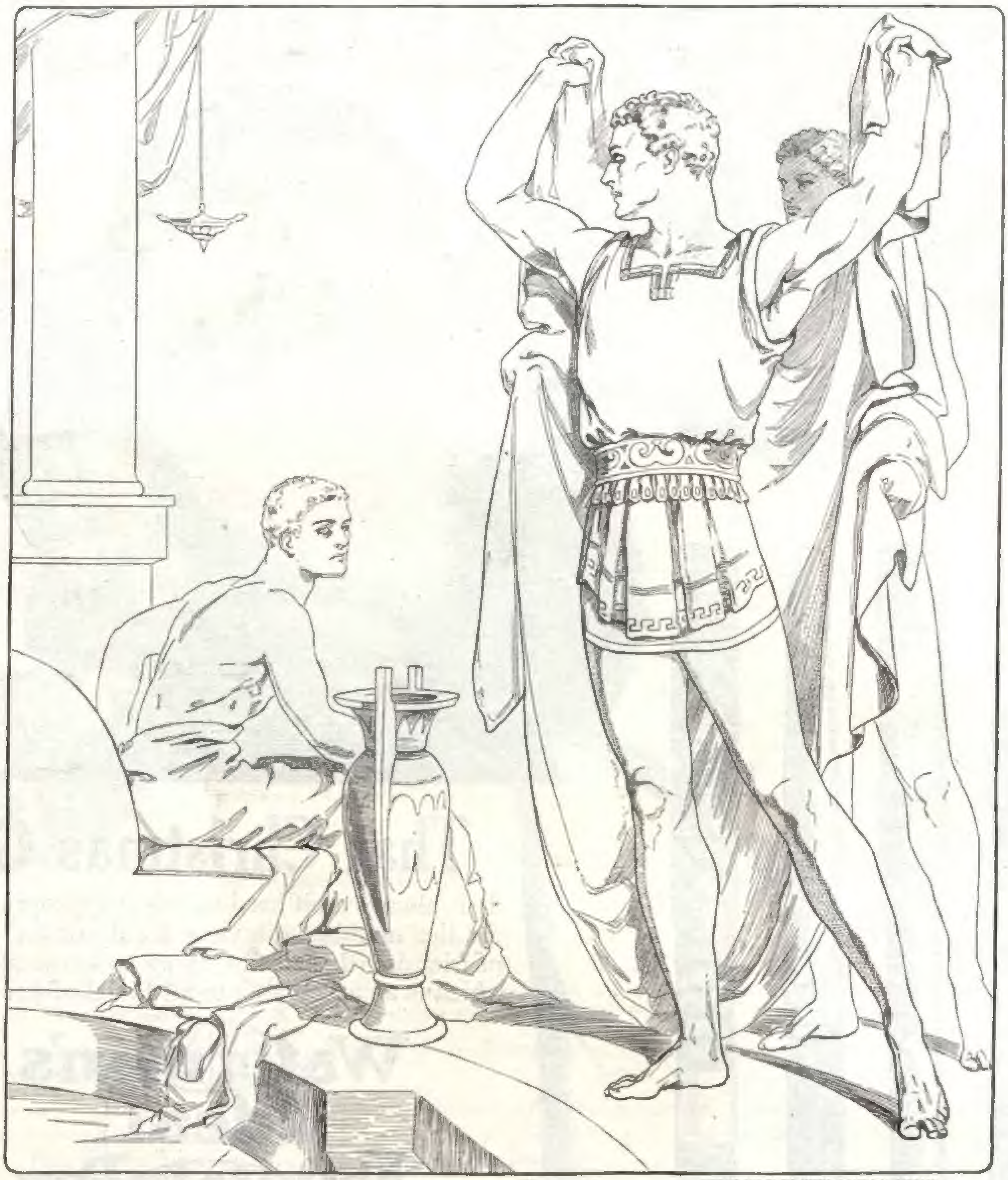

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It seems curious, but it is a fact that John Smith, Everyday American, can enjoy one luxury that Julius Caesar himself could not; and that is a *real* bath—with *real* soap—in a *real* bath-tub.

Caesar couldn't. Soap was unknown in his day. When he bathed, slaves covered his body with oils and ashes.

When John Smith bathes, he steps into a tub of water, as warm or as cold as he chooses to have it; covers himself with Ivory Soap lather, rubs it into the pores of his skin, rinses, dries himself with a coarse towel—and feels the equal of Caesar and as much the Master of the World.

It floats; and it is pure. These are the qualities that make Ivory Soap unequalled for use in the bath. Purity, in a bath soap, is of paramount importance. And a soap that does not sink has a very great advantage over one that does.

Ivory Soap . . . . It Floats

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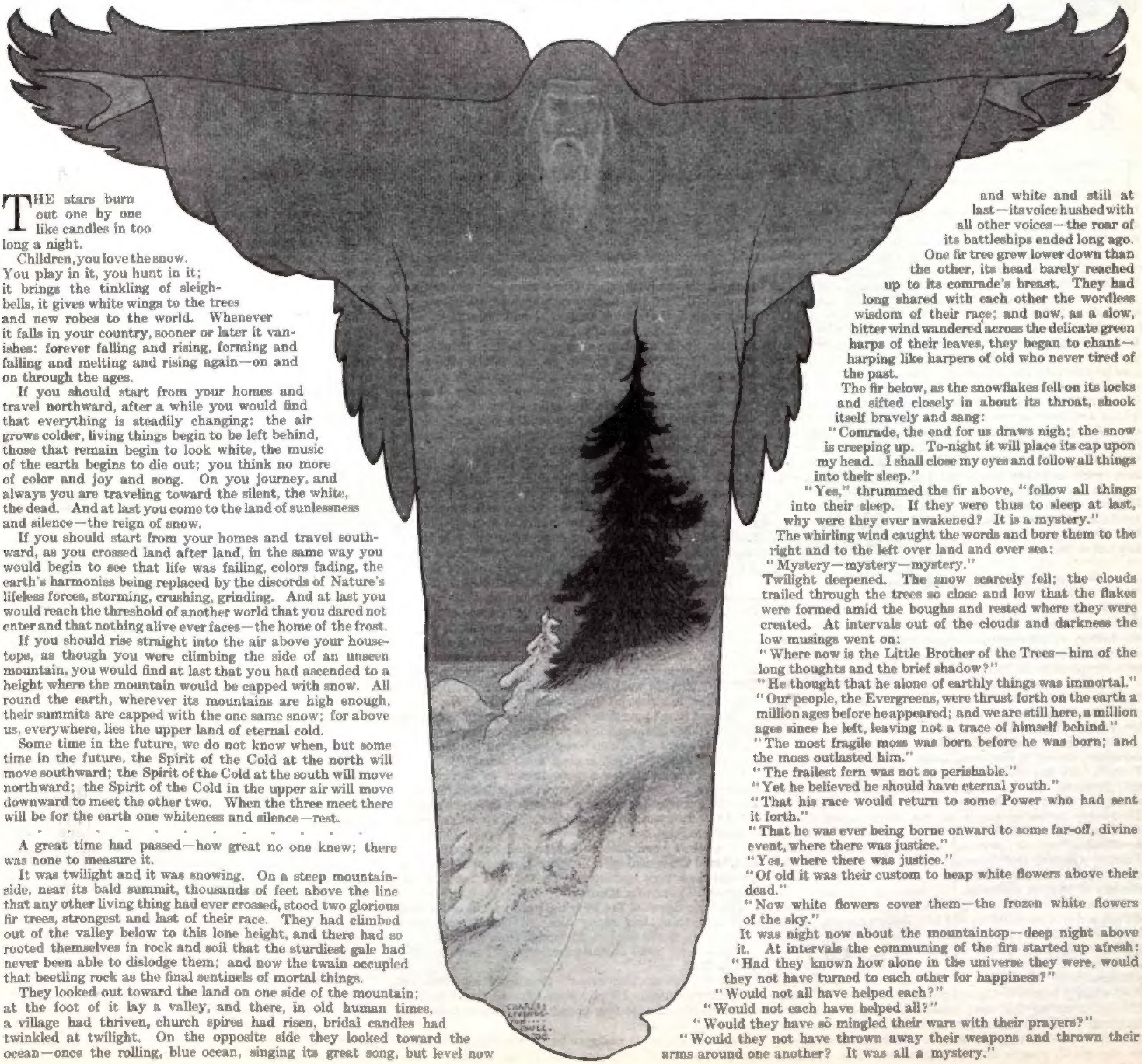
THE LAST CHRISTMAS TREE

By James Lane Allen

AUTHOR OF THE CHOIR INVISIBLE, A KENTUCKY CARDINAL AND AFTERMATH

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



THE stars burn out one by one like candles in too long a night.

Children, you love the snow. You play in it, you hunt in it; it brings the tinkling of sleighbells, it gives white wings to the trees and new robes to the world. Whenever it falls in your country, sooner or later it vanishes: forever falling and rising, forming and falling and melting and rising again—on and on through the ages.

If you should start from your homes and travel northward, after a while you would find that everything is steadily changing: the air grows colder, living things begin to be left behind, those that remain begin to look white, the music of the earth begins to die out; you think no more of color and joy and song. On you journey, and always you are traveling toward the silent, the white, the dead. And at last you come to the land of sunlessness and silence—the reign of snow.

If you should start from your homes and travel southward, as you crossed land after land, in the same way you would begin to see that life was failing, colors fading, the earth's harmonies being replaced by the discords of Nature's lifeless forces, storming, crushing, grinding. And at last you would reach the threshold of another world that you dared not enter and that nothing alive ever faces—the home of the frost.

If you should rise straight into the air above your housetops, as though you were climbing the side of an unseen mountain, you would find at last that you had ascended to a height where the mountain would be capped with snow. All round the earth, wherever its mountains are high enough, their summits are capped with the one same snow; for above us, everywhere, lies the upper land of eternal cold.

Some time in the future, we do not know when, but some time in the future, the Spirit of the Cold at the north will move southward; the Spirit of the Cold at the south will move northward; the Spirit of the Cold in the upper air will move downward to meet the other two. When the three meet there will be for the earth one whiteness and silence—rest.

. . . .

A great time had passed—how great no one knew; there was none to measure it.

It was twilight and it was snowing. On a steep mountainside, near its bald summit, thousands of feet above the line that any other living thing had ever crossed, stood two glorious fir trees, strongest and last of their race. They had climbed out of the valley below to this lone height, and there had so rooted themselves in rock and soil that the sturdiest gale had never been able to dislodge them; and now the twain occupied that beetling rock as the final sentinels of mortal things.

They looked out toward the land on one side of the mountain; at the foot of it lay a valley, and there, in old human times, a village had thriven, church spires had risen, bridal candles had twinkled at twilight. On the opposite side they looked toward the ocean—once the rolling, blue ocean, singing its great song, but level now and white and still at last—its voice hushed with all other voices—the roar of its battleships ended long ago.

One fir tree grew lower down than the other, its head barely reached up to its comrade's breast. They had long shared with each other the wordless wisdom of their race; and now, as a slow, bitter wind wandered across the delicate green harps of their leaves, they began to chant—harping like harpers of old who never tired of the past.

The fir below, as the snowflakes fell on its locks and sifted closely in about its throat, shook itself bravely and sang:

"Comrade, the end for us draws nigh; the snow is creeping up. To-night it will place its cap upon my head. I shall close my eyes and follow all things into their sleep."

"Yes," thrummed the fir above, "follow all things into their sleep. If they were thus to sleep at last, why were they ever awakened? It is a mystery."

The whirling wind caught the words and bore them to the right and to the left over land and over sea:

"Mystery—mystery—mystery."

Twilight deepened. The snow scarcely fell; the clouds trailed through the trees so close and low that the flakes were formed amid the boughs and rested where they were created. At intervals out of the clouds and darkness the low musings went on:

"Where now is the Little Brother of the Trees—him of the long thoughts and the brief shadow?"

"He thought that he alone of earthly things was immortal."

"Our people, the Evergreens, were thrust forth on the earth a million ages before he appeared; and we are still here, a million ages since he left, leaving not a trace of himself behind."

"The most fragile moss was born before he was born; and the moss outlasted him."

"The frailest fern was not so perishable."

"Yet he believed he should have eternal youth."

"That his race would return to some Power who had sent it forth."

"That he was ever being borne onward to some far-off, divine event, where there was justice."

"Yes, where there was justice."

"Of old it was their custom to heap white flowers above their dead."

"Now white flowers cover them—the frozen white flowers of the sky."

It was night now about the mountaintop—deep night above it. At intervals the communing of the firs started up afresh:

"Had they known how alone in the universe they were, would they not have turned to each other for happiness?"

"Would not all have helped each?"

"Would not each have helped all?"

"Would they have so mingled their wars with their prayers?"

"Would they not have thrown away their weapons and thrown their arms around one another? It was all a mystery."

"Mystery—mystery."

Once in the night they sounded in unison:

"And all the gods of earth—its many gods in many lands with many faces—they sleep now in their ancient temples; on them has fallen at last their unending dusk."

"And the shepherds who avowed that they were appointed by the Creator of the universe to lead other men as their sheep—what difference is there now between the sheep and the shepherds?"

"The shepherds lie with the sheep in the same white pastures."

"Still, what think you became of all that men did?"

"Whither did Science go? How could it come to naught?"

"And that seven-branched golden candlestick of inner light that was his Art—was there no other sphere to which it could be transferred, lovely and eternal?"

"And what became of Love?"

"What became of the woman who asked for nothing in life but love and youth?"

"What became of the man who was true?"

"Think you that all of them are not gathered elsewhere—strangely changed, yet the same? Is some other quenchless star their safe habitation?"

"What do we know; what did he know on earth? It was a mystery."

"It was all a mystery."

If there had been a clock to measure the hour it must now have been near midnight. Suddenly the fir below harped most tenderly:

"The children! What became of the children? Where did the myriads of them march to? What was the end of the march of the earth's children?"

"Be still!" whispered the fir above. "At that moment I felt the soft fingers of a child searching my boughs. Was not this what in human times they called Christmas Eve?"

"Hearken!" whispered the fir below. "Down in the valley elfin horns are blowing and elfin drums are beating. Did you hear that—faint and far away? It was the bells of the reindeer! It passed: it was the wandering soul of Christmas."

Not long after this the fir below struck its green harp for the last time:

"Comrade, it is the end for me. Good-night!"

Silently the snow closed over it.

The other fir now stood alone. The snow crept higher and higher. It bravely shook itself loose. Late in the long night it communed once more, solitary:

"I, then, close the train of earthly things. And I was the emblem of immortality; let the highest be the last to perish! Power, that put forth all things for a purpose, you have fulfilled, without explaining it, that purpose. I follow all things into their sleep."

In the morning there was no trace of it.

The sun rose clear on the mountaintops, white and cold and at peace.

The earth was dead.

THE PEDIGREE HUNTERS

Digging Up the Root of the Family Tree

By E. L. BACON

IF THE rush to the genealogists keeps up we Americans shall soon lead the world in ancestors. The birth rate among people of wealth is said to be at a low ebb, but the increase of their families in the other direction has never been so rapid. Even many of us in more moderate circumstances are acquiring lineages by the yard, and soon we shall all be old, old families, if we can manage to pay the price. Ancestors come high, that's the great drawback, and they are growing more and more expensive all the time.

It didn't used to cost very much to find out who grandfather's father was thirty or forty years ago, when most people never thought of digging back more than a generation or two into the unknown. There were always a few stray, hungry-looking family historians, men who had blundered into their calling a generation or two too soon, whose ambition never rose above a job at two dollars a day. Of course one couldn't expect very much at that price. These humble delvers into the past couldn't do much more than pore over a few old church or town registers within easy reach, and they considered it a triumph to add a century to an employer's line of descent. Even then the chances were even up that he had been presented with forebears that didn't belong to him, for in pedigree hunting the danger of mistakes is greater, perhaps, than in any other line of work.

Family Trees the Most Costly of All

BUT nowadays there is the trained expert who travels about through New England and the South uncovering the history of his employer's dead relatives in all sorts of odd places, and who will spend years in forming a family tree complete in all its branches from the first immigrant.

And this expert now finds his work supplemented by that of an even more highly-trained investigator, who has come here from the Old World to introduce relatives who lived when knights were bold and barons held their sway.

This latest arrival in the field is a philologist, a paleographer, versed in mediæval Latin, Anglo-Saxon and old French. He has studied for years in European archives and libraries. He has channels of information that the average person would never think of. He delves in Domesday books, monastic records, chartularies, chronicles, heraldic manuscript collections, funeral and marriage certificates, school records, university registers, the French, Gascon and Norman rolls, sign manuals and signet bills, heralds' visitations, and a hundred other records of bygone centuries.

This marvel of scholarship will charge you one hundred dollars a day, four hundred and fifty dollars a week, fifteen hundred dollars a month, besides expenses, without any guarantee as to character or standing of ancestors, and sometimes it takes him a year or even longer to trace a pedigree until it vanishes in the mists of remote ages. And when it comes to the compiling of a complete family history, a matter that may involve looking through one hundred thousand documents and manuscripts, he may take three or four times as long, in which case his bill will be enough to stagger even a millionaire. But the man who cannot afford such a high-priced family tree can console himself with the knowledge that the hunt often leads to many a disappointment. Often a man pays ten or fifteen thousand dollars only to discover a very ordinary lot of relatives indeed, the kind of people he and his wife wouldn't have cared to meet socially. In such a case the only consolation lies in the hope of digging back a little further eventually, if there is money enough left in the family treasury, and getting into more aristocratic circles, perhaps even to royalty itself. Sometimes it is a matter of several years to add really desirable relatives from the past to the clan, the kind you can hang up on the wall and tell your friends about. The reliable genealogist has an awful way of digging up one now and then who isn't fit to be mentioned.

It comes as a rude shock when a man who has always prided himself on his ancestry finds an unkempt rascal from some long-buried period being introduced into the family circle as a blood relation. So it was in the case of a certain scion of an old Boston family, a member of many fashionable clubs, who with a consuming thirst for knowledge of his forebears came to New York from the Back Bay district and set one of these skilled investigators at work.

"I am a direct descendant of a Pilgrim Father, a direct descendant, sir," said the man from the Hub impressively. "But we have never been able to trace our family on the other side. There is, however, a tradition, which I believe is founded on fact, that we come of a ducal line."

The professional pedigree hunter took the meagre facts that were presented to him concerning the Pilgrim Father and the following week set sail for England. Two months later he came across his employer in London.

"I have found your Pilgrim ancestor," said the genealogist, "and have traced him back through two generations."

"By George! You don't say so!" cried the Bostonian enthusiastically. "That is good news indeed."

"The immigrant was a poor farmer in Devonshire," continued the genealogist, "as was his father before him. But the grandfather was of a somewhat different sort."

"Ah!" interjected his employer. "Now we're getting somewhere."

"I haven't been able as yet to find out much about him," said the genealogist, "except the record of his death. Er—he died very suddenly. To tell the truth, he was hung—at Tyburn for stealing."

The descendant of the Pilgrims went up out of his chair as if something had stung him. "What!" he roared. "You mean to tell me I'm descended from a thief?"

"However," went on the genealogist, "I have hopes of getting back ——"

"Back—not another step!" thundered his employer. "I've had enough. I'll pay your bill and that'll end it."

It cost him almost four thousand dollars to make that distressing discovery.

So many times do pedigree hunters encounter unpleasant revelations of this sort that it has become a moot question among them whether the ethics of their profession should not allow of withholding a disclosure that would be sure to give a most disagreeable shock to a respectable family. Here is a case in point. In a New England town lived a nice old lady who had a vague idea of who her great-grandfather was, but, although taking the utmost pride in the short lineage within her knowledge, knew nothing at all of the generations that preceded him. She hired a genealogist to look them up. He dug about in New England church and town records, scraped the moss off some old gravestones for the inscriptions, got back another generation or two and then found a clew that sent him to Virginia. At last he brought up in a sleepy little town in the wilds of Northumberland County. There, after a long search through the musty old papers in the courthouse, he discovered what he was after, a record of the man who turned out to be the old lady's first American ancestor. But it was the record of his conviction and sentence to prison on a charge of a nature that would have blackened for life the reputation of anybody. Of all the old reprobates of Colonial days he had gone the limit. His character, apparently, had not a single redeeming feature.

The effect this discovery would have upon the nice old lady back in New England was carefully considered by the genealogist. He went back to her and perjured himself like a gentleman. He had discovered the founder of her American line, he explained, but the facts to be obtained concerning him were extremely meagre, although he had evidently been a man of some reputation. He had picked up, too, for a trifling sum what was evidently a portrait of her ancestor and would be pleased to present it to her.

That portrait is hanging on the wall of the old lady's parlor to-day as an inspiration to her small grandchildren, who look up to it with pride as she tells them what a fine man their many times great-grandfather was, the same festive colonist who served a term behind the bars.

The Pampered Plutocrat's Buccaneer

BUT the genealogist is never quite sure of how his client is going to take a revelation of the shortcomings of an ancestor. A pale, thin, luxurious young man who took only a languid interest in life was informed by his family historian that he had discovered that one of his progenitors had been a member of a buccaneering crew on the Spanish Main. The agent broke the news gingerly and with much anxiety. The young man was lounging back on a divan at the time, attired in a silk dressing-gown and leisurely sipping a cup of tea. It was hard for the genealogist to believe that he was looking upon the descendant of such a wild outlaw as he had dug up from the depths of the past.

To the agent's astonishment the pampered child of wealth rose up with a shout of joy and, hastily setting his cup of tea aside, embraced him rapturously.

"You don't mean to tell me," he cried, "that an ancestor of mine had the nerve to be a pirate! Good for the old boy! He was the real thing."

It is beyond the comprehension of the foreign genealogist why the Americans are developing such an eager interest in their ancestry, since so very few of them can be traced back to any but very plain people. Europeans, unless they happen to be of noble descent, pay little attention to their forefathers. Professional pedigree hunters in England, or in any European country for that matter, would starve to death if it were not for an occasional legal matter that renders their services necessary. That is why most of the foreigners who take up genealogy as a profession are coming over here, where they find very few Americans as well equipped as they are to compete with.

They find eager patrons among the very wealthy old New York families, almost all of whom, the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Rhinelanders among them, are represented in the New York Genealogical Society, which has a fine building of its own in Fifty-eighth Street, a stone's throw from Central Park. J. Pierpont Morgan is an active member of this organization. So is Andrew Carnegie. So are John D. Rockefeller and his brother William. You have to be somebody to belong to this society. And yet, as one of its members explained recently, genealogy is the most democratic of hobbies, for it shows that we are all descendants of kings and beggars.

Talking about kings, there is hardly a New York family of great wealth that has not been connected with some ancient throne by some genealogical adventurer. J. Pierpont Morgan has a chart that shows him to be a direct descendant of Gwynned Cymric, King of Wales thirteen hundred years ago. John D. Rockefeller's lineage has been traced through his mother's side, through the multitudinous Avery family of New England, to King Duncan, who was murdered by Macbeth. For the Astors has been found a Prince of Asturias.

But Mr. Morgan, though he was willing to pay a fat price for his chart, cannot look upon it without serious misgivings, for he knows that it is rare, indeed, that an American can be traced back, to a certainty, even as far as the early fifteenth century, there being very few, if any, parish records in the British Isles that antedate 1520. Very likely Mr. Rockefeller, who, it is said, in the male line, has never been able to get back beyond Godfrey Rockefeller, who lived in one of the German settlements of northern New York, is equally skeptical of his own royal lineage, although a few families in the South have been traced to Duncan without a doubtful link in the chain. As for the Astors, they realized long ago that there was no ground for the story of their descent from the Spanish prince, and the first ancestor on their family tree is still Jacob Ashdoer, or Astor, the jolly marketman, who lived in Walddorf, in Baden.

Many comparatively unknown people there are in America who can boast of far more distinguished ancestry and longer lineage than can any of the rich and prominent members of this aristocratic organization. Many a prominent New York family would be glad indeed of a line of descent to compare with that of Thornton Augustine Washington, a pharmacist near Index, Cass County, Missouri, the lineal descendant of Thornton Washington, George Washington's eldest full brother. If the first President had taken the advice of one of his officers, Colonel Nicola, and had seized supreme power, what might have been the consequences? It is reasonable to suppose that the monarchy would have reverted to a republic before long. In that case this Missouri druggist, as pretender to the throne, might to-day be backed by a royalist party, basing his claim on the English law of royal succession.

All kinds of queer fish with nothing to do are caught by the fascination of pedigree hunting. You find men and women in the New York Genealogical Society's library with whom genealogical investigation has become an obsession. One of the members solemnly assured some recent visitors to the library that he could trace his lineage direct to Adam and Eve, and he unrolled a chart five yards long, showing his descent from the Garden of Eden through one hundred and ninety-three generations.

They gazed at him in wonder. Talk about ancestors! Who could ever hope to get ahead of a man with such a pedigree as that? He had most people who pride themselves on ancient lineage beaten to a standstill.

And a surprising number of people have implicit faith in this chart, on which are the Saltonstalls and several other old New England families, and it occupies an important place in the society's library.

But it is not always a desire for a long lineage that leads one to invest in an investigation of his family tree. A year ago a well-known business man enlisted the services of one of New York's most scholarly genealogists.

"I don't care a hang for coats of arms or aristocratic ancestors," said the client. "My father was a poor farmer, and I don't know anything about more than two generations on either side. But those I know about didn't have any ability in the money-making line. What's more, none of 'em knew anything about music or cared about it. My father couldn't tell one note from another—couldn't even play a jew's-harp. Yet I know how to make money, for I've built up a big fortune, and I know good music, too. I can play classical pieces on the piano, though I've never had a lesson, and there's nothing I enjoy more than going to the opera. Now, I want to know where those two streaks in me came from."

The genealogist traced him back into England, but through all the generations discovered only poor, ignorant and ordinary people. He kept on; still nothing but the crudest lot imaginable. And then, at last, thirteen generations back, he found an ancestor in Scotland who had not only acquired immense tracts of land through his own efforts, but also had been noted for his passion for music.

"It's wonderful how characteristics will crop out after being buried for generations and generations," said the genealogist after telling the story. "It's the same way with faces. I've met men and women whose prototypes I've seen among portraits of their ancestors of three hundred years before. Why, I've seen Marie Antoinette a dozen times in the streets of New York. Who were those women? Could they have been descendants of the Queen's ancestors? Or did the Dauphin really survive and, perhaps, wander to America and found a family here? Sometimes I walk through the streets like a man in a dream, and the crowd that goes by me are figures from long ago—men and women that I have seen, time and time again, in old pictures. Only yesterday I saw Catherine the Great in the subway. She hadn't changed a particle, except in the matter of clothes. Come here and look out of the window."

His office fronted on lower Broadway, and on the other side of the crowded street a fat man with a wooden leg was leaning against a doorway holding out a tin cup.

"Look at that beggar over there," exclaimed the genealogist. "Isn't he the living image of Henry the Eighth? He may be his lineal descendant for all we know."

There certainly was an astonishing resemblance to the Holbein portrait of the old English king.

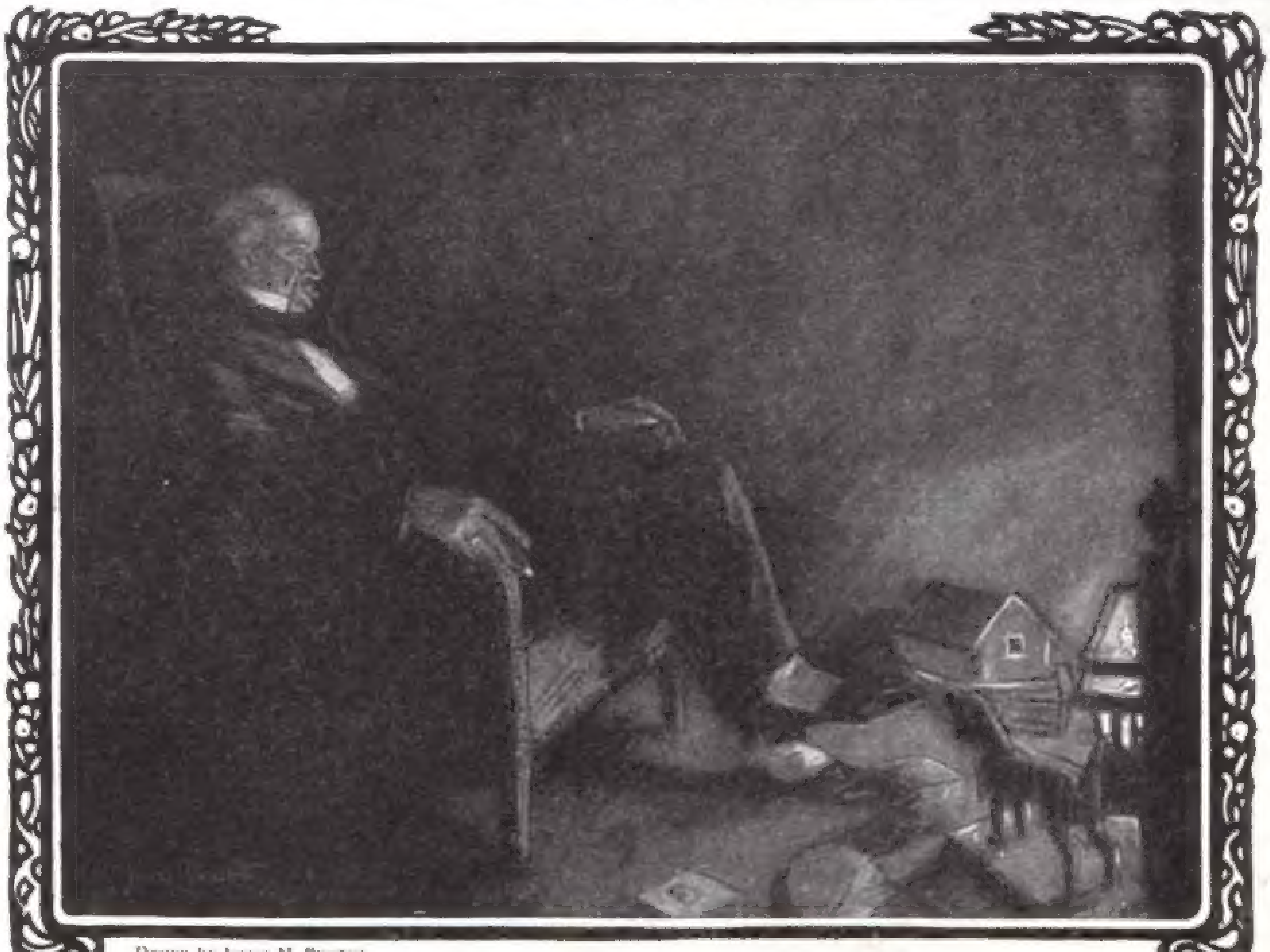
The beggar snapped his fingers at a newsboy with the air of one who had been born to command, then crouched down on the step and watched with blinking eyes the passing crowd. There was something mediæval about him. He seemed altogether out of place in a modern city.

"If you want to know my opinion," said the genealogist, "I believe that is old Henry himself come to life again."

Who knows? At least it would not have been so surprising if the beggar had been one of King Henry's blood relations. There must be tens of thousands of American descendants of kings of that period and earlier.

But stop and do a little figuring, and see what it means, so far as arithmetic shows, to be descended from a king of three hundred years ago. In three hundred years

(Concluded on Page 40)



Drawn by James M. Preston

A Present for Little Boy Blue

By J. W. FOLEY

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue
Whenever he goes by our yard;
And he says, "Good-morning" or "How-do-you-do?"
But sometimes he winks awful hard.
I guess he don't know what my name really is,
Or else he forgot, if he knew;
And my! You would think I am really part his—
He calls me *his* Little Boy Blue!

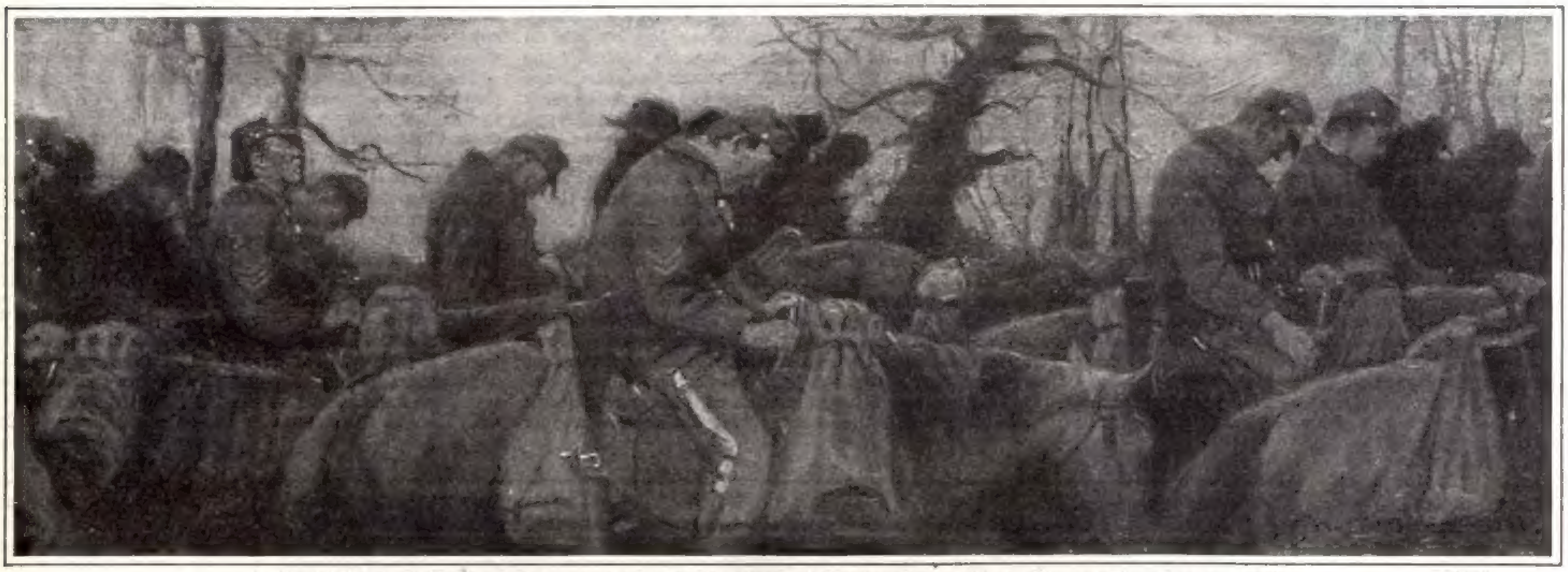
Our Neighbor, he told me that Little Boy Blue
Once stood all his toys in a row,
And said, "Now, don't go till I come back for you"—
But that was a long time ago.
And one time, at Christmas, when I had a tree,
He brought me a sled, all brand-new,
And smiled when he said it was partly for me
And partly for Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he's not going to have any tree,
So he says the best he can do
Is try to get something to partly give me
And partly give Little Boy Blue.
Because, if he's here, it would make him so glad,
And he said he knew it was true
That ever and ever so many folks had
A boy just like Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue,
And said he would like to help trim
Our tree when it came—he would feel that he knew
It was partly for me and for him.
He said he would fix it with lights and wax flowers
With popcorn and berries—you see,
He'd like to come over and help to trim ours—
He's not going to have any tree!

THE SLEEPING COLUMN

How the Confederate Gray Guided the Union Blue



And We Rode on, the Line Sleeping, the Sabres Clanking Now and Then, the Horses Blowing Through Their Delicate Nostrils

By BRAND WHITLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

WHILE the twilight faded from Little Traverse Bay they sat on the hotel veranda and told stories of the great war. When the Colonel had done the only one who had not contributed to the symposium was the gentleman with the white hair and mustache and the profile of a field-marshal.

"You were in the war, of course, Mr. Davenport?" asked one of the Northerners, who wore in his lapel the button of the Loyal Legion.

"I can claim little in that respect," said Davenport, "though I did see one night of service—if such it can be called—that I sometimes recall."

"Why, I never knew you were in the army," said the other Southerner, turning to Davenport with a movement which, for an instant, caught him in a sense of mutual interest from which the others were excluded.

"Oh, yes; in fact," Davenport paused to relight his pipe, "I served in both armies, the Northern and the Southern"—as he puffed, the tiny flame of the match for a moment lit up his handsome face with its ruddy illumination—"and under two of the most brilliant cavalry leaders of our armies—and was mentioned personally by two leading generals of the opposing forces."

A faint smile flickered an instant in the light of the match before he puffed it out. Colonel Hickman, the Northerner, who knew Davenport only as a man who lightened social occasions with his good humor, said:

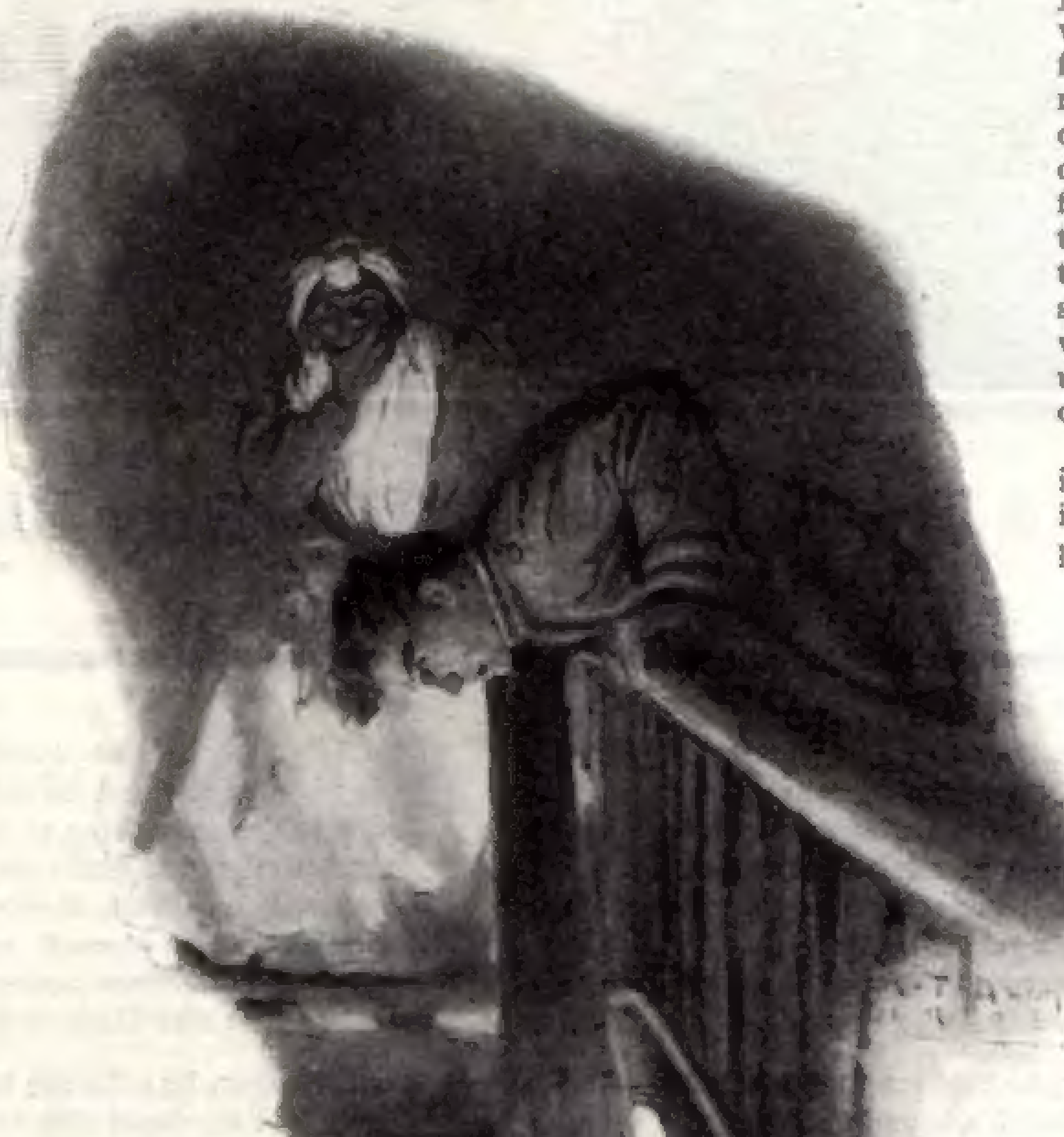
"What's this? Another of your jokes?"

"Not at all," said Davenport. "I'll tell you about it if you care to hear."

The naval officer lighted an anticipatory cigarette; the others smoked in silence, their cigars glowing and fading like fireflies in the gloom at that end of the gallery, and Davenport, when his pipe was drawing satisfactorily, said:

"Although I have lived North all these years I was born and reared in northern Alabama. My father fell at Mill Springs. I can remember the day he went away—his new uniform of that soft, beautiful gray, and his red silk sash." Davenport spoke the word "gray" in the same significant tone he had employed in speaking the word "Alabama." "My mother died in April—of grief, they said." He paused, achieved an impersonal tone and went on: "I was then about twelve, and we were living with my grandfather, Colonel Weaver, on his plantation, about ten miles from Florence. My grandmother was dead. He was old and feeble, and the shock of mother's death, an event which took from him his only remaining child, added greatly to the cares the times brought him. My Cousin John, his only other grandson, was in Forrest's cavalry. Early in the war period he had gone to New Orleans and converted into gold as much of his property as he could; and among the fine excitements on which my young imagination fed, I recall the day he gave to Cousin John and me the boxes containing forty-five thousand dollars in gold, and my grandmother's jewels, sealed in an old jar, and told us to hide them away. 'I prefer not to know where you conceal them,' I remember him saying. 'The times are troubled, I am old, the property belongs, anyway, to you and Weaver here'—he laid his thin hand on my shoulder—'you must care for it yourselves.' I remember, too, that warm day when Cousin John and I, with old Tobe to dig for us, buried that little fortune; the jewels in the orchard, the gold in ——"

Davenport stopped, seemed for an instant to think, then laughed slightly in his amused and careless way.



Hanging Over the Baluster, I Could See, in the Light Tobe Made, a Man in Uniform—a Blue Uniform

"But no matter; these details, after all, have nothing to do with the story. Cousin John went away, and grandfather and I lived on there alone, and from that plantation I watched the progress of the war, feeding on excitement, longing to go myself, begging grandfather to let me go, but I was too young and he was lonely. And the war rolled by and around us, sometimes too near for our comfort, but never too near for my boyish, romantic interest. Well, we came to the closing scenes of that war, though I did not know that they were the closing scenes. It was in the fall of '64, and events were connected with the preliminary operations of Hood's Tennessee campaign. Those were great days for me. General Forrest in command of the Southern cavalry, and General Wilson in command of the Northern cavalry, were circling about all over that country, fleeing from each other, pursuing each other, wheeling round and round. Forrest was enjoying the éclat of his capture of the Undine, and was capturing other things than gunboats—horses, for instance, which were scarce. Both sides were raiding and commandeering wherever opportunity offered; they took horses from farmers, street cars, circuses—anything and anybody. The road was filled with cavalrymen; they would sweep by, now the Southern men, now the Northern. Several times General Forrest himself came by and with his staff stopped at our house. He and grandfather were friends, though he never could stop long with us—General Wilson was usually too hot on his heels, or else he was on Wilson's trail.

"It was one of these hurried visits that ushered in the escapade I speak of. It was a beautiful day in November, and late in the afternoon I saw a party of horsemen coming down the pike. The sun made glittering points on the metal of uniform and accoutrement, and I ran into the road to see General Forrest dash up with his staff. You know what such a spectacle meant to a boy—the longing to mount and be off with them, to live that fine life in which, then, I could see no tragedy. I can see Forrest now, reining up his magnificent stallion, an erect figure in gray uniform, long, gray hair tossed by the wind, and uniform, boots and hair—even beard and eyelashes—powdered with a fine white dust.

"'Call Colonel Weaver—quick!' he commanded. I was surprised; he usually rode in, but I divined that now he was not going to dismount. I turned and told a negro to call my grandfather, and in a moment the old gentleman came, bareheaded, down the walk. He went up to General Forrest's side, glad to see his friend. He stood there, his white head bared. Though Forrest was in a hurry he called to his staff officers, 'Keep your seats, gentlemen,' swung down out of his saddle and clasped my grandfather's hand.

"'Colonel Weaver,' he said, 'I'm in a devil of a hurry; we've been raiding—I have a lot of stock, cattle and horses, that I got from the Union fellows, and I must get it across the Tennessee. Wilson's on my heels hot; he'll be along here any time. Can you lend me some negroes to run the stock over the river!'

"'Certainly, General Forrest,' said my grandfather. 'Go call Mr. Paten,' he commanded me, so as to lose no time. 'Where shall I send them?'

"'Have them meet my men at Cushing's Mill, about a mile above Endrow's, as soon as they can. Good-by, Colonel; sorry I can't stay longer.'

"He saluted, swung into the saddle and they galloped off. His advance guard was just coming down the road, thundering on the gallop—his staff was riding so hard as to outstrip them all. I stood gazing after the disappearing staff.

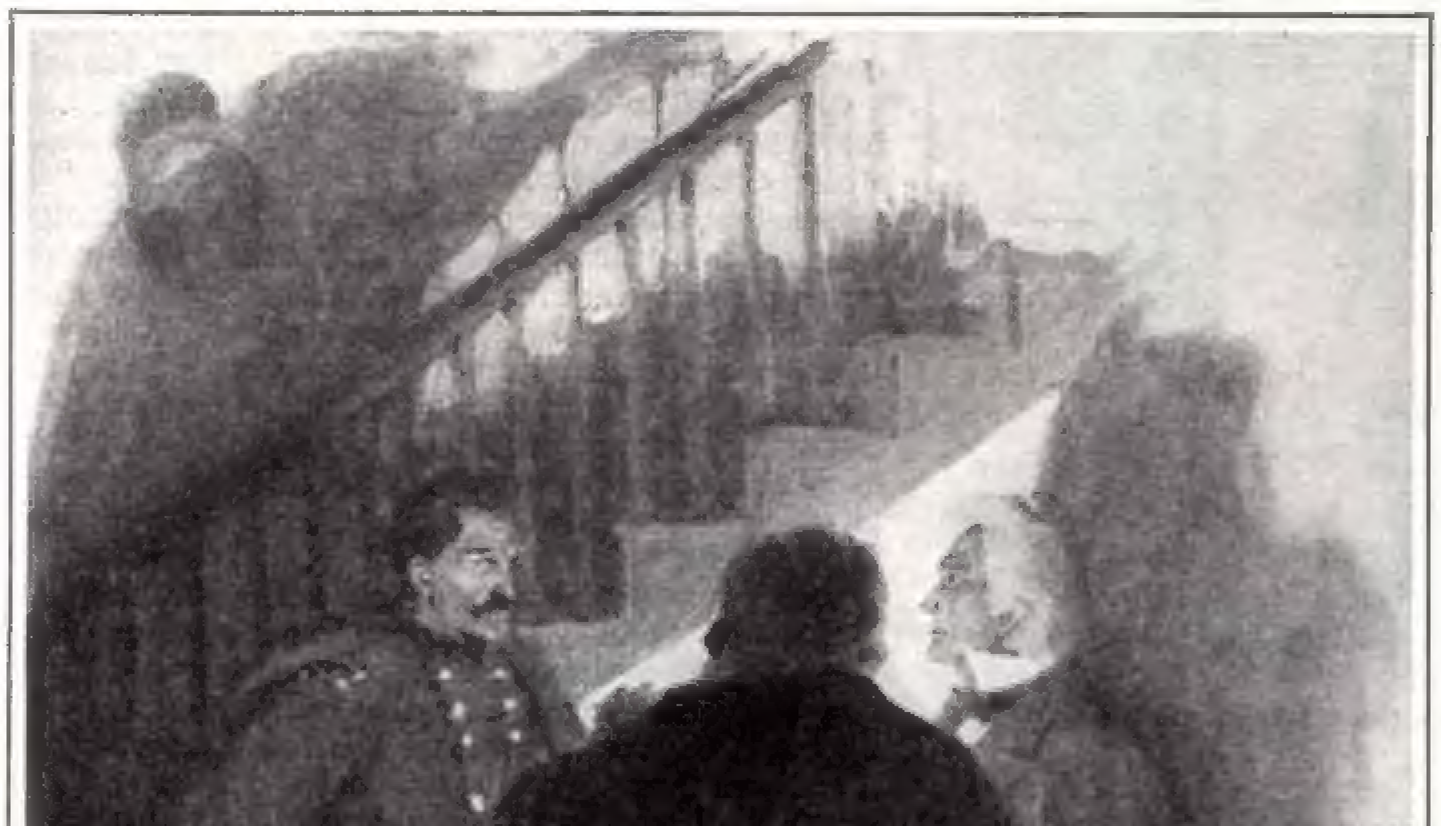
"'Why do you stand there, sir?' exclaimed my grandfather. 'Where's Paten?'

"Paten was our overseer, and I ran then to call him; he came; he hadn't much to do in those days, poor fellow, and was glad enough of any occupation. My grandfather gave him directions, and pretty soon we could hear Paten shouting down at the quarters, and then he and about fifteen negroes were off. I wanted to go along, but my grandfather wouldn't let me; I was disappointed, and even mad, but afterward—well, no matter; I'll get ahead of my story. Grandfather had a chair brought out on the gallery, got his hat and cape, and we watched Forrest's men go tearing by—some of them saw us and some of them recognized grandfather and waved a hasty salute, which he gravely returned with his stick. You could see that he was tickled to death.

"All that evening he was nervous and anxious, moving about a good deal, peering at his watch, going out and looking up and down the road. The hours went by. Once grandfather went out the back hallway and listened, with his good ear, toward the quarters. Then he went out on the gallery and listened again. Ten o'clock came, still no sign or sound of Paten or of General Wilson. At half-past ten he sent me to bed. You can send a boy to bed but you can't make him sleep, and I lay there straining my ears. I knew my grandfather was up. After a long while I heard Tobe locking up for the night. Then it was still—a long time; I don't know how long, maybe half an hour, maybe an hour; then I heard a voice, and a loud hammering of the knocker on the front door. I heard Tobe, then grandfather, then voices in parley. Then the door opened. I felt the rush of night air up the stairs to the landing where I had crept, and, hanging over the baluster, I could see, in the light Tobe made, a man in uniform—a blue uniform. I could see his boots, his sword, and when he threw off his cape I saw the silver eagles of a colonel on his shoulder straps. They were down there in our hall, the Union colonel, my grandfather and old Tobe, bearing two tall candles. Surely great things were doing that night! I leaned over the rail and watched and listened; a chill ran through me, my teeth chattered as with cold.

"'I would willingly oblige you, sir,' my grandfather was saying, 'but I have no one about the place who would answer your purpose. I can send one of my negroes if that ——'

"'I don't want a nigger,' said the officer, almost impatiently, with that curious Northern distrust of the individual of that race whom they love so in the mass—the very reverse of our attitude and feeling toward the negro. 'I want a white man.'



"'I am Not Accustomed to Receiving Orders in My Own House—or Elsewhere, for the Matter of That'"

"'There are but three white persons on my plantation, sir,' said grandpa: 'my overseer, my grandson and myself. My overseer is not here to-night'—ah! I thought, where is Paten? Safely across the Tennessee?—'I myself, as you see, am too old; my grandson is a boy.'

"'How old?' he asked.

"'Sixteen.'

"'Where is he?'

"'He has retired for the night.'

"'Call him!' said the Colonel peremptorily.

The atmosphere grew tense; I could feel it.

"'Pardon me, sir,' my grandfather was saying, and I could imagine him drawing himself up to full height, 'but I am not accustomed to receiving orders in my own house—or elsewhere, for the matter of that.'

"My heart was still for an instant.

"'I ask your pardon, sir,' said the officer promptly, and I liked him for it. 'Is it asking too much for you to summon your grandson?'

"'Not at all, sir,' I heard grandfather say, and I knew he was bowing in his stately way. 'Tobe, call Master Weaver.'

"I heard Tobe put down the candles and then start slowly up the stairway.

"'While we wait, sir,' said my grandfather, 'will you not enter my drawing-room and be seated? I, sir, am Colonel Weaver; whom have I the honor ——'

"I did not hear the rest, for I had reached my room, whither our old house-boy was following me. I did not care to have my grandfather know I had been eavesdropping, and when Tobe came to my door and knocked I took my time and prolonged my pretended operation of dressing. I wore in those days a little cadet uniform of Confederate gray, with brass buttons, such as many young lads wore, and in my boyish pride I did not neglect to add to this the adornment of the cadet cap, with the gold letters, 'C. S.,' on its front. Thus, in a moment, I descended the stairs. I heard some one tramping up and down before the house outside, possibly an adjutant or an orderly of this Colonel's. I could hear now and then the click of metal—were General Wilson's soldiers there?

"As I entered the parlor my grandfather looked up and said:

"'Colonel Hutchins, let me present my grandson, Master Weaver Davenport; Weaver, this is Colonel Hutchins, commanding the advance guard of General Wilson's army.'

"I came to attention and saluted the tall, dark man who stood there with his back to the smouldering evening embers in the fireplace, in the uniform of a colonel of cavalry. His boots were muddy, his uniform was stained with hard riding and he looked weary and jaded, yet restless and nervous. But his black eyes, lying in deep, dark circles, brightened.

"'Rather a big boy,' he said to himself, or to my grandfather more than to me. 'Are you a soldier?' he asked me, noting my uniform.

"'No, sir,' I replied, 'but I wish I were. I would be if ——'

"'If what?'

"'If my grandfather would let me.'

"'How old are you?' the Colonel asked.

"'Sixteen, sir,' I said.

"'Can you ride?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"He looked me over, scrutinized me carefully and said:

"'All right; you'll do. Come with me. I want you to guide me to General Forrest's army.'

"I looked inquiringly at my grandfather.

"'Go with him,' said the old gentleman.

"My heart was going fast with excitement, with desire, and, I own now, with a good deal of fear. Here, at last, was a chance for action, for the deeds I had dreamed—and yet, I feared; and then, too, I had a certain distaste for this business. I looked at my grandfather, and just then, with a nostalgic pang, I dreaded to leave the old gentleman. But he looked away from me.

"'I cannot provide a mount for the boy, Colonel Hutchins,' grandpa said: 'our horses ——'

"'Never mind that,' was the reply; 'I'll provide a horse.'

"And then we went out into the night. It was cool and a little moist. On the gallery we were joined by the waiting aide, who proved to be the adjutant. He had fallen asleep, his back against one of the columns, his chin on his breast. And out in the road there was a long line of horsemen, silent and dim; the horses, with hanging heads, evidently asleep, their riders sitting them limply, with hanging heads, likewise asleep—the whole regiment was asleep. Colonel Hutchins spoke to his orderly, and he, from somewhere out of that dim and silent mass, led forth a horse, a tall, rawboned animal, that moved reluctantly and wearily, like all that weary, jaded column, and I remember that I exulted inwardly just a little to think that *my* general had led them this merry, killing pace. The Colonel mounted, his adjutant and his orderly mounted, and I mounted, and then the Colonel spoke in a low voice, 'Forward.' The line trembled, moved hesitatingly, and something like a tired sigh was exhaled from it, the united weariness of all those men and beasts. I fell in beside the Colonel at the head of the column.

"'You know the way he went?' asked the Colonel.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Very well; lead on. You look like a good boy; I can trust you.'

"Now, I knew that General Forrest had gone over toward the river along the old Nashville pike, a high, hard road that led straight off to the northward, and this way I led the column. The Colonel, evidently too weary, spoke no more. He muffled himself up in his overcoat and sat hunched in his saddle; the officers of his staff did the same, and turning, looking back over the crupper of my horse, I saw the whole regiment in this same attitude, the horses stalking on with their heads low. I tried to imagine myself as the commander of this regiment. The night, the cloaked soldiers about me and behind me, the jolt of a carbine in its holster now and then, the creak of leather saddle, the ring of a spur against a sabre, the peculiar soft, fluttering noise as the horses blew through their nostrils, the charm, the fascination of it all was on me there in the night along the dark road. I was keenly alive and awake, and left all to myself. I liked my isolation among those drowsy companions. Only once did the Colonel speak; then he said:

"'You're sure this is the way?'

"'This is the Nashville pike, sir,' I said.

"'Very well.' And he huddled himself down into his cape again. The column drew, almost automatically, behind us. We went on thus for about two miles."

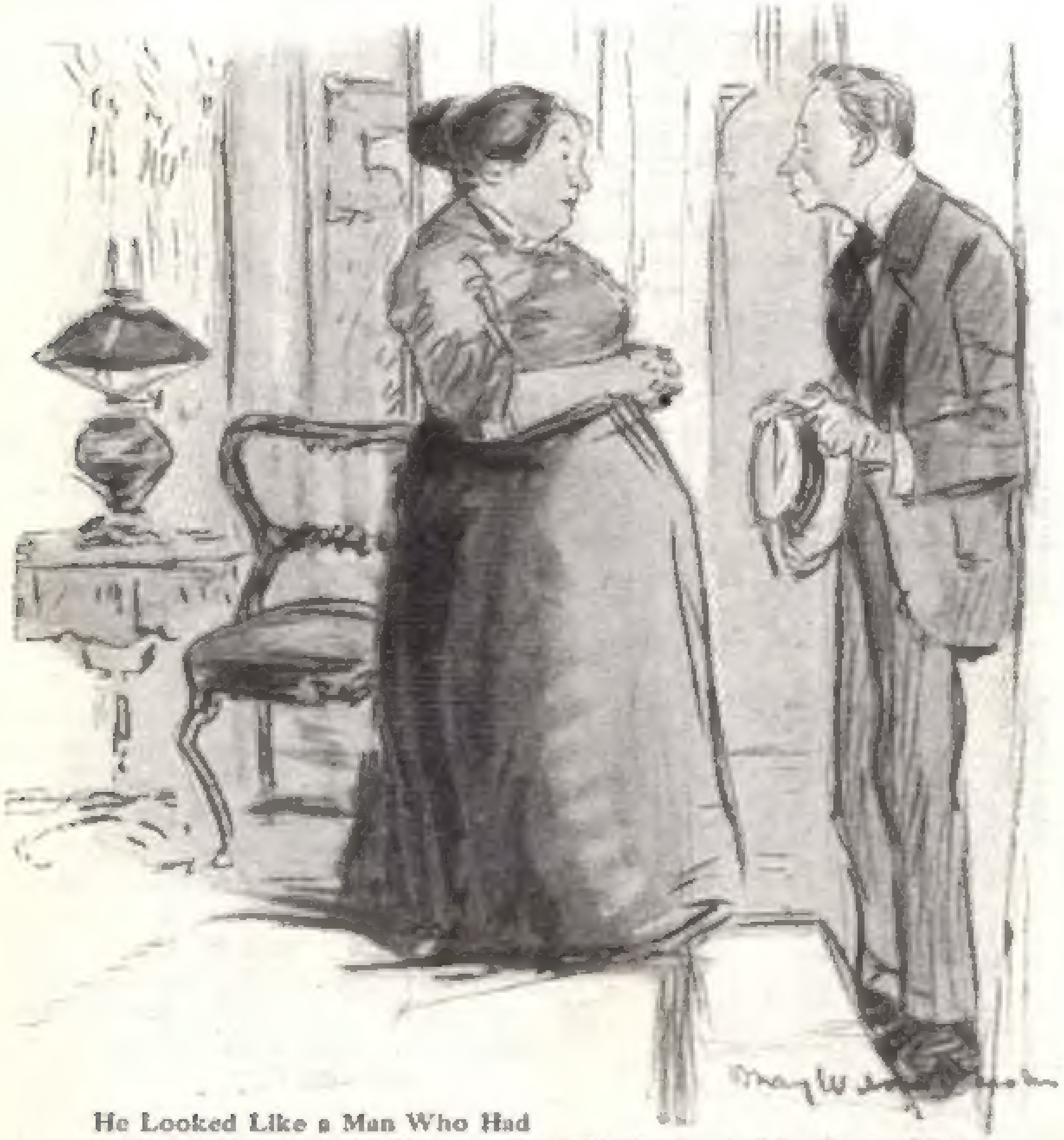
(Continued on Page 41)

THE THIN SANTA CLAUS

The Chicken Yard That Was a Christmas Stocking

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



He Looked Like a Man Who Had Lost Nine Hundred Dollars, but He Did Not Look Like Santa Claus

MRS. GRATZ opened her eyes and looked out at the drizzle that made the Christmas morning gray. Her bed stood against the window, and it was easy for her to look out; all she had to do was to roll over and pull the shade aside. Having looked at the weather she rolled again on to the broad flat of her back and made herself comfortable for a while, for there was no reason why she should get up until she felt like it.

"Such a Christmas!" she said good-naturedly to herself. "I guess such weathers is bad for Santy Claus. Mebby it is because of such weathers he don't come to my house. I don't blame him, much. So muddy!"

She let her eyes close indolently. Not yet was she hungry enough to imagine the tempting odor of fried bacon and eggs, and she idly slipped into sleep again. She was in no hurry. She was never in a hurry. What is the use of being in a hurry when you own a good little house and have money in the bank and are a widow? What is the use of being in a hurry, anyway? Mrs. Gratz was always placid and fat, and she always had been. What is the use of having money in the bank and a good little house if you are not placid and fat? Mrs. Gratz lay on her back and slept, placidly and fatly, with her mouth open, as if she expected Santa Claus to pass by and drop a present into it. Her dreams were pleasant.

It was no disappointment to Mrs. Gratz that Santa Claus had not come to her house. She had not expected him. She did not even believe in him.

"Yes," she told Mrs. Flannery, next door, as she handed a little parcel of toys over the fence for the little Flannerys, "once I believes in such a Santy Claus myself, yet. I make me purty good times then. But now I'm too old. I don't believe in such things. But I make me purty good times, still. I have a good little house, and money in the bank ——"

Suddenly Mrs. Gratz closed her mouth and opened her eyes. She smelled imaginary bacon frying. She felt real hunger. She slid out of bed and began to dress herself, and she had just buttoned her red flannel petticoat around her wide waist when she heard a silence, and paused. For a full minute she stood, trying to realize what the silence meant. The English sparrows were chirping as usual and making enough noise, but through their bickerings the silence still annoyed Mrs. Gratz, and then, quite suddenly again, she knew. Her chickens were not making their usual morning racket.

"I bet you I know what it is, sure," she said, and continued to dress as placidly as before. When she went down she found that she had won the bet.

A week before two chickens had been stolen from her coop, and she had had a strong padlock put on the chicken house. Now the padlock was pried open, and the chicken house was empty, and nine hens and a rooster were gone.

Mrs. Gratz stooped and entered the low gate and surveyed the vacant chicken yard placidly. If they were gone, they were gone.

"Such a Santy Claus!" she said good-naturedly. "I don't like such a Santy Claus—taking away and not bringing. Purty soon he don't have such a good name any more if he keeps up doing like this. People likes the bringing Santy Claus: I guess they don't think much of the taking-away business. He gets a bad name quick enough if he does this much."

She turned to bend her head to look into the vacant chicken house and stood still. She put out her foot and touched something her eyes had lighted upon, and the thing moved. It was a purse of worn, black leather, soaked by the drizzle, but still holding the bend that comes to men's purses when worn long in a back trouser pocket. One end of the purse was muddy and pressed deep into the soft soil where a heel had tramped on it. Mrs. Gratz bent and picked it up.

There was nine hundred dollars in bills in the purse. Mrs. Gratz stood still while she counted them, and as she counted her hands began to tremble, and her knees shook, and she sank on the door-sill of the chicken house and laughed until the tears rolled down her face. Occasionally she stopped to wipe her eyes, and the flood of laughter gradually died away into ripples of intermittent giggles that were like sobs after sorrow. Mrs. Gratz had no great sense of humor, but she could see the fun of finding nine hundred dollars. It was enough to make her laugh, so she laughed.

"Goodness, such a Santy Claus!" she exclaimed with a final sigh of pleasure. "Such a Christmas present from Santy Claus! No wonder he is so fat yet when he eats ten chickens in one night already. But I don't kick. I like me that Santy Claus all right. I believes in him purty good after this, I bet!"

She went at once to tell Mrs. Flannery, and Mrs. Flannery was far more excited about it than Mrs. Gratz had been. She said it was the Hand of Retribution paying back the chicken thief, and the Hand of Justice repaying Mrs. Gratz for sending toys to the little Flannerys, and Pure Luck giving Mrs. Gratz what she always got, and a number of other things.

"'Tis the luck of ye, Mrs. Gratz, ma'am," she said, "and often I do be sayin' it is the Dutch for luck, meanin' no disrespect to ye, and the fatter the luckier, as I often told me old man, rest his soul, and him so thin! And Christmas mornin' at that, ma'am, which is nothin' at all but th' judgment of Hivin on th' dirty chicken thief, pickin' such a day for his thievin', when there's plenty other days in th' year for him. Keep th' money, ma'am, for 'tis yours by good rights, and I knew there would some good come till ye th' minute ye handed me th' prisints for the kids. The good folks sure all gits ther reward in this world, only some don't, an' I'm only sorry mine is a pig instid of chickens, but not wishin' ye hadn't th' money yersilf, at all, but who would come to steal a pig, and them such loud squealers? And who do you suspicion it was, Mrs. Gratz, ma'am?"

"I think mebby I got me a present from Santy Claus, yes?" said Mrs. Gratz.

"And hear th' woman!" said Mrs. Flannery. "Do ye hear that now? Well, true for ye, ma'am, and stick to it, for there's no tellin' who'll be claimin' th' money, and if ever Santy Claus brought a thing to a mortal soul 'twas him brought ye that. And 'twas only yesterday ye was sayin' ye had no belief in him?"

"Yesterday I don't have no beliefs in him," said Mrs. Gratz. "To-day I have plenty of beliefs in him. I like him plenty. I don't care if he comes every year."

"Sure not," said Mrs. Flannery, "and you with th' nine hundred dollars in yer pocket. I'd be glad of the chanst. I'd believe in him, mesilf, for four hundred and fifty."

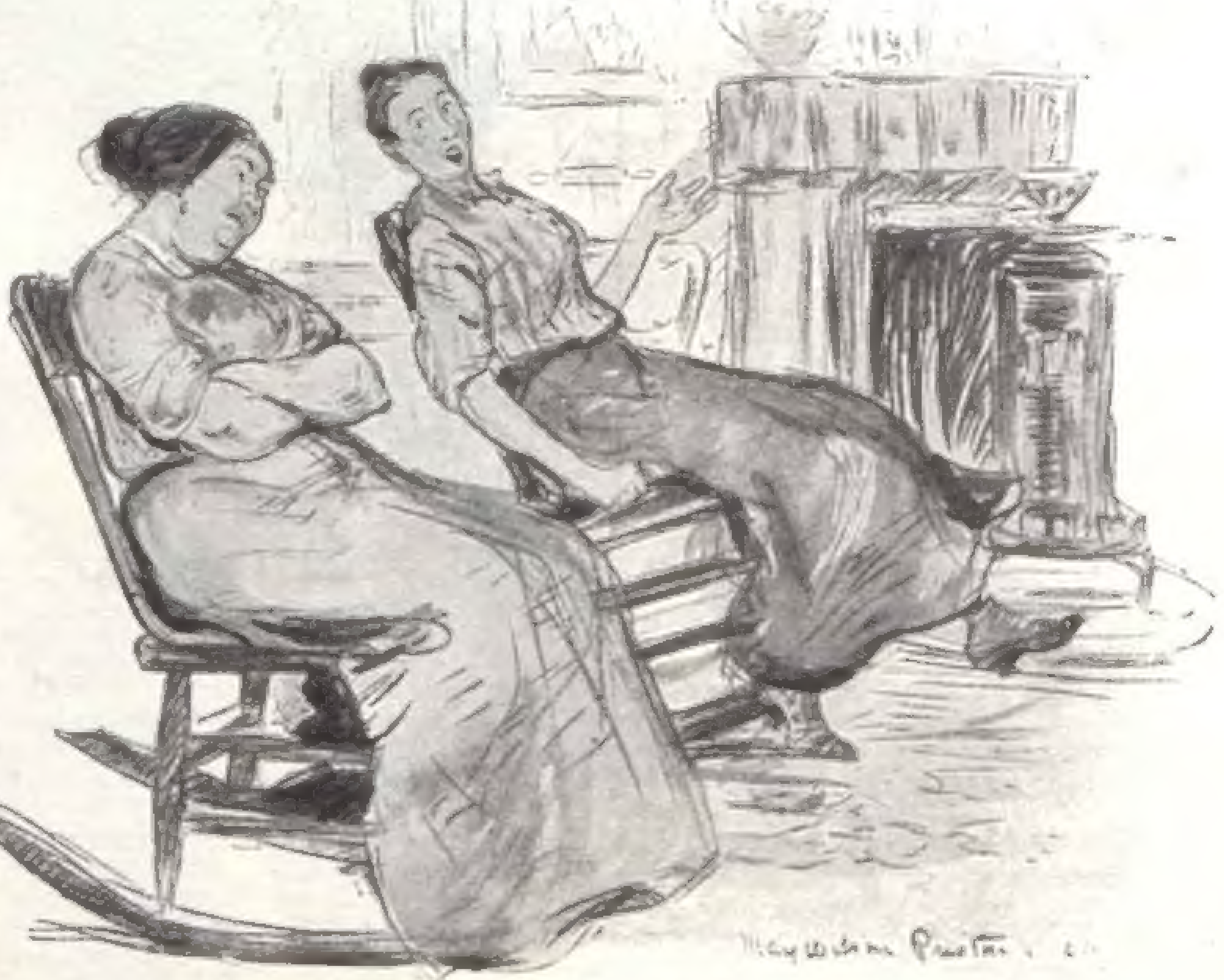
That afternoon Mrs. Flannery, whose excitement had not abated in the least, went over to Mrs. Gratz's to spend the afternoon talking to her about the money. She felt that it was good to be that near it, at any rate, and when one can make a whole afternoon's conversation out of what Mrs. Casey said to Mrs. O'Reilly about Mrs. McNally, it is a shame to miss a chance to talk about nine hundred dollars. Mrs. Flannery was rocking violently and talking rapidly, and Mrs. Gratz was slowly moving her rocker and answering in monosyllables, when some one knocked at the door. Mrs. Gratz answered the knock.

Her visitor was a tall, thin man, and he had a slouch hat, which he held in his hands as he talked. He seemed nervous, and his face wore a worried look—extremely worried. He looked like a man who had lost nine hundred dollars, but he did not look like Santa Claus. He was thinner and not so jolly-looking. At first Mrs. Gratz had no idea that Santa Claus was standing before her, for he did not have a sleigh-bell about him, and he had left his red cotton coat with the white batting trimming at home. He stood in the door playing with his hat, unable to speak. He seemed to have some delicacy about beginning.

"Well, what it is?" said Mrs. Gratz.

Her visitor pulled himself together with an effort.

"Well, ma'am, I'll tell you," he said frankly. "I'm a chicken buyer. I buy chickens. That's my business —



"Often I Do be Sayin' it is the Dutch for Luck, Meanin' No Disrespect to Ye, and the Fatter the Luckier, as I Often Told Me Old Man, Rest His Soul, and Him So Thin!"

dealin' in poultry—so I came out to-day to buy some chickens ——"

"On Christmas Day?" asked Mrs. Gratz.

"Well," said the man, moving uneasily from one foot to the other, "I did come on Christmas Day, didn't I? I don't deny that, ma'am. I did come on Christmas Day. I'd like to go out and have a look at your chickens ——"

"It ain't so usual for buyers to come buying chickens on Christmas Day, is it?" interposed Mrs. Gratz good-naturedly.

"Well, no, it ain't, and that's a fact," said the man uneasily. "But I always do. The people I buy chickens for is just as apt to want to eat chicken one day as another day—and more so. Turkey on Christmas Day, and chicken the next, for a change—that's what they always tell me. So I have to buy chickens every day. I hate to, but I have to, and if I could just go out and look around your chicken yard ——"

It was right there that Mrs. Gratz had a suspicion that Santa Claus stood before her.

"But I don't sell such a chicken yard, yet," she said. The man wiped his forehead.

"Sure not," he said nervously. "I was goin' to say look around your chicken yard and see the chickens. I can't buy chickens without I see them, can I? Some folks might, but I can't with the kind of customers I've got. I've got mighty particular customers, and I pay extra prices so as to get the best for them, and when I go out and look around the chicken yard ——"

"How much you pay for such nice, big, fat chickens, mebby?" asked Mrs. Gratz.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the man. "Seven cents a pound is regular, ain't it? Well, I pay twelve. I'll give you twelve cents, and pay you right now, and take all the chickens you've got. That's my rule. But, if you want to let me go out and see the chickens first, and pick out the kind my regular customers like, I pay twenty cents a pound. But I won't pay twenty cents without I can see the chickens first."

"Sure," said Mrs. Gratz. "I wouldn't do it, too. Mebby I go out and bring in a couple such chickens for you to look at? Yes?"

"No, don't!" said the man impulsively. "Don't do it! It wouldn't be no good. I've got to see the chickens on the hoof, as I might say."

"On the hoofs?" said Mrs. Gratz. "Such poultry don't have no hoofs."

"Runnin' around," explained the visitor. "Runnin' around in the coop. I can tell if a chicken has got any disease that my trade wouldn't like, if I see it runnin' around in the coop. There's a lot in the way a chicken runs. In the way it h'ists up its leg, for instance. That's what the trade calls 'on the hoof.' So I'll just go out and have a look around the coop ——"

"For twenty cents a pound anybody could let buyers see their chickens on the hoof, I guess," said Mrs. Gratz.

"Now, that's the way to talk!" exclaimed the man.

"Only but I ain't got any such chickens," said Mrs. Gratz. "So it ain't of use to look how they walk. So good-by."

"Now, say ——" said the man, but Mrs. Gratz closed the door in his face.

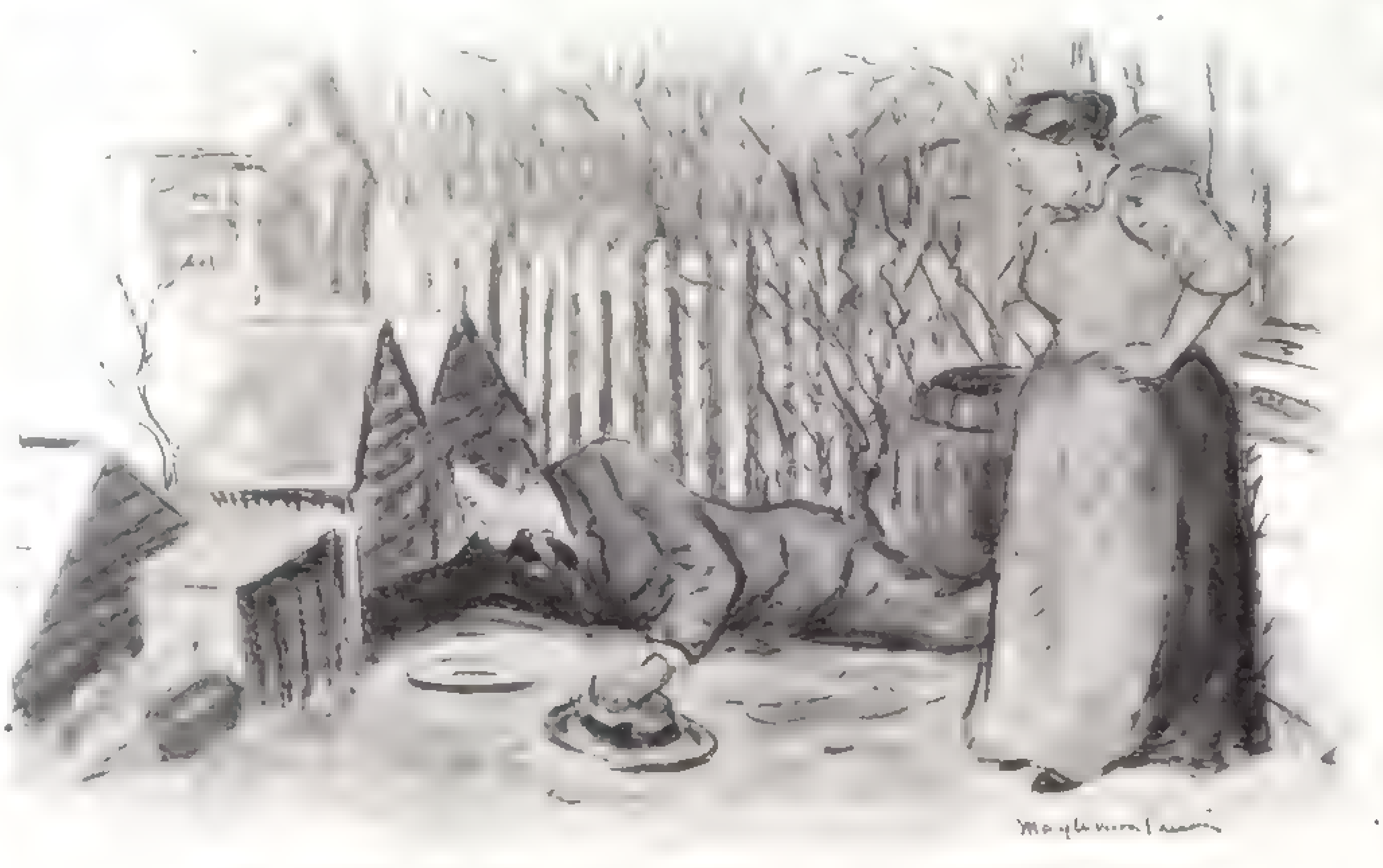
"I guess such a Santy Claus came back yet," said Mrs. Gratz when she went into the room where Mrs. Flannery was sitting. "But it ain't any use. He don't leave any more such presents."

"Th' impidince of him!" exclaimed Mrs. Flannery.

"For nine hundred dollars I could be impudent, too," said Mrs. Gratz calmly. "But I don't like such nowadays Santy Clauses, coming back all the time. Once, when I believes in Santy Clauses, they don't come back so much."

The thin Santa Claus had not gone far. He had crossed the street and stood gazing at Mrs. Gratz's door, and now he crossed again and knocked. Mrs. Gratz arose and went to the door.

"I believe he comes back once yet," she said to Mrs. Flannery, and opened the door. He had, indeed, come back.


As Mrs. Gratz Watched the Thin Man Search the Chicken Yard for Toober-Chlosis Bugs All Doubt That He was Her Santa Claus Left Her Mind

"Now, see here," he said briskly, "ain't your name Mrs. Gratz? Well, I knowed it was, and I knowed you was a widow lady, and that's why I said I was a chicken buyer. I didn't want to frighten you. But I ain't no chicken buyer."

"No?" asked Mrs. Gratz.

"No, I ain't. I just said that so I could get a look at your chicken yard. I've got to see it. What I am is chicken-house inspector for the Ninth Ward, and the Mayor sent me up here to inspect your chicken house, and I've got to do it before I go away, or lose my job. I'll go right out now, and it'll be all over in a minute ——"

"I guess it ain't some use," said Mrs. Gratz. "I guess I don't keep any more chickens. They go too easy. Yesterday I have plenty, and to-day I haven't any."

"That's it!" said the thin Santa Claus. "That's just it! That's the way toober-chlosis bugs act—quick like that. They're a bad epidemic—toober-chlosis bugs is. You see how they act—yesterday you have chickens, and last night the toober-chlosis bugs gets at them, and this morning they've eat them all up."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Gratz without emotion. "With the fedders and the bones, too?"

"Sure," said the thin Santa Claus. "Why, them toober-chlosis bugs is perfectly ravenous. Once they git started they eat feathers and bones and feet and all—a chicken hasn't no chance at all. That's why the Mayor sent me up here. He heard all your chickens was gone, and gone quick, and he says to me, 'Toober-chlosis bugs!' That's what he says, and he says, 'You ain't doing your duty. You ain't inspected Mrs. Gratz's chicken coop. You go and do it, or you're fired, see?' He says that, and he says, 'You inspect Mrs. Gratz's coop, and you kill off them bugs before they git into her house and eat her all up—bones and all.'"

"And fedders?" asked Mrs. Gratz calmly.

"No, he didn't say feathers. This ain't nothing to fool about. It's serious. So I'll go right out and have a look ——"

"I guess such bugs ain't been in *my* coop last night," said Mrs. Gratz carelessly. "I ain't afraid of such bugs in wintertime."

"Well, that's where you make your mistake," said the thin Santa Claus. "Winter is just the bad time for them bugs. The more a toober-chlosis bug freezes up the more dangerous it is. In summer they ain't so bad—they're soft like and sqush up when a chicken gits them, but in winter they freeze up hard and git brittle. Then a chicken comes along and grabs one, and it busts into a thousand pieces, and each piece turns into a new toober-chlosis bug and busts into a thousand pieces, and so on, and the chicken gits all filled full of toober-chlosis bugs before it knows it. When a chicken snaps up one toober-chlosis bug it has a million in it inside of half an hour and that chicken don't last long, and then the bugs make for the house—— What's that on your dress there now?"

Mrs. Gratz looked at her arm indifferently.

"Nothing," she said.

"I thought mebby it was a toober-chlosis bug had got on you already," said the thin Santa Claus. "If it was you would be all eat up inside of half an hour. Them bugs is awful rapacious."

"Yes?" inquired Mrs. Gratz with interest. "Such strong bugs, too, is it not?"

"You bet they are strong ——" began the stranger.

"I should think so," interrupted Mrs. Gratz, "to smash up padlocks on such chicken houses. You make me afraid of such bugs. I don't dare let you go out there to get your bones and feet all eat up by them. I guess not!"

"Well, you see—you see ——" said the thin Santa Claus, puzzled, and then he cheered up. "You see, I ain't afraid of them. I've been fumigated against them. Fumigated and antiskep—antiskepticized. I've been vaccinated against them by the Board of Health. I'll show you the mark on my arm, if you want to see it."

"No, don't," said Mrs. Gratz. "I let you go and look in that chicken coop if you want to, but it ain't no use. There ain't nothing there."

The thin Santa Claus paused and looked at Mrs. Gratz with suspicion.

"Why? Did you find it?" he asked.

"Find what?" asked Mrs. Gratz innocently, and the thin Santa Claus sighed and walked around to the back of the house. Mrs. Gratz went with him.

As Mrs. Gratz watched the thin man search the chicken yard for toober-chlosis bugs all doubt that he was her Santa Claus left her mind. He made a most minute investigation, but he did it more as a man might search for a lost purse than as a health officer would search for germs. He even got down on his hands and knees and poked under the chicken house with a stick, and, when he had combed the chicken yard thoroughly and had looked all through the chicken house, he even searched the denuded vegetable garden in the back yard, and looked over the fence into Mrs. Flannery's yard. Evidently he was not pleased with his investigation, for he did not even say good-by to Mrs. Gratz, but went away looking mad and cross.

When Mrs. Gratz went into her house she took her seat in her rocking-chair and began rocking herself calmly and slowly.

"'Twas him done it, sure," said Mrs. Flannery.

"I don't like such come-agains, much," said Mrs. Gratz placidly. "I try me to believe in such a Santy Claus, but I like not such come-agains. In Germany did not Santy Claus come back so much. I don't like a Santy Claus should be so anxious. Still I believes in him, but, if he has too many such come-agains, I don't believe in him much."

"I would be settin' th' police on him, Santy Claus or no Santy Claus," said Mrs. Flannery vindictively; "th' mean chicken thief!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Gratz easily, "I guess I don't care much should a nine-hundred-dollar Santy Claus steal some chickens. I ain't mad."

But she was a little provoked when another knock came at the door a few minutes later, and when, on opening it, she saw the thin Santa Claus before her again.

"So!" she said, "Santy Claus is back yet once!"

"What's that?" asked the man suspiciously.

"I say, what it is you want?" said Mrs. Gratz.

"Oh!" said the man. "Well, I ain't a-going to fool with you no longer, Mrs. Gratz. I'm a-goin' to tell you right out what I am and who I am. I'm a detective of the police, and I'm looking up a mighty bad character."

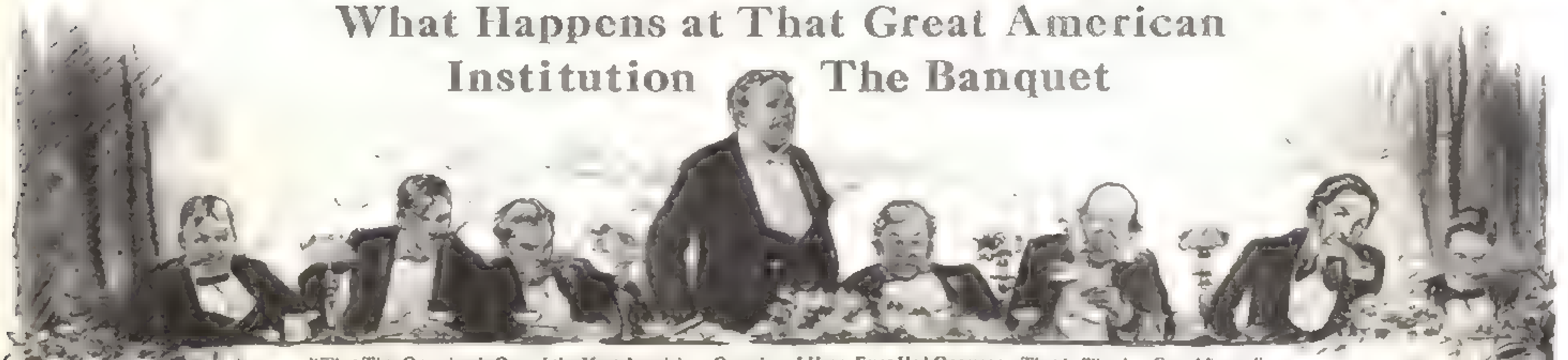
"I guess I know right where you find one," said Mrs. Gratz politely.

"Now, don't be funny," said the thin Santa Claus peevishly. "Mebby you noticed I didn't say nothing when you spoke about that padlock being busted? Mebby you noticed how careful I looked over your chicken coop, and how I looked over the fence into the next yard? Well, I won't fool you. I ain't no chicken-yard inspector, and I ain't no chicken buyer—them was just my detective disguises. I'm out detecting a chicken thief—just a plain, ordinary chicken thief—and what I come for is clews."

(Concluded on Page 36)

"We Have With Us To-Night"

What Happens at That Great American Institution—The Banquet



"That This Occasion is One of the Most Auspicious Occasions I Have Ever Had Occasion—That is, This is a Grand Event"

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The society—any society, in any city—is giving a banquet. The diners have had their food hurled at them and have hurled it into them. A long and imposing toast-list has been prepared and the speakers are at the head-table trying not to appear self-conscious. Cigars are lighted. The orchestra is playing The Merry Widow. A few of the younger set are humming along with the tune. The ladies have arrived in the gallery. The Toastmaster rises, taps with the gavel, glances around the room and smiles complacently. There is a great noise of chairs being shifted so everybody can face the head-table. The Toastmaster straightens his tie, pats his shirt-bosom and begins.

THE Toastmaster: "Ahem-m! Ahem-m-m! Gentlemen will be in order. Gentlemen will please be in order. The waiters will leave the room. The—waiters—will—leave—the—room. Ahem-m-m! Gentlemen of the society and our honored guests: Before beginning the regular toasts of the evening I desire to say, on the occasion of this most auspicious occasion, that this occasion is one of the most auspicious occasions I have ever had occasion—that is, this is a grand event. The society which has so foolishly selected me to be Toastmaster (gently derisive laughter and a self-satisfied smile from the speaker) is now entering on its sixty-ufth, that is its sufty-exth, I mean to say its sixty-fifth year of prosperous existence, an existence which has existed for sixty-five years.

"During those ixty-sifth, I would say those sixty-fifth, I mean those sixty-five years, we have been most prosperous. It gives me great pleasure, on this auspicious occasion, to congratulate you all on your prosperous existence and to say to you, in the words of the poet:

"'*The world is good, and the people are good,*
And we're all good fellows together.' (Loud cheers.)

"We have with us to-night one of our most distinguished jurists, Judge John Bolus, of the Superior Court, and that word court reminds me of a good story my father used to tell when I was a boy with great glee—that is, with great glee when I was a boy. My father was a good deal of a wag in a sly way, and one night, when he met a Milesian friend of his on the street, he said: 'Paddy, where are you going?' 'To court, sor!' Paddy replied. 'But,' said my father with a chuckle, 'court doesn't sit at night.' 'Well, be jabers,' Paddy replied, to the great amusement of my father, 'ye don't think I'd court standin' up, do ye?'"

Pause for laughter. Judge Bolus straightens his tie. A few titters here and there. The Toastmaster looks disappointed, but takes a fresh start. "Of course, there's nothing personal in that, but my father used to tell it as a specimen of the ready wit of the Irish. I don't suppose Judge Bolus ever had any experience in that kind of court; but I beg the Judge's pardon, for I perceive the charming Mrs. Bolus in the gallery. However, I now have the honor to present to you Judge John Bolus, who will respond to the toast, 'The Majesty of the Law.' Judge Bolus!"

Judge Bolus: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen: Before proceeding with the necessarily brief consideration of the topic assigned to me as a subject of my remarks this evening I am constrained to relate an anecdote of an occurrence that I noticed in my practice some years ago, which illustrates that even the humdrum life of the lawyer and jurist, devoted to the interpretation and enforcement of the law, may sometimes be lightened by what you may call flashes of merriment, superinduced by events which more or less frequently are observed within the rather restricted limits of the practitioners of our jealous mistress, the law (for the law is a jealous mistress, as I have had occasion to remark). Not that the rewards are not commensurate with the service we give her, but that she demands those constant services without which no one can successfully pursue the practice and interpretation of our statutes, which reminds me that one of the great evils of this, our younger generation, is the lamentable lack of concentration which, if persisted in, will inevitably bring down the Republic to wreck and ruin; for, I may say, no one can succeed in the law, in any of the learned professions, much less in the humbler walks of life, without constant application, which is a lesson I desire to bring home to my younger hearers here to-night, a lesson fraught with great consequences and more important than any other I, perhaps, might give, and that is that I have observed, with alarm, a growing tendency on the part of our youth toward a lack of respect, a non-acknowledgment, if I may use the term, of the veneration due those of us who have borne the brunt of the battle during the formative days of the Republic; for I well remember, when I was a mere boy, of hearing Daniel Webster, on a famous occasion, refer to what I have here set forth, not only as a danger at that time, but with the inspired eye of prophecy as predicting this somewhat anomalous condition of affairs, he being, to my mind, the greatest of our orators, although that contention is open to argument, as are all others, of course; the law being, as I have said, only established by interpretation of its various complex phases and ——'

A Voice: "What's the answer?"

Another Voice: "Tell the story."

Judge Bolus stops, glares around the room, from which comes the loud buzz of conversation, takes a drink of water and proceeds: "Ah, yes, I was about to relate an anecdote concerning an experience I had while I was a student in the office of the late Judge Smith, a most learned man, and a man who did more to establish that respect for the law and its traditions in this community, for, as I shall show, the law has its traditions and its precedents and its conventionalities, but here and there is hidden a romance, and as the late Judge Brown said to me—a most learned man and most upright jurist was Judge Brown, and I well remember ——"

Chorus of young men in the corner: "How dry I am! How dry I am! Nobody knows how dry I am!"

The Toastmaster: "Order, gentlemen, order, while Judge Bolus concludes his very interesting remarks."

A Voice: "Tell him to hire a hall."

Another Voice: "How about that anecdote?"

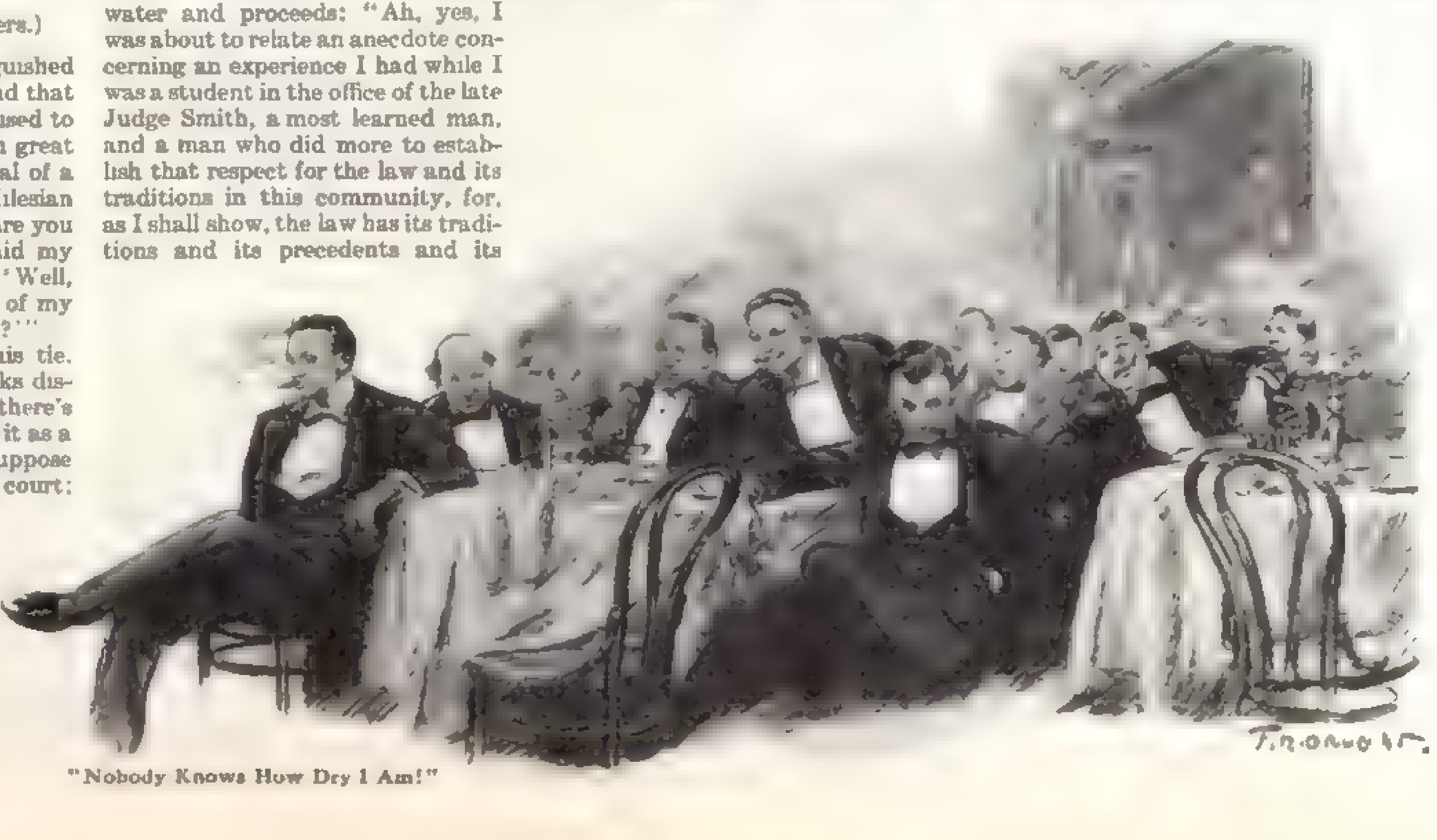
Judge Bolus rambles on for half an hour while the diners gather in groups and talk loudly. The Toastmaster raps for order now and then, occasionally taking out his watch and looking at it in a worried way and then glancing at the Judge.

Finally, the Judge sits down, not having told the anecdote, and the diners applaud wildly, shifting their chairs so they all face the head-table again.

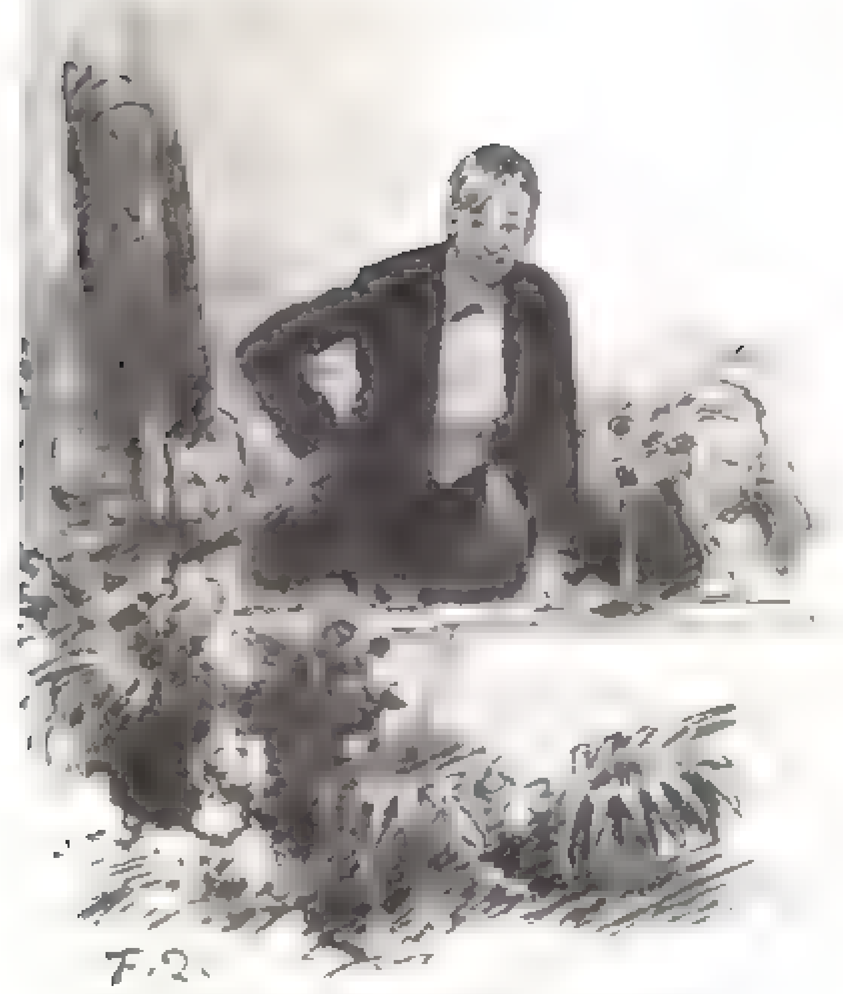
The Toastmaster: "Now, gentlemen, we have with us to-night one to whom it is always a delight to listen, our old friend, Mr. Charles Cutie, the celebrated wit, always so spontaneous and happy. It may not be fair to tell it, but I remember one occasion when I was most enjoyably impressed with Mr. Cutie's power of repartee. I was walking up the street one day and I met him. 'Good-morning, Charles,' I said, following out my usual custom of exchanging greetings courteously with all my friends. 'No,' he replied, quick as a flash, 'it is a bad morning. I have a toothache.'"

Hearty laughter by Mr. Cutie and the Toastmaster. The Toastmaster continues: "Gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. Charles Cutie, who will respond to the toast: 'A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.'"

Mr. Cutie rises, pushes back his chair, takes a large roll of manuscript out of his pocket, and holds it up so all can see.



"Nobody Knows How Dry I Am!"



"'Did You Ever Heat the Story of the Eggs?'"

A Voice: "For Heaven's sake, Charley, put something over. It's fierce, so far."

Mr. Cutie: "Having here the carefully-prepared manuscript of my purely extemporaneous speech ——" Waits for the laugh, which is thin and scattering. "As I said, having here the carefully-prepared manuscript of my purely extemporaneous speech ——" Waits for the laugh again. Gets a good one. Nods approvingly and goes on: "I am reminded of the man who said to the other man: 'Did you ever hear the story of the eggs?' 'No,' the other replied. 'Too bad.'"

Fat man at the middle table explodes: "Ho, ho! Too bad—two bad! Fine!" Some handclapping.

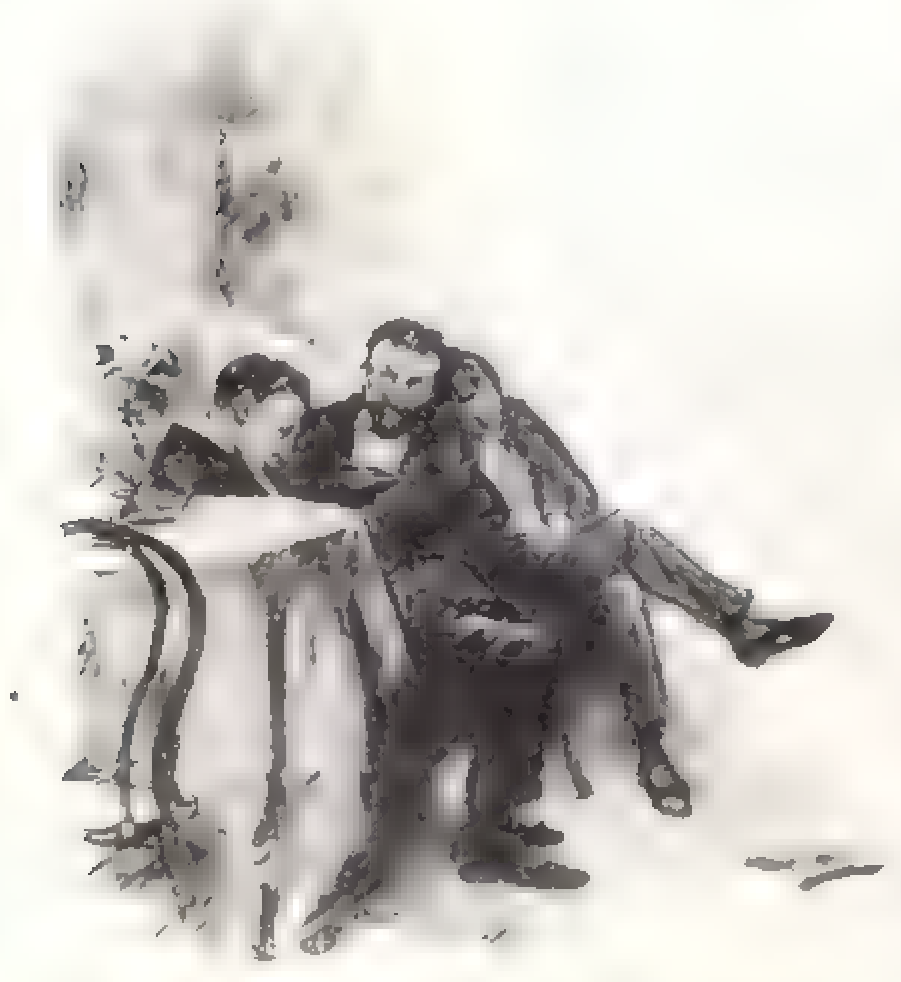
"But, speaking about eggs," continues Mr. Cutie, "there is another one that is almost eggsactly"—fat man explodes again—"almost eggsactly in the same line. 'Did you ever hear the story of the hard-boiled eggs?' a man asked another. 'No.' 'Can't be beat.'"

Mr. Cutie pauses. Laughter begins slowly, but soon gets general. He waits patiently until the last cackle has subsided, nods approvingly again, and proceeds: "And eggs always remind me of custard pie. Once an Englishman and an American were dining together and the waiter came in and said: 'Apple pie, peach pie, plum pie, mince pie, pumpkin pie, squash pie, sweet potato pie, gooseberry pie, grape pie?' The American looked up and said. 'What's the matter with the custard pie?' Next day the Englishman said: 'Excuse me, my friend, but what was the matter with the custard pie?'"

A Voice: "Too bad."

Loud laughter and cries of: "Go on, Charley."

"An Englishman," continues Mr. Cutie, with a pleased smile, "rarely sees the point of a joke. It is astonishing how they can miss or spoil a joke in telling it. I remember telling an Englishman about a butchers' parade I saw in Chicago, and one float had an enormous sausage on it. I told the Englishman I never heard of such a thing."



"That's What You Did During the Panic, All Right"

Pause for laughter. Everybody looks puzzled. Then Mr. Cutie blushes and says hastily: "Pardon me, what I said to the Englishman was I never sausage a thing. Odd that I should have made that mistake. But, speaking about sausage, I went into a German restaurant the other day and asked for some. You know the German word for sausage is wurst. 'What's that?' I asked when the waiter brought me my sausage. 'Wurst,' he replied. 'Well,' I said, 'if that's the worst, bring me some of the best.'"

Another pause. Three voices: "Too bad."

Somewhat flustered Mr. Cutie draws a long breath and starts again:

"Now, I am an optimist. I always look on the bright side of things. You can make a joke out of almost everything, you know, and to do so adds to the sunniness of life Let us all be sunny. Did you ever hear of the Irishman who had both legs cut off by the train? A friend was sympathizing with him. 'Sure,' says Mike, 'it might have been worse. Suppose I was an actor.'"

He pauses for the laugh. Nobody laughs. Seventeen voices: "Too bad."

"Oh, exclaims Mr. Cutie, "I got that wrong. What the Irishman said was: 'Suppose I was a chorus girl!'"

Sits down hurriedly, much embarrassed. Loud applause.

The Toastmaster: "Now, gentlemen, we have with us to-night Mr. Quintus J. Skinnem, one of the greatest financiers of this country, who has consented to address us briefly on 'The Financial Supremacy of the United States.' And, speaking of finance, it might not, perhaps, be out of order to repeat in this company a remark made by my son, only seventeen, and very bright for his age. We were discussing finance at the dinner-table the other night and my son remarked: 'Father, why is it the rich people have all the money?' Bright, eh? Well, I couldn't answer him, of course, for even a child can ask questions a man cannot answer, no matter how well he is posted, but, undoubtedly, Mr. Skinnem can. Gentlemen, Mr. Skinnem."

Mr. Skinnem rises. "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen: It is but just to say to you that my activities have led me to other paths than public speaking, and I fear I am a mere novice at it. However, I am reminded of a little story about two Germans—you will pardon the absence of the dialect, gentlemen—who were going up the street and came to a bank. 'What's that?' asked one. 'A bank,' the other replied promptly. 'What's a bank?' 'A place where they keep money.' 'Whose money?' 'Everybody s "

A Voice: "That's what you did during the panic, all right

Mr. Skinnem is visibly annoyed and looks at the Toastmaster, who motions him to go on. "But, of course, that is a mere anecdote. What I have to say I shall say briefly. I shall not detain you long. I shall be short and to the point. Bearing on this subject I have here an article from the Bankers' Magazine which I shall crave your indulgence while I read."

Reads long, involved financial article in high voice for half an hour. Forty or fifty diners go out of the hall to the anteroom. Loud buzz of conversation. Mr. Skinnem drones on until the Toastmaster gets so nervous he bangs on the table with his watch, for order, and puts his gavel in his waistcoat pocket. Finally, after forty-five minutes, Mr. Skinnem concludes by saying: "These, gentlemen, are my sentiments, although briefly expressed. I thank you.'

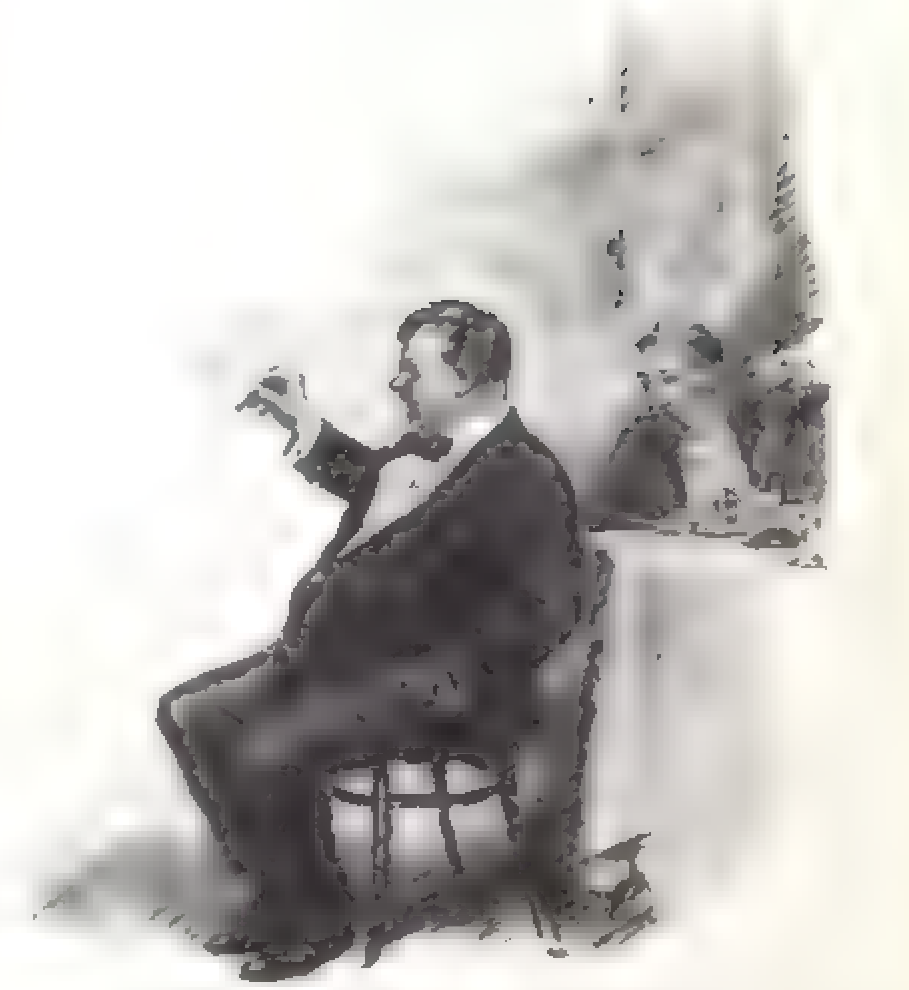
The Toastmaster raps for order. "The gentlemen will please resume their seats." Great scuffling of chairs. The guests return from the anteroom.

The Toastmaster: "Now, gentlemen, we have with us to-night one of our most distinguished statesmen, the Honorable Philander McGuff, one of our members of Congress. Mr. McGuff came all the way from Washington to address us, and he will speak on 'Some of the Problems That Confront Our Government.'"

A Voice: "'Rah for McGuff!"

"I may say," continues the Toastmaster, "that Mr McGuff is especially fitted to discuss this important topic for our benefit to-night, as he has been in Congress almost a year, and is fully informed as to the needs of the country. Mr. McGuff!"

The Honorable Philander arises, pushes back his chair impetuously, runs his fingers through his hair and says: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen: It is, indeed, an honor, a ge-reat, a splendid honor, to be permitted to speak to so brilliant, so distinguished and, I may say, so intellectual a gathering. During my long service in Congress I have often attended banquets, but never before have I seen so magnificent an assemblage of fair women and brave men as I see here before me tuh-night. Such an incentive would stir any man, even though he had but a clod in his breast instead of a heart, and I have a heart here that beats warmly for my fellow-men; would stir any man, even though he was unaccustomed to public speaking, as I am not, to fe-lights of the most superb, the most ge-lorious eloquence, for, as I may say, never before have I witnessed so brilliant, so grand, so magnificent a gathering as that which I see here before me tuh-night; and I am complimented at being called on to address you, although I know



"Ho, Ho! Too Bad—Two Bad! Fine!"

that my poor self can tell you nothing which this magnificent assemblage already is not fully aware of, but my blood stirs within me, my pulses leap, and I gaze out over this wonderful convocation of the intellect, the acumen, the power, the very life itself, of this great city, and I am constrained to say that never before have I seen so brilliant a gathering of this kind, which is much to your credit ——"

A Voice: "What's he running for?"

Mr. McGuff gazes haughtily in the direction of the query. Then he runs his fingers through his hair again, and talks for twenty minutes about the problems of the Government as he sees them, which consist, mostly, of the desirability of keeping his party and himself in power. He finishes with a tender tribute to the ladies in the gallery, which they applaud ecstatically.

The Toastmaster: "I am sure we all feel highly edified by the last speaker's remarks, and I wish to say, at this point, that we have with us to-night Mr. J. Chylde Childers, the celebrated poet, who has kindly consented to read us an original poem. 'Poetry,' as the poet says, 'has power to soothe the savage breast,' not, of course, that there are any such here, but we all adore poetry, I am sure, and Mr. Childers has dashed this off for our especial benefit. Mr. Childers."

Mr. Childers arises. He wears a long, flowing tie with his Tuxedo, and has a pale and distraught look. Mr. Childers is a bookkeeper in a wholesale grocery house in the daytime, but is a poet at night. He smiles and says: "Gentlemen, I have prepared a little thing for your

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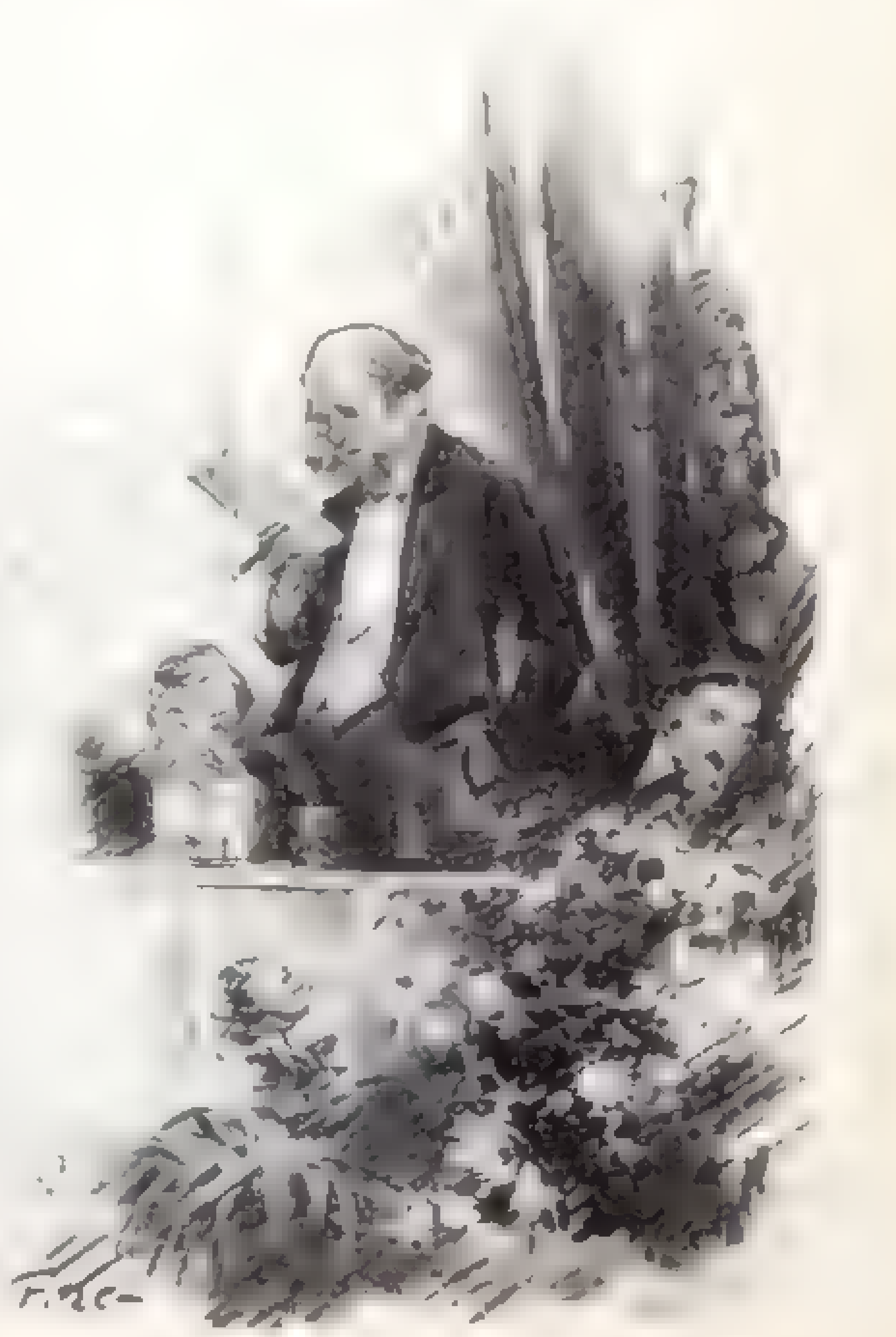


"'The Financial Supremacy of the United States'"

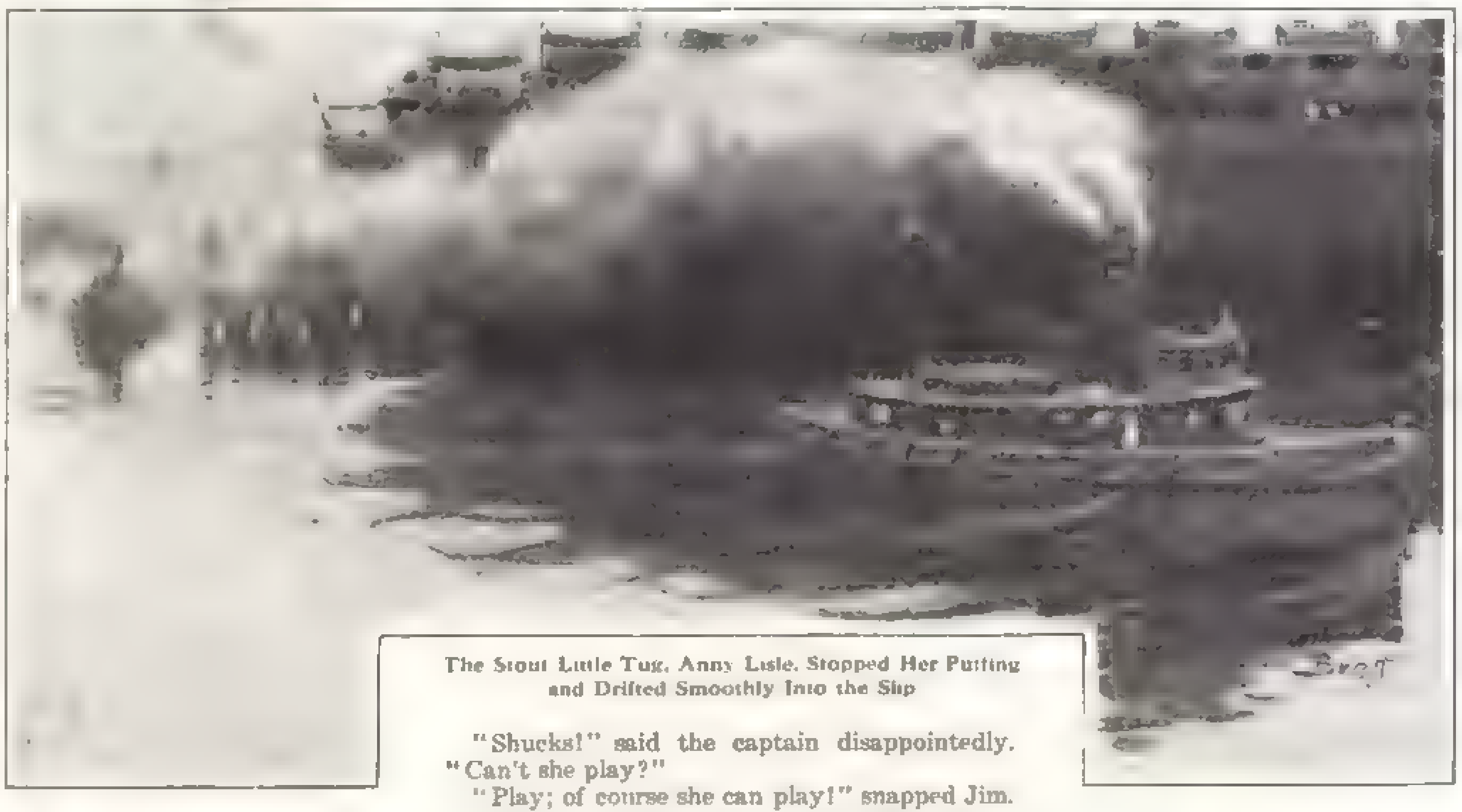
A Tug and a Daughter-in-Law

The Wicked Conspiracy of the Captain of the Anny Lisle

By ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

IN HIS diminutive pilot-house MacClanahan jerked the cord over his head, a gong clanged faintly behind him, the stout little tug, Anny Lisle, stopped her puffing and drifted smoothly into the slip. It was a brisk, salty October night; New York's mighty harbor for miles around was alive with twinkling lights, shrill toots and deep, commanding bellows; and through the tumult of craft large and small he had been driving his tug with the easy unconcern of a veteran Broadway cabby, swerving, backing water, uttering blasts of profanity, forging ahead. He had been a tug captain for twenty-eight years.



The Stout Little Tug, Anny Lisle, Stopped Her Puffing and Drifted Smoothly Into the Slip

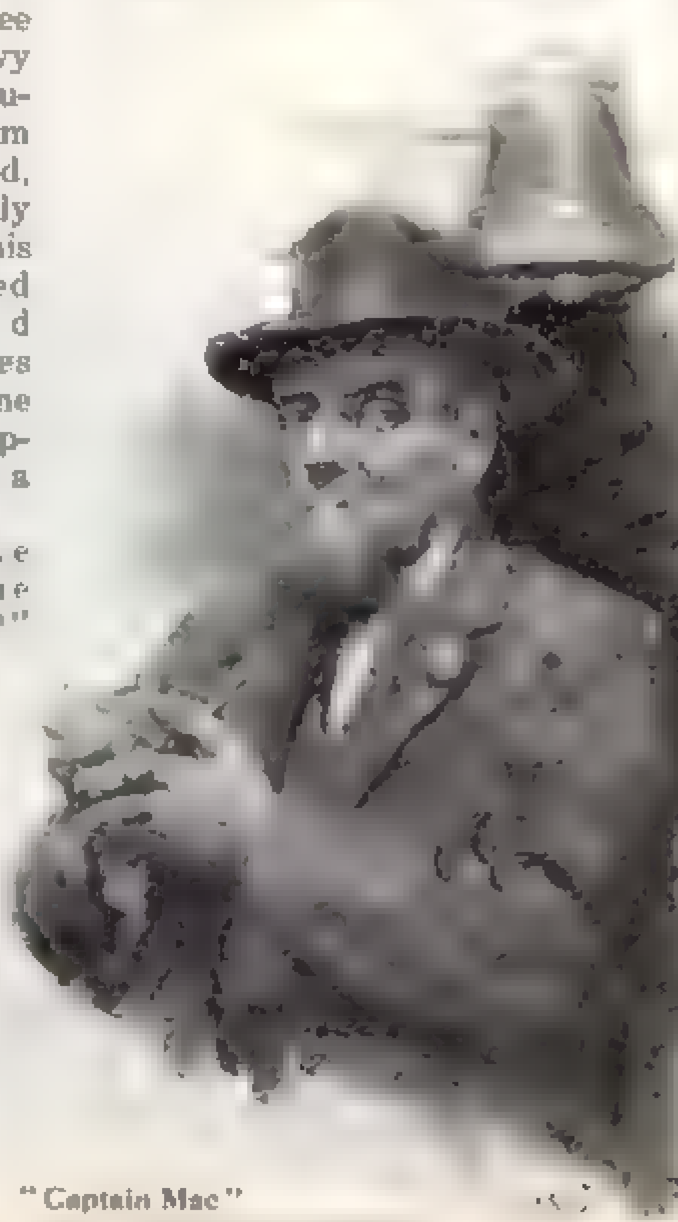
As the Anny Lisle drifted into the slip, which was already crowded with tugs at dock, the bell clanged again and again, she churned the salt water, she snorted, blew sparks excitedly into the night, and subsided (as feminine creatures will at times) and floated meekly into her corner, without so much as a nudge at her neighbors. "Captain Mac" was a wizard at landings.

He climbed down out of his pilot-house and up to the dock and stood for a moment watching his crew of three tie "Anny" up for the night. He looked about fifty years old, tall, heavy-shouldered, stooped, long-armed. As he lit his pipe and the blue smoke curled, his square, bronzed face with its short, gray beard seemed to centre round the contented twinkle of his eyes. For this was Saturday night.

The captain lived in a small, gabled house, which he owned, on a street not far from the docks. As he entered he sniffed certain odorous hints from the basement, smiled broadly, hung up his pea-jacket and hat and climbed the low stairs to his bedroom. He sank into the easy chair, put his feet on another, spread out his paper, leaned far back.

"Hello, Son."

"Hello, Dad." The voice from the other room was choking, tense and low. Looking through the open door the captain could see his tall son, face snowy with lather, razor cautiously poised. Jim was as tall as his dad, but thin and doubly awkward now in his stiff, white-bosomed shirt, his head strained back, eyes painfully fixed on the mirror. Over the captain's face came a wicked grin.



"Captain Mac" was a Wizard at Landings

"Say, Jim," he drawled, "can she play the pianner?"

"Who?" Jim started, his razor slipped, he glared anxiously into the mirror. "Thunder!" he growled disgustedly, and fumbled about for some court-plaster.

"Can she?" repeated his father. Jim turned on him wrathfully.

"*Can who what?* Can't you see I'm shaving, Dad?"

"My daughter-in law to be," repeated the captain easily, "play the pianner. I was thinkin' I'd buy one."

"Huh! . . . Don't!"

"Shucks!" said the captain disappointedly. "Can't she play?"

"Play; of course she can play!" snapped Jim.

"Then," said his father softly, "why in the name of Bobby Burns shouldn't I buy her a pianner?"

"Because," roared son, "she ain't your daughter-in-law, and the chances are about forty to one she won't never be!" He applied the court-plaster.

"Oh, Son ——"

"Shet up!"

There was a long silence.

Under all his jovial outlook on the world the captain was a man who kept his deeper feelings to himself. Two years ago, when his wife had died, though Jim and he had drawn suddenly close, there had been little said between them. Jim was already a tug captain then, and through those desolate, hungry months their talk at night had been mostly of their work. When, as time went on, Jim began going out again in the evenings—began, little by little, to drop his old chums and pick up new ones, neighborhood youngsters who were beginning life as gentlemen clerks—old MacClanahan kept his growls to himself. And even when, at the end of another year, Jim brusquely announced his decision to throw up his job and go into a shipping office downtown, the captain, after his first angry start of surprise, had only said slowly:

"Well, Son, this is a free country. Clerkin' wouldn't be *my* idea—that is, not for a man like you. But I guess you've done a heap of thinkin' about it. If you've thought wrong, you'll find out soon enough. So go ahead." And he went on reading his paper.

But late that night, after long hours of thinking, the captain had suddenly sat up in bed.

"There's a woman in this!" he thought excitedly. "Tryin' to be my daughter-in-law! Makin' a dude out of Jim!"

In the weeks that followed, watching closely, he had grown absolutely sure. Although he never once heard her name mentioned, he could feel her in the air. And upon the fluffy, ladylike head of this mysterious creature he had heaped soft, little maledictions.

"Come on, Daughter-in-law to be," he would mutter menacingly. "*Marry* the innocent feller, try to live in this house an' turn it upside down! *Buy* your almighty lace curtains! You'll find a fight on your hands of a kind that may surprise you!"

And this was no vain boast. For in the Scotch-Irish neighborhood for blocks around he was known as "Captain Mac," the boon companion, doughty political fighter, shrewd pilot in weather fair and foul.

The months wore on. Still no female hove in sight. And the captain, though giving not so much as a sign of the commotion within him, had grown steadily more indignant at the delay. To feel the woman's presence, to see the havoc she was working, without even a chance to meet her face to face! He thirsted for the fray!

To-night, as he watched his son, the intent, calculating look that had appeared in his eyes changed by degrees to one of sheer exasperation. And when, the process of shaving ended, MacClanahan Junior paused for a full ten minutes in the anxious endeavor to choose between two fancy waistcoats, his father's pent-up emotions could be held down no longer.

"Jim," he asked sharply, "why don't you go in an' take the blamed girl?"

At this startling proposal Jim turned quickly, looked at his father in withering scorn.

"What an awful lot you know," he said, "about women. Go in an' take her? How? Knock her down?"

"No," said the captain coolly, "I'd stop jest short of that. In the first place, I'd tell her ——"

"Dad," said Son, "I'm much obliged. But, if it's the same to you, I'll run this thing myself. Your knock-out blow might make a big hit down here," he added in stifled tones, adjusting a torturing collar. "But this partic'ler woman lives uptown. An' she *happens* to be"—one last squeeze at his neck—"a lady!"

"Does she now? . . . Huh! . . . S'pose you bring this *partic'ler* woman down here, jest try her once, start her plannin' how she'd knock all the comfort out of this house—an' *see* how *partic'ler* she is! You'd be married before you could get up steam!"

Jim was surveying his father in wide-eyed amazement.

"Did you ever suppose," he said slowly, "that a girl like her would want to live in a place like this?"

The captain rose with a queer, stunned look in his eyes.

"Why, yes, Jim," he said. "I'd *kind* of thought so."

"Well," said his son, "she wouldn't. She ain't that kind."

"Um. That changes things," said the captain softly.

That night as old Bess, the cook and general boss of the household, served their supper, she shot curious glances. For they ate in awkward silence. When Jim had finished and gone his father had a long smoke, staring into the little coal fire.

"Good-by to Jim, eh! . . . That changes things. . . . You bet."

It was Saturday night. By a custom that reached back for over ten years, the neighbors began to drop in. Even the city of Greater New York had still a few spots where the hive-dwellers were neighbors; and this was one. The ground floor of the tiny house had only two rooms, but each room had a small open fire, and, as round the back-room hearth the captain regaled his male cronies upon a concoction of his own making, from time to time he would throw a glance into the front-room group, where his wife's old chums all buzzed as they had in her lifetime. He had been anxious to keep up her friends. Here was sociability of both sexes, wisely divided, warming the heart.

To-night it was only by a strong effort of will that he forced himself into his duties as host. But the power of lifelong habit is deep. Hour by hour, here in his social stronghold, he could feel his old confidence rise. And when, as the midnight bell announced that the Sabbath was come, the party broke up, the captain was quite himself again, ready to foil this thieving "daughter-in-law to be" in each and every scheme she had.

And the next afternoon, when, with a deal of reddening, swallowing, stammering, Jim announced that the lady had expressed a desire to see the house, "just out of being curious"—in fact, even insisted upon it—the eyes of his father gleamed in anticipation.

"Well?" he asked. "That's simple, ain't it? I ain't objectin', am I? Tell the lady I'll be delighted. What you hemmin' an' hawin' about?"

"Because," said Jim desperately, "I think she'd rather just—see the house!"

Old Mac started slightly, stared at his son a moment, then gave a short laugh.

"That's all right, Son," he said quickly. "Comin' to think of it, I was goin' out, anyhow. Got business on the river." He rose hurriedly, muttering something about "these infernal ships that come to dock Sundays." He took his hat, went out, and slammed the door.

And five hours later, still walking slowly down by the North River docks, that brand-new, stunned expression had not left his eyes.

He slept little that night. He began to get angry. The next morning, driving his tug over the waves of the harbor, his anger rose. And in the week that followed, as from his pilot-house he glared out upon innocent ferries and ships, he would give vent to his ire in blasts prolonged.

"Can you hear that, Daughter-in-law—can you hear it?" he would growl. "Them's my sentiments as to you!"

In the evenings, as was his habit when deeply disturbed, he plunged into Pickwick, his favorite book; but with poor success.

One night, the next week, when Jim had gone out and his father, abandoning Pickwick, had begun with grim resolution his eleventh reading of Oliver Twist, there came a loud jingle on the bell in the hallway. He rose and went to the door.

As he opened it, a girl outside turned suddenly down the low steps.

"Hello, hello!" said the captain. "What's wrong?"

She turned back reluctantly, looked up into his face, seemed trying hard to screw up her courage.

"Are you—Captain MacClanahan?" she asked. Her voice was somewhat faint.

"I be," he said with a reassuring grin. "What's wrong? Talk out. I don't bite."

"Nothing's wrong," she stammered, "unless—unless it's my coming here. But *that* isn't wrong! I have a right to! I want to *see* you!"

The eyes of old Mac gleamed with sudden liking.

"Well?" he asked. "What about?"

The girl's face crimsoned.

"Your son, Jim," she said desperately. "I'm the—the girl he has asked to marry him!"

The captain started back.

"Young woman," he said in husky tones, "come in!"

She entered; he closed the door and motioned her into the front room. For a moment he towered over her, speechless. In a dazed sort of way he noted the trim little figure, the spruce jacket and jaunty hat, rebellious curls of soft, black hair, a dubious hint of a smile, two black eyes looking up half challenging, half appealing. She sat down. The captain was still staring, completely bewildered, but now with a tingling sensation. "To begin with," he thought, "she's a beaut!"

The "beaut" was blushing furiously.

"I left a note," she began, "for your son. I told him I had to be out for a while and asked him to wait. So he won't come here." In vain the captain strove to think this out. He nodded gravely.

"And then?" he asked encouragingly.

She looked up, squarely into his eyes, swallowed hard.

"And then I came here alone because I wanted to see what Jim's father was like before I said 'Yes' or 'No' to Jim! It means a good deal to marry a man, when it's for life? Doesn't it?" Her hands kept moving nervously. "You want to know all about him first—even his father."

"Even his father," repeated the captain; his mind was now far out at sea. "But, look here, if that's how you felt, why didn't you come long ago?"

"Because," she said, "he wouldn't bring me! The more I asked the more obstinate he was, and that made me all the more curious. So at last I simply made him bring me. But—you weren't at home!"

Captain MacClanahan drew a quick breath.

"Come back here," he said solemnly, and he ushered her into his holy of holies, the back-room den. There he bent over the fire, threw on some more coal, poked it carefully. And when, at last, he turned his face, it wore a look that put her at once at her ease.

"You ain't the kind I thought you was," he said: "not by a long shot. Whether Jim gets you or not, I'm glad you came. It was the shipshape thing to do! Now," he added, rising briskly, "how much time we got?"

"As long as we like. Jim can wait."

"Good!" cried the captain. "S'pose we begin gettin' acquainted." He sat down and struck a match. "To begin with—d'you mind smoke?"

"I love it."

"Thought so!" He drew a few puffs still somewhat embarrassed, considering how to begin.

"It means a good deal," he said gravely, with just the ghost of a twinkle, "to marry your son to a daughter-in-law when it's for life. You want to know all about her first." The girl leaned forward, smiling. "Even her father," he added.

Her face suddenly changed.

"Mine died—four years ago." She hesitated a moment. "He worked too hard," she added. There was a painful pause.

"Too bad," said the captain. "Was he in business?"

"Yes—that is—he was a clerk in an office. But he wasn't the kind to get very high. And Mother and I couldn't help wanting more and more. . . . So he tried too hard."

The captain smoked in silence.

"I've seen that happen," he said, "about a million times. To be honest, that was about what I thought *you'd* do to Jim."

She started back with an unsteady laugh:

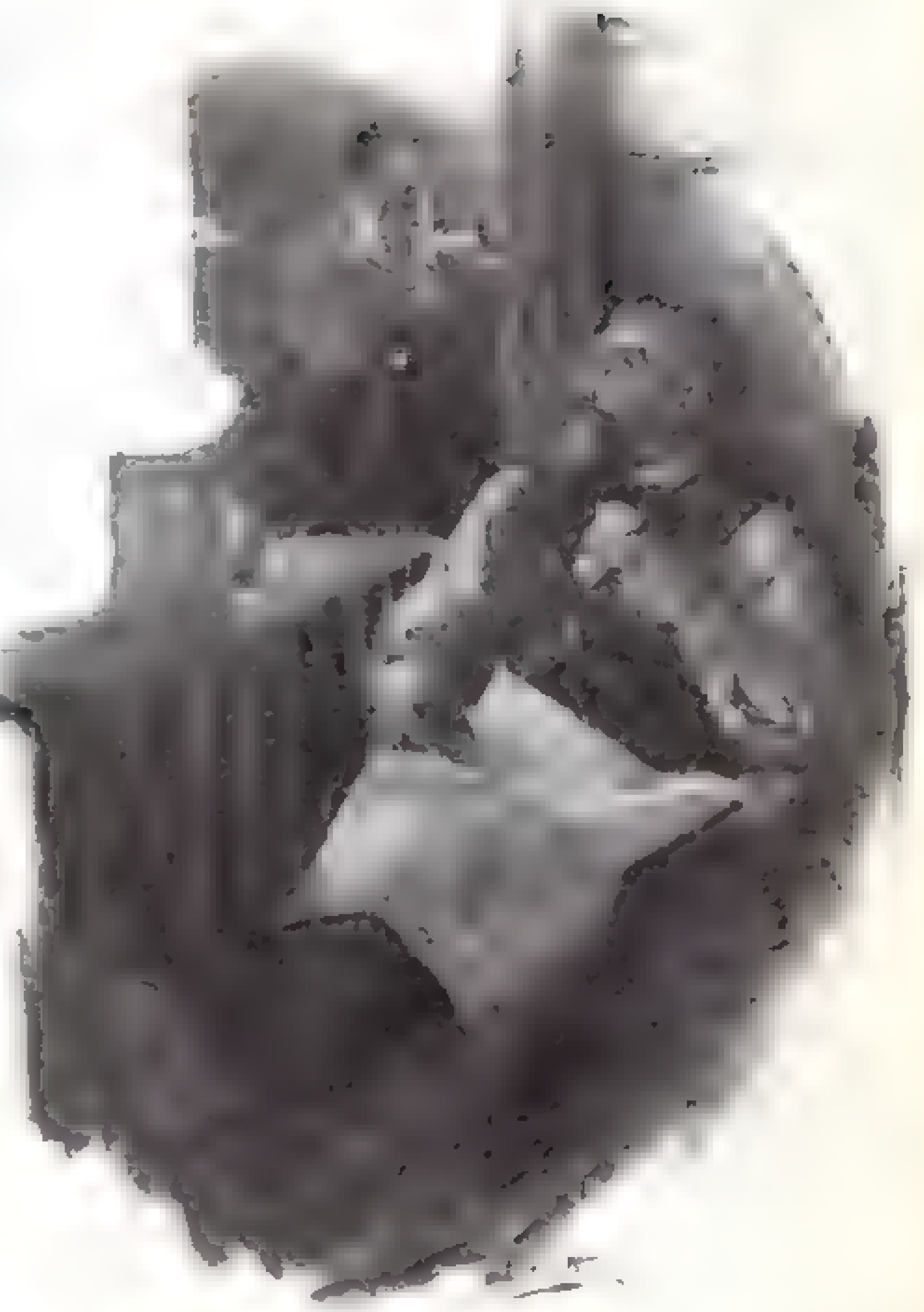
"Me? Oh, no, thanks! I've had enough. . . . When he died, poor Mother struggled along, doing ladylike work, sewing at home—and cooking—for the Woman's Exchange and hiding it all as if it were something to be ashamed of. Every time I begged her to let me work in an office, somewhere, or in a store, it made her half sick. Two years ago she married again. And now it's the same thing over—scrimping, hiding, worrying. No, thanks. I've had enough."

She turned to him abruptly. Captain Mac was beaming with sudden relief. She gave him a puzzled, searching look and broke into a ripple of laughter.

"Did Jim give you that idea of me?" she asked. The captain looked down at his shoes.

"You've been honest with me," he said, "so I'll be with you. But, if I ain't mistaken, you're awful quick-tempered. Before I begin, I want you to promise to go slow."

"Go slow? How do you mean?"



"Say, Jim," He Drawled, "Can She Play the Pianner?"

"In passin' judgment on Jim. . . . You'll promise?"

"Yes." Captain Mac leaned forward:

"I've known Jim, off an' on, for twenty-seven years, an' I ain't made up my mind about him yet, so I hope *you* won't, in one night. I'll begin with the points ag'in' him." He paused a moment, then went on deliberately.

"The reason I wasn't at home the last time you came was that Jim asked me to stay away." The girl gave a slight start. "The reason he didn't bring you here at all till you made him—Jim is ashamed of his dad."

She rose slowly, her black eyes snapping in ominous fashion. The captain went on:

"The reason I asked you right off about your own parents was—Jim gave me a picture of *you* closely resemblin' that you've given me of *your mother*. Hold on! . . . Now, wait. . . . You don't blame your mother, do you? Of course not. Then don't blame Jim. Sit down."

She did. For a moment they looked at each other in silence.

"Well?" asked the captain. The girl bit her lips.

"It's not nice," she said, very low, "to find such a wretched tangle of lies—when I thought him so honest!"

"He is honest! Just you try to keep cool, as you promised. I've give you the points ag'in' him. Now let's take up the other side. This tangle of lies you speak of only goes to show how head-over-heels in love he is. You can't judge a boy in that condition. Besides, they ain't lies. Jim believed 'em. An' as long as he did he was right in keepin' me an' you apart. If you *had* been like your mother, as he thought you was, one look at me would have been plenty for you, an' one look at you would have been more'n enough for me." She had risen again. He gave her a quick, anxious look.

"Thank God, Jim was wrong," he added. "Sit down! You ain't married to him yet, the door is handy, escape is easy as winkin'. If you decide ag'in' him, all right. All I ask is that you give him every chance. Because, if you throw him down, it's goin' to be almighty tough on Jim!"

"But, don't you see," she exclaimed, "if he thinks I'm like my mother he's not in love with me; he's in love with somebody else!"

"That ain't uncommon," said the captain coolly. "My case exactly when I was courtin' Jim's mother. After the weddin' I found out things that surprised me. An' so did she. An' we made things fly. An', when all was said an' done, we got lovin' each other in a way we'd never known anythin' about before. Now take Jim's case. I know him as well as any one else in the world—that is, well enough to know I *don't* know him all through. There's surprises of a most staggerin' kind to be found in every human critter, even in the male sex. Didn't Jim surprise me when he left that tug of his, dropped all his old chums, not

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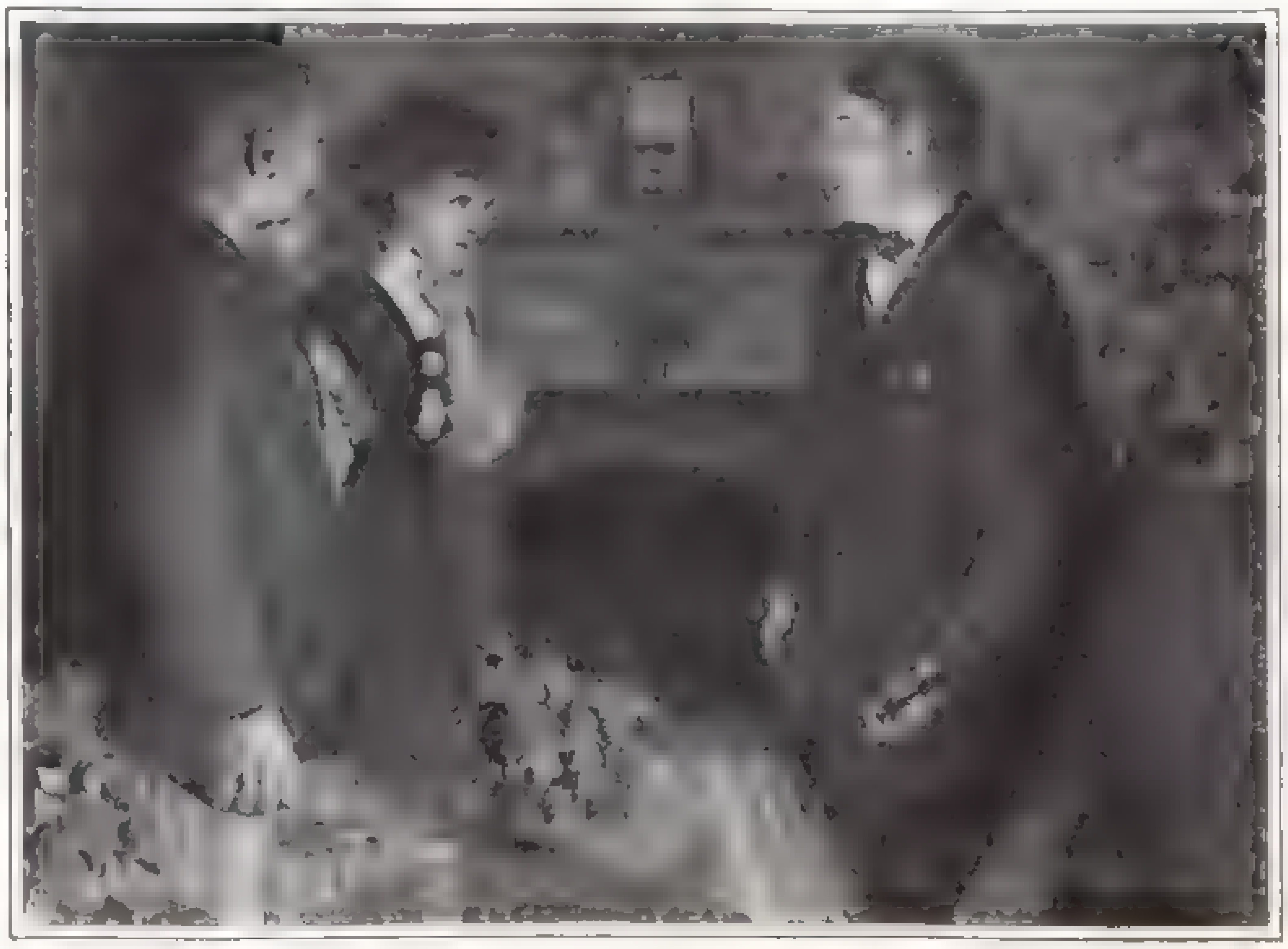
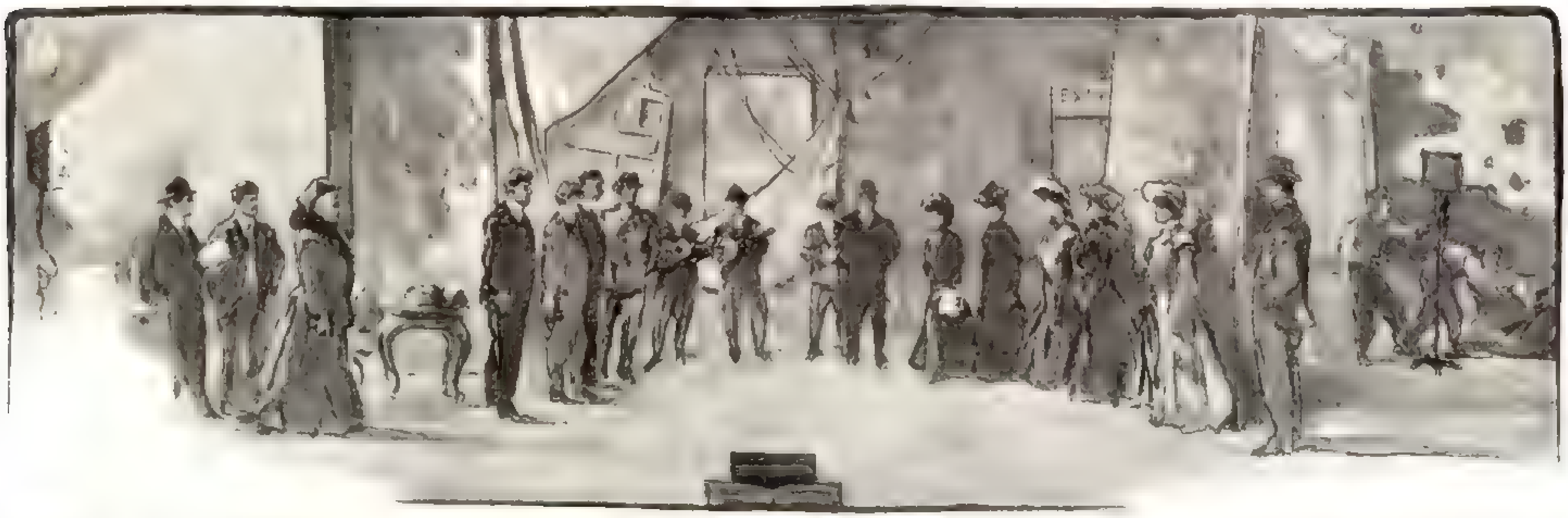


"Young Woman," He Cried in Menacing Tones, "Choose—Between That Other Feller—an' My Son Jim!"

What Happens at Rehearsals



By CHANNING POLLOCK

"YOU see, I've been fishing, too."

"Hello! Only you ——"

"Wait! Mr. Leeds, I've told you a dozen times to count five before that entrance! Never mind what you thought! Go back! Now!"

"Hello! Only you two here! What's become of ——"

"WAIT! . . . Flynn, take this entrance for the sunset cue. Dim your borders and throw in your reds. . . . Now, Mr. Leeds, once more!"

Doesn't make sense, does it? Yet this is a typical passage from an ordinary dress rehearsal. Anybody really connected with theatricals could translate the extract at a glance, but intimate knowledge of the stage and its language is gained only by actual experience. Of the method of producing plays more has been written and less is generally understood than of any other common process. The outsider who devotes an hour to watching a rehearsal is as well qualified to describe that function as you or I, after seeing a ship steam down the bay, would be to pen a treatise on the science of navigation.

Most laymen have a vague idea that a theatrical performance is miraculously brought into being by the tap of the orchestra-conductor's wand. If this statement seems far-fetched, you have but to read stories of the playhouse written by clever men, like O. Henry and Hamlin Garland, whose wide knowledge of most things under the sun does not seem to extend to things under the calcium.

Rehearsals are much more than aimless walking and talking, as navigation is more than the turning of a wheel. Their direction is a fine art, a very fine art, not the least unlike the painting of a miniature, and one must comprehend something of this art to explain or describe it.

There are many points of similarity between a performance and a painting, which must create an impression without reminding the spectator of the brush-strokes which made that impression possible. The preparation of a play is a succession of details. It is astonishing how small a thing can cause the success or failure, if not of the whole work, at least of an incident or an episode. A pause, a movement, an expression, a light or a color, may defeat or carry out the intention of the dramatist.

The Importance of the Trifling

WILLIAM GILLETTE'S melodrama, Secret Service, has a scene in which a telegraph operator, dispatching military orders, is shot in the hand. When the piece was first produced, Mr. Gillette, in the rôle of the operator, upon receiving the wound, first bandaged his hand with a handkerchief, second picked up his cigar, and third went on "sending." There was no applause. The second night it was changed. The operator first picked up the cigar, second bandaged his hand, and third went on "sending." The audience was vociferous in its approval. This particular instance of the importance of trifles is easily explained. That a wounded man's first thought should be to care for the wound is not remarkable, but that his first thought should be of his cigar suggests pluck and intrepidity which the spectators were quick to appreciate. Frequently, however, author and actors experiment for months before finding the thing which makes or mars a desired effect.

The playgoer who believes himself a free agent does not understand the art of the theatre. That art being perfect, he restrains his laughter and waits with his applause until the precise moment when the stage-director wants him to laugh or applaud. It often happens that a laugh may spoil a dramatic situation, or that applause may not be desirable at a particular time. For example, if an audience is permitted to vent its enthusiasm over some stirring incident just before the end of an act, the applause after the act will be appreciably less, and the number of curtain calls will be smaller. It is a simple matter of mechanics to "kill" a laugh or a round of applause, just as, in many cases, the impression made by an actor in a situation may depend, not upon himself, but upon a detail of stage direction.

When two actors have an important dialogue, each wants to stand farther "up stage"—which is to say, farther from the footlights—than the other, because the person farthest "up stage" is most likely to dominate the scene. "It's no use," I once heard William A. Brady say to a veteran, who was rehearsing with a young woman star. "She knows the tricks as well as you do, and she'll back through the wall of the theatre before she'll give you that scene!"

A Reason for Every Step and Gesture

THE position of the player being of such consequence, it will be seen at once that actors do not, as is commonly believed, roam about the stage at will. In point of fact, they are practically automata, reflecting the brain-pictures of the director and working out his scheme. It is not unusual for the man in charge of a rehearsal to instruct one of his puppets to "take six steps to the right at this speech," or to "come down stage four steps." No person in a performance ever "crosses" another person—that is, passes behind or in front of that other person—without having been told just when and how to do so. That movement which seems least premeditated often has been most carefully planned, and you may be sure that, at the performance you are witnessing, everybody on the stage knows to the fraction of a yard where he or she will be standing at a given moment. Edwin Booth's reply to a novice, who inquired where he should go during a long speech, "Wherever you are, I'll find you," would not be possible from a stage-director of to-day.

While this prearrangement may appear to the layman to be opposed to any semblance of life and spontaneity, it is absolutely necessary to the giving of a smooth performance. If actors really "felt their parts" they would be about as dependable as horses that "feel their oats," and the representation in which they took part would soon become utterly chaotic. Fancy the awkwardness of Bassanio, in the trial scene of The Merchant of Venice, looking around to find Shylock before inquiring: "Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?"

Nor would this uncertainty be the worst outgrowth of such unpreparedness. On the stage every move, every gesture means something, conveys some impression. Thus, in a dialogue in which one character is defying another, a single step backward will produce the effect of cowardice, or at least of weakness and irresolution, in the person who retreats. The whole tension of a scene may be lost if one of the parties to it so much as glances down or reaches out for some necessary article.

In the enactment of The Traitor, a dramatization of the novel by Thomas Dixon, Jr., we found that a certain passage between the "lead," or hero, and the "heavy," or villain, failed of its intended effect. The hero, John Graham, is brought into court handcuffed, and seated in the prisoners' dock. Steve Hoyle goes to him with a taunt. It was thought veracious, even suggestive of manliness, that Graham, hearing the taunt, should rise angrily, as though prevented only by his bonds from striking his foe. After two weeks of guessing and experimenting, we discovered that this very natural movement, for some reason still inexplicable, gave the impression of weakness. It is *minutiæ* like this that must be considered at rehearsal, and taught so carefully that the actor moves, as it were, in a groove, swerving from the determined course only as a needle in a sewing machine swerves in its downward stroke.

Accent and facial expression are planned by the stage-director with the same absolutism that marks his attention to manœuvre. Few actors can be counted upon to read every line intelligently, and frequently the person in charge must stop a rehearsal to point out an underlying thought. "You blur that speech," the director may say to the actor. "You don't define the changes of thought which it implies. See here! Jones says: 'I'll go to her with the whole story.' You listen. Your first emotion is surprise. 'You will?' Suspicion enters your mind. 'Then you ——' The suspicion becomes certainty. 'Then you love her, too!'" Thus, more frequently than will be believed by the hero-worshiper, the much-admired tone in which some big speech is delivered is the tone of the teacher.

So much, so very much, may depend upon the emphasis of a single word. The art of speaking, however, is not more part and parcel of a perfect performance than the art of listening. The director not only rehearses the manner of giving a scene, but the manner of receiving it. He must note pronunciations, too, and if there is an odd or foreign name in the play he must take care that all his people pronounce it alike. The length of pauses, the *tempo* of comic or serious conversations, the light and shade of the entire representation depend upon his competence.

Stage Business the Life of the Play

DRAMA is the Greek word for action, and so, in a play, what the people *do* is even more important than what they *say*. Practically every motion made on the stage, except that of walking, comes under the head of what is technically known as "business." Laymen, who believe that mummers act on their own initiative, even "making up" lines as they go along, will be surprised to learn that the manuscript of a workmanlike play contains more business than dialogue. The performer picks up a photograph or lights a cigar or toys with a riding-whip, not because it has occurred to him to do so, but because the author has written down what he must do, and how and when he must do it, and the stage-director has taught him properly to interpret the author.

Here is a page from the "prompt copy" of Clothes. The unbracketed sentences are dialogue; those in parentheses are "business":

WEST

I'm going to marry you in spite of ——

(Checks himself suddenly. Gets his hat and brushes it with his sleeve. Laughs a little.)

Pardon me. My temper is a jack-in-the-box. The cover is down again. Good-night.

(Walks quickly to door L. C., and exits. Olivia stands still a moment, then throws herself into chair R. of table, and indulges in a torrent of tears. The bell rings. She sits upright and listens. It rings again. She rises and runs to door L. 2 E. The Maid enters.)

The capital letters—L. C., R. and L. 2 E.—are abbreviations of terms which indicate exact spots on the stage. You see, it is not left to the discretion of West by which door he shall leave the room, nor of Olivia into which chair she shall throw herself. This business the director works over at rehearsal, elaborating, amplifying, making clear. West is told precisely where he must find his hat, with which arm he must brush it, in what tone he must laugh. If this were a case where a pause would heighten the effect of an entrance the Maid would be informed, as was the mythical Mr. Leeds in my opening paragraphs, how many she must count, which is to say, how long she must wait, before entering.

Finishing Touches That Make Perfection

THE more experienced an author the more definite, exhaustive and significant his business. When a play goes into rehearsal, however, there are always places where speech may be exchanged for action, and often, after a dramatist has seen his work on the stage, he is able to cut whole pages, the sense of which is made clear by the appearance, the manner or the business of his characters.

There are various kinds of business, and of different purpose. The old-fashioned stage-director used to invent dozens of meaningless things for actors to do, merely to fill in or give the appearance of activity. It is related that when the farce, It's All Your Fault, was being rehearsed, the man in charge insisted that Charles Dickson, who was supposed to be calling at the room of a friend, should fill in a long speech by taking a brush from a bureau drawer and brushing his hair.

"But," protested Mr. Dickson, "I'm simply visiting. I can't use another man's brush."

"Can't help that!" said the director. "There are long speeches here, and you must do something while they are being spoken."

This kind of stage management, however, is no longer general. It is understood now that the best way to make a speech impressive is to stand still and speak it, so that actors are not often given by-play without some good reason.

Business may supply "atmosphere," as the spectacle of a man rubbing his ears and blowing on his hands helps create the illusion of intense cold. In the original production of In the Bishop's Carriage, Will Latimer, impersonated by a very slight young fellow, was supposed to cow Tom Dorgan, a thug of enormous bulk. The scene never carried conviction until our stage-director hit upon an ingenious bit of business. He put a telephone on the table that stood between the two men. Dorgan made a threatening movement toward Latimer. Latimer, without flinching or taking his eyes from Dorgan's face, laid his hand on the telephone. That gesture suggested a world of power—the police-station within reach, law and society standing back of Latimer. It saved the situation.

Much business is obvious and essential, as Voyain's fumbling in his wife's dressing-table, in The Thief, since this fumbling leads to the discovery of the bills upon the purloining of which the play is built. If a small article is to be used importantly in a performance it must be "marked," so that the audience will know what it is, and so that its presence will not seem to be an expedient. The paper-cutter falls off the table in the first act of The Witching Hour, not by accident, but by carefully-thought-out design, so that the audience will know where the instrument is and recognize it when Clay Whipple uses it to kill Tom Denning. Business, in a word, may be the smashing of a door or the picking up of a pin. It is the adornment which makes an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative seem real; which translates mere dialogue into the semblance of every-day life.

Many plays—even most plays—are substantially altered at rehearsal. Dion Boucicault, the Irish dramatist, said: "Plays aren't written; they are rewritten." It has been proved utterly impossible to judge the effect of a play from the manuscript, to know the merit of any story or episode until it is visualized, translated into action. Last season William Gillette finished a farce, That Little Affair at Boyd's, to which he had devoted the best part of a year, and in which, therefore, he must have had considerable faith. Yet, after a week's rehearsal, he dismissed the company engaged and abandoned the idea of producing the piece. The soundness of his judgment was demonstrated later when this farce, rechristened Ticey, was revived and failed utterly.

When defects manifest themselves at rehearsal the director does not hesitate to make or to suggest changes, his course depending upon the standing of the author. No dramatist is a hero to his stage-director. Also, while we're parodying maxims, it's a wise author who knows his own play on its first night.

The playwright, however, is quick to learn humility.

"Who's that meek-looking chap?" somebody once asked Augustin Daly during the course of a trial performance of a new play.

"That?" returned Daly. "Oh, that's only the author!" If a director is employed the writer makes his suggestions through that gentleman. Sometimes the experience of the producer, who brings a fresh mind to the subject, is surer than the instinct of the author, who may easily have lost sense of perspective from long association with his work.

The Three of Us, a well-known domestic comedy, depends for its chief interest upon a scene in the third act, where Rhy MacChesney pays a midnight visit to Louis Berresford. When the piece was put into rehearsal the idea was that Berresford, hearing a knock at the door, bade the girl hide herself, which she did, only to be discovered later. The stage-director objected that this was trite, conventional, unnecessary. "Why shouldn't the young woman tell the truth—that she had come on a perfectly legitimate errand, meaning no harm, and that she had nothing to fear—and refuse to hide?" The author adopted his view, a new scene was written, and the play, largely because of the unexpectedness of this turn of affairs, ran for an entire year at the Madison Square Theatre in New York.

Lighting Effects and Their Uses

THE knowledge of the stage-director must cover the mechanical features of production as well as the literary. It is essential that he should understand the full value of light and scenic effects, and how to produce them. A stage may be, and generally is, illuminated by means of five different devices—from the "borders," which are directly overhead; from calciums, in the balcony or on either side of the stage; from spot lights, which really are calciums whose light is focused upon one spot; from footlights; and from "strips," which are placed wherever light from more remote sources would be obstructed.

The "borders" are long, inverted troughs, stretching from the extreme left of the stage to the extreme right and suspended from the roof of the theatre. When it is said that the light coming from the "borders," or, indeed, from anywhere else, may be raised or lowered, may be white or blue or red or amber, or a combination of these colors, reproducing the glow of a lamp, or the first gray glimmer of sunrise, it will be understood that the director has a wide range of effects at his command.

Just as the reading of a line may alter the impression created by an entire passage, so may the least variation in illumination. Comedy scenes, for example, must be played in full light, as sentimental scenes are helped by half-lights. If you could witness the second act of Charley's Aunt performed in the steel-blue of moonlight, and the last act of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in the glare of "full up," you would be amazed at the result.

Color has as subtle an influence. I have seen the people in a play fairly melt into the background of a yellow setting, causing their action to seem vague and illy-defined. Augustus Thomas once wrote a short comedy, which was presented privately at the Lambs' Club, in which the same scene was played in two different settings. You would hardly believe me if I told you how wholly unlike were the impressions produced. Costumes and music have an equal portent, and both call for the exercise of nice discretion.

The personality of the stage-director and his manner at rehearsal are vital considerations. In acting, more than in any other art, the feeling of the artist reaches through his work. Every one who has watched rehearsals has come to the conclusion, at one time or another, that actors are something less than human. As a matter of fact, they are simply children, calling for the patience, the forbearance and the flexibility of viewpoint necessary in a nursery. Wholly self-centred, having little contact with the outside world, their standards, their emotions, their false valuations make constant difficulties for the man who has to play upon them as upon a piano.

The dramatic instinct and the egregious ego form a provoking blend. I have known an actress, at a dress rehearsal, the night before the public performance of a play, to go into violent hysterics, apparently reduced to a nervous wreck by the strain of her work. "Great Heaven!" I have said to the director; "she won't be able to appear to-morrow." "Acting, my boy," that gentleman would reply. "Acting for our benefit and her own. She'll be all right in ten minutes." And in ten minutes this same woman, done with her scene, would be advancing most logical reasons why she should have somebody's dressing-room, and why somebody else should have been given hers. I don't know exactly what temperament is, but most actors think they have it.

The Dread of the Hoodoo Tag

PLAYER folk are full of superstitions, and many of these relate to rehearsal. Few actors will speak the "tag," or last line, of a play until its *première*. If that line were spoken the play would fail. Managers are not exempt from similar ideas, a mixture of superstition and experience. A good final rehearsal is supposed to forecast a bad first performance, and this notion is not without reason, since the people, made confident of themselves, are pretty sure to lose the tension of nervousness. When the actors like a play at rehearsal the manager grows fearful. An actor usually likes best the play in which he has the best part, and that is not invariably the best play.

Small, indeed, is the share of glory that goes to "the power behind the throne." His name adorns no billboards, and, on the program, you will find it most frequently among the announcements that the shoes came from Hammersmith's or that the wigs are by Stepner. The manager knows the stage-director, though, and respects him, reputation of this kind being more profitable than reputation with the great, careless public.

Some few managers, like David Belasco and Henry Miller, attend to the staging of their own productions, and, indeed, are most noted for their skill in this work. Many authors, among the number Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch and Paul Armstrong, "put on" their own plays. Then there are general stage-directors, like William Seymour or J. C. Huffman, employed at so much per annum by big firms like those of Charles Frohman or the Shuberts.

There are also detached directors, who will contract to stage a play here or there, at sums which vary from five hundred to a thousand dollars for each play. Julian Mitchell and R. H. Burnside head the list of men who make a specialty of producing musical comedy, which is a field in itself. A broad distinction exists between the stage-director and the stage-manager, the province of the latter being only to carry out the plans of the former.

A dramatic composition is rehearsed from two to four weeks, the rehearsals usually lasting from ten o'clock in the

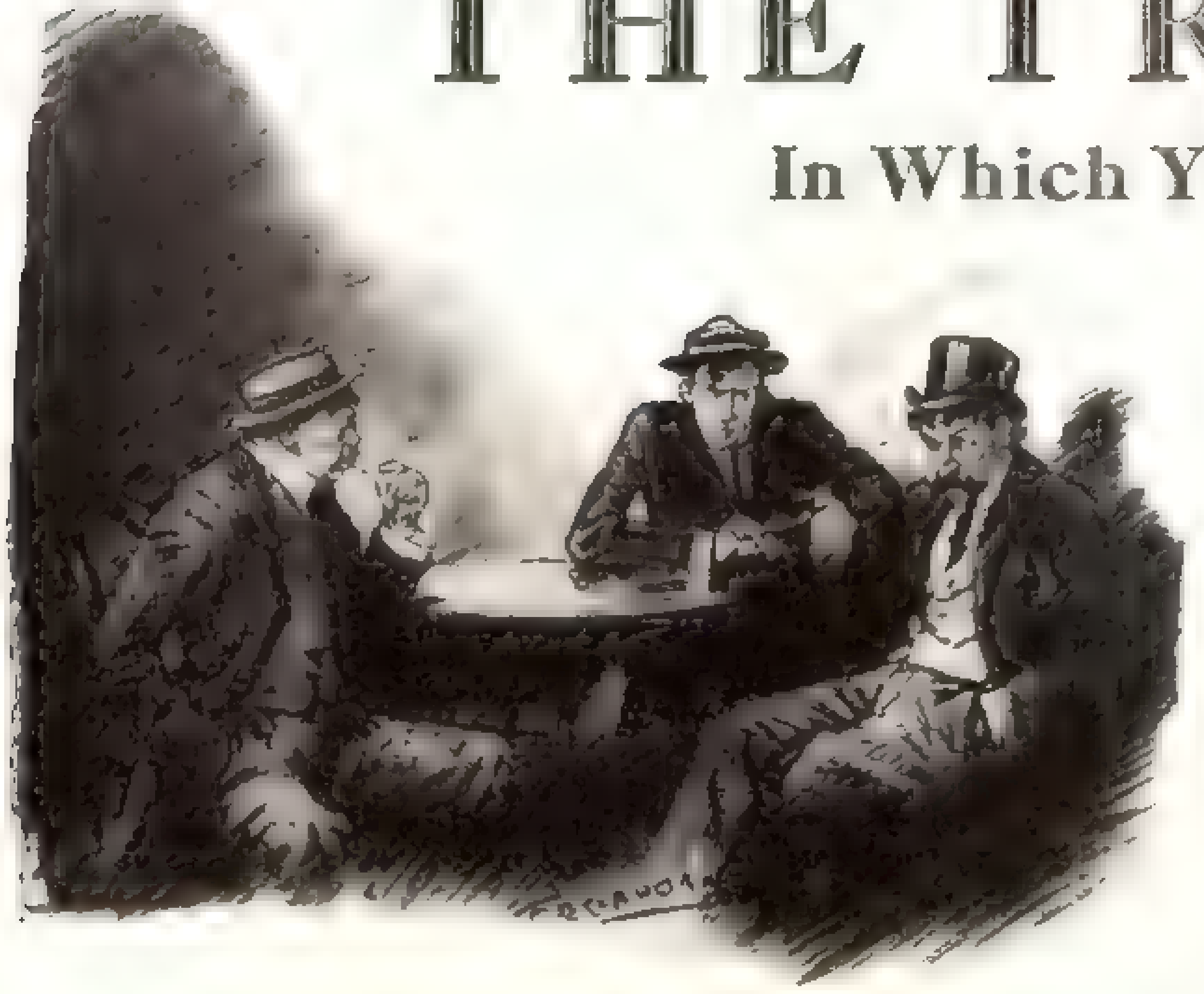
(Concluded on Page 28)

THE TRIPLE CROSS

In Which Young Wallingford Becomes Peevish With Broadway Talent

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER


"It is Ours," Growled Larry. "We'll Get it if We Have to Mace Him, at Noon, on Madison Square"

I

THEY were glad to see Blackie Daw back on Broadway—that is, in the way that Broadway is glad; for they of the Great White Way have no sentiments and no emotions, and but scant memories. About Blackie's companion, however, they were professionally curious.

"Who is this large, pink Wallingford person, and where did you get it?" asked Mr. Phelps, whose more familiar name was Green-Goods Harry.

Mr. Daw, standing for the moment with Mr. Phelps at the famous old cheese-and-crackers end of the Fifth Avenue bar, grinned.

"He's an educated Hick," he responded, "and I got him out of the heart of the hay-fever district, right after he'd turned a classy little trick on the easy producers of his childhood home. Sold 'em a bankrupt bucket-shop for eight thousand, which is going *some!*"

Mr. Phelps, natty and jaunty and curly-haired, though shifty of eyes through long habit of trying to watch front and back doors both at once, looked with a shade more interest across at the imposing white vest of young J. Rufus Wallingford—once Jonathan Reuben Wix, of Filmore—where he stood at the bar with fat and sombre Badger Billy. There was a cocksure touch to the joviality of young Wallingford that was particularly aggravating to an expert like Mr. Phelps. Young Wallingford was so big, so impressive, so sure of pleasing, so certain the world was his oyster, that it seemed a shame not to give his pride a tumble—for his own sake, of course.

"Has he got the eight thousand on him?" asked the green-goods one, his interest rapidly increasing.

"Not so you could notice it," replied Daw with conviction. "He's a wise prop, I tell you. He's probably lugging about five hundred in his kick, just for running expenses, and has a time-lock on the rest."

"We might tinker with the lock," concluded Harry, running his fingers through his hair to settle the curls; "it's worth a try, anyhow."

"You'll bounce right off," declared Mr. Daw. "I tried to put a sweet one over in his home town, and he jolted the game so quick he made its teeth rattle."

"Then you owe him one," persisted Mr. Phelps, whom it pained to see other people have money. "Do you mean to say that any pumpkin husker can't be trimmed?"

"Enjoy yourself," invited Mr. Daw with a retrospective smile, "but count me out. I'm going to Boston next week, anyhow. I'm going to open a mine investment office there. It's a nice, easy-money mining district."

"For pocket mining," agreed his friend dryly.

Young Wallingford, in his desire for everybody to be happy, looked around for them at this juncture, and further conversation was out of the question. The quartette lounged out of the Fifth Avenue and across Broadway in that dull way peculiar to their kind. At the Hoffman House bar they were joined by a cadaverous gentleman known to the police as Short-Card Larry, whose face was as that of a corpse, but whose lithe, slender fingers were reputed to have brains of their own, and the five of them sat down for a dull half-hour. Later they had dull dinner together, strolled dully into four theatres, and, still dull, wound up in the apartments of Daw and J. Rufus.

"What do you think of them?" asked Blackie in their first aside moment.

"They give me the pip," announced J. Rufus frankly. "Why do they hate themselves so? Why do they sit in the darkest corners and bark at themselves. Can't they ever drink enough to get oiled happy?"

"Not and do business with strangers on Broadway," Daw explained. "Phelps has been shy about thin glassware for five years, ever since he let an Indiana come-on outdrink him and steal his own money back; Billy Banting stops after the third glass of anything, on account of his fat; the only time Larry Teller ever got pinched was for getting spifflicated and telling a reporter what police protection cost him."

"If I wasn't waiting to see one of them bite himself and die of poison I'd cut 'em out," returned Mr. Wallingford in disgust. "Any one of them would slung-shot the others for the price of a cigarette. Don't they ever get interested in anything?"

"Nothing but easy marks," replied Mr. Daw with a grin. "The way they're treating you is a compliment. They're letting you just be one of them."

"One of them! Take it back, Blackie!" protested Wallingford. "Why, they're a bunch of crooks!"

In deep dejection young Wallingford, rejoining his guests, ordered three lemonades and a quart of champagne. There was a trifle more of animation among them now, however, since they had been left alone for a few moments. They told three or four very hilarious stories, in each of which the nub of the joke hinged on an utter disregard of every human decency. Then, quite casually and after a lull, Badger Billy smoothed down his smart vest and cleared his throat.

"What do you fellows say to a little game of stud?" he proposed.

"Sure!" agreed Wallingford with alacrity. "That's the first live noise I've heard to-day," and he went to the 'phone at once to order up some cards and chips.

With his back turned, the three lemonade drinkers exchanged pleased smiles. It was too easy! Mr. Daw let them smile, and reposed calmly upon the couch, entirely disinterested. Professional ethics forbade Mr. Daw to interfere with the "trimming" of the jovial Mr. Wallingford, and the instincts of a gentleman, with which, of course, they were all perfectly provided, prevented him from taking any part in that agreeable operation. To his keen amusement the game was very brief—scarcely more than twenty minutes.

It was Short-Card Larry who, with a yawn, discovered suddenly how late it was and stopped the game. As he arose to go, young Wallingford, chuckling, was adding a few additional bills to the plethoric roll in his pocket.

"What made you chop the game, Larry?" asked Green-Goods Harry in impatient wonder. "We'd ought to strung it along a while. What made you let him have that hundred and fifty so quick?"

"Let him!" retorted Larry savagely. "He took it! Twice I gave him aces back to back on my deal, and he turned them down without a bet. On his own deal he bet his head off on a pair of deuces, with not one of us three able to draw out on him; and right there he cops that hundred and fifty himself. He's too fresh!"

"Well," said Badger Billy philosophically, "he'll come for more."

"Not of mine, he won't," snorted the dexterous one. "I can't do any business against a man that's next. I hope he chokes."

"There you go again, letting your temper get the best of you," protested Mr. Phelps, himself none too pleased. "This fresh wop has coin, and it ought to be ours."

"It is ours," growled Larry. "We'll get it if we have to mace him, at noon, on Madison Square."

II

J. RUFUS, having slept until eleven and finished breakfast at one, was in his room dressing and planning to besiege New York upon his own account, when the telephone advised him that Mr. Phelps was downstairs with a parched throat, and on the way up to get a drink!

"Fine business!" exclaimed J. Rufus with a cordiality which had nothing whatever to do with the puzzled expression on his brow. "What'll you have? I'll order it while you're on your way up."

"Nothing stronger than a Scotch highball," was the reply, whereupon young Wallingford, as soon as the telephone was clear, ordered the materials therefor.

"Fine business," he repeated to himself musingly as he stood with his hand still on the receiver after he had hung it up; "also rough work. This thirst is too sudden."

He was still most thoughtful when Mr. Phelps knocked at the door, and had yet more food for contemplation when the caller began talking with great enthusiasm about his thirst, explaining the height and breadth and thickness thereof, its atomic weight, its color and the excellent style of its finish.

"If I just had that thirst outside of me where I could get at it I could make an airship of it," he imaginatively concluded.

"Gas or hot air?" inquired young Mr. Wallingford, entirely unmoved, as he poured the highballs and dosed both quite liberally with the Scotch, whereat Mr. Phelps almost visibly winced, though gamely planning to drink with every appearance of enjoyment.

"Where's Daw?" he asked, after two sips that he tried to make seem like gulps.

"Gone out to a print-shop to locate a couple of gold mines," announced Wallingford dryly, holding his own opinion as to the folly of Mr. Daw's methods. They were so unsanctioned of law.

"Sorry for that," said Mr. Phelps, who was nevertheless relieved to hear it, for Mr. Daw was rather in the way. "We've got a great game on; a Reuben right from Reubensville, with five thousand of pa's money in his jeans. I wanted you fellows to come and look him over."

"What's the use?" returned Wallingford. "Come down to the lobby and I'll show you a whole procession of them."

"No, but they're not as liberal as this boy," protested Phelps, laughing. "He just naturally hones and hones and hones to hand us this nice little bundle of kale, and we're going to accommodate him. You can get in on the split-up if you want to. Daw would have first choice, of course, if he was here, but since he isn't you might as well come in. Five thousand meg's hardly worth bending to pick up, I guess."

"Oh, I don't know," objected Wallingford condescendingly. "It would make cigarette money, anyhow, if there are not too many to tear it apart."

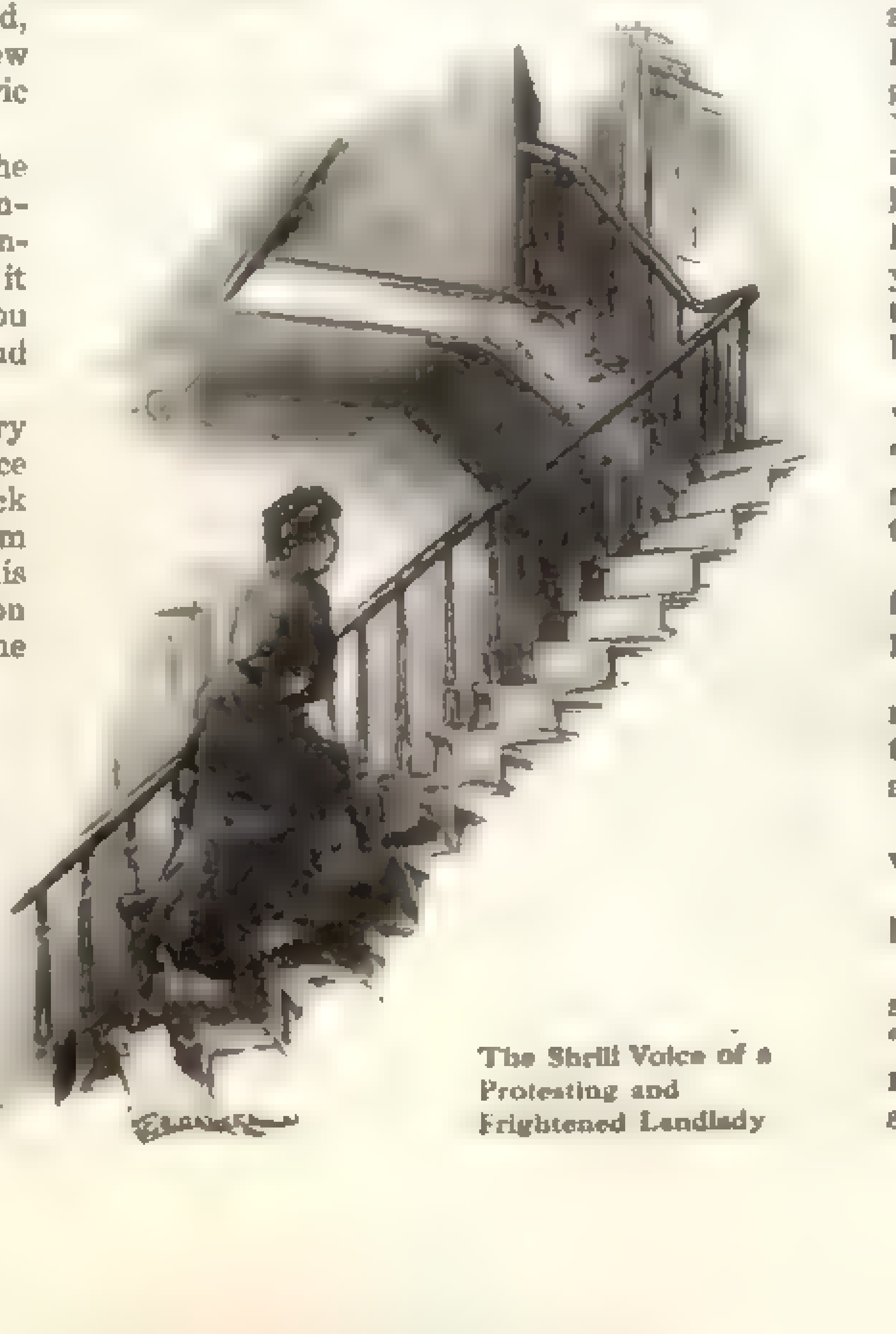
"It takes just four," Phelps informed him: "look-out, spieler, panel-man and engraver."

Wallingford shook his head, refusing even to speculate on the duties of the four named actors in the playlet.

"Four makes it hardly union wages," he objected.

Green-Goods Harry cast at him a look of quick dislike.

"I know, but wait till you see the sample," he insisted. "The fun's worth more than the meat. He's the rawest you ever saw; wants green goods, you


The Shrill Voice of a Protesting and Frightened Landlady

know; thinks there really is green goods, and stands ready to exchange his five thousand of the genuine rhino for twenty of the phoney stuff. Of course you know how this little joke is rimmed up. We count out the twenty thousand in real money and wrap it up in bales before both of his eyes, then put it in a little satchel of which we make Mr. Alfred Alfalfa a present. While we're giving him the solemn talk Billy Badger switches in another satchel with the same kind of looking bales in it, but made out of tissue-paper with twenties top and bottom; then we all move, and Henry Whiskers don't dare make a holler because he's in on a crooked play himself; see?"

"I see," assented Wallingford still dryly. "I've been reading the papers ever since I was a kid. What puzzles me is how you can find anybody left in the world who isn't hep."

"There's a new sucker born every minute," returned Mr. Phelps airily, whereat Wallingford, detecting that Mr. Phelps held his intelligence and education so cheaply as to offer this sage remark as original, inwardly fumed.

"Come on and look him over, anyhow," insisted Phelps, rising.

Wallingford arose reluctantly.

"What's the matter with your highball?" he demanded.

"It's great Scotch," said Mr. Phelps enthusiastically, and drank about a tablespoonful with great avidity. "Come on; the boys are waiting," and he surged toward the door.

Wallingford finished his own glass contemplatively and followed with a trace of annoyance.

III

INTO the back room of a flashy saloon just off Broadway Mr. Phelps led the way, after pausing outside to post Wallingford carefully on all their new names, and here they found Billy Banting and Larry Teller in company with a stranger, one glance at whom raised Wallingford's spirits quite appreciably, for he was so obviously made up.

He was a raw-boned young fellow who wore an out-of-date derby, a cheap made cravat which rode his collar, and a cheap suit of loud-checked clothes that were entirely too tight for him, and the trousers of which, two inches too short, were rounded stiffly out below the knees like stove-pipes by top boots which were wrinkled about the ankles. Moreover, the stranger spoke with a nasal drawl never heard off the stage.

Wallingford, with a wink from Phelps, was introduced to Mr. Pickins as Mr. Mombley. Then, leaning down to Mr. Pickins with another prodigious wink at Wallingford, Phelps said in a stage-whisper to the top-booted one:

"Mr. Mombley is our engraver. Used to work in the mint."

"Well, I'll swan!" drawled Mr. Pickins. "I'd reckoned to find such a fine gove'ment expert an older man."

With a sigh Wallingford took up his expected part.

"I'm older than I look," said he. "Making money keeps a man young."

"I reckon," agreed Mr. Pickins, and "haw-hawed" quite broadly. "And did you really make this bill?" he asked, drawing from his vest pocket a crinkled new ten-dollar-bill which he spread upon the table and examined with very eager interest indeed.

"This is one of that last batch, Joe," Short-Card Larry negligently informed Wallingford, with a meaning wink. "I just gave it to him as a sample."

"By jingo, it's scrumptious work!" said Mr. Pickins admiringly.

"Yes, they'll take that for a perfectly good bill anywhere," asserted Wallingford. "Just spend it and see," and he pushed the button. "Bring us a bottle of the best champagne you have in the house," he directed the waiter, and with satisfaction he noted the startled raising of heads all around the table, *including the head of Mr. Pickins.*

"I don't like to brag on myself," continued Wallingford, taking on fresh animation as he began to see humor in the situation, "but I think I'm the grandest little money-maker in the city, in my special line. I don't go after small game very often. A ten is the smallest I handle. Peters," he suddenly commanded Phelps, "show him one of those twenties."

"I don't think I have one of the new ones," said Phelps, moistening his lips, but nevertheless reaching for his wallet. "I think the only twenties I have are those that we put through the aging process."

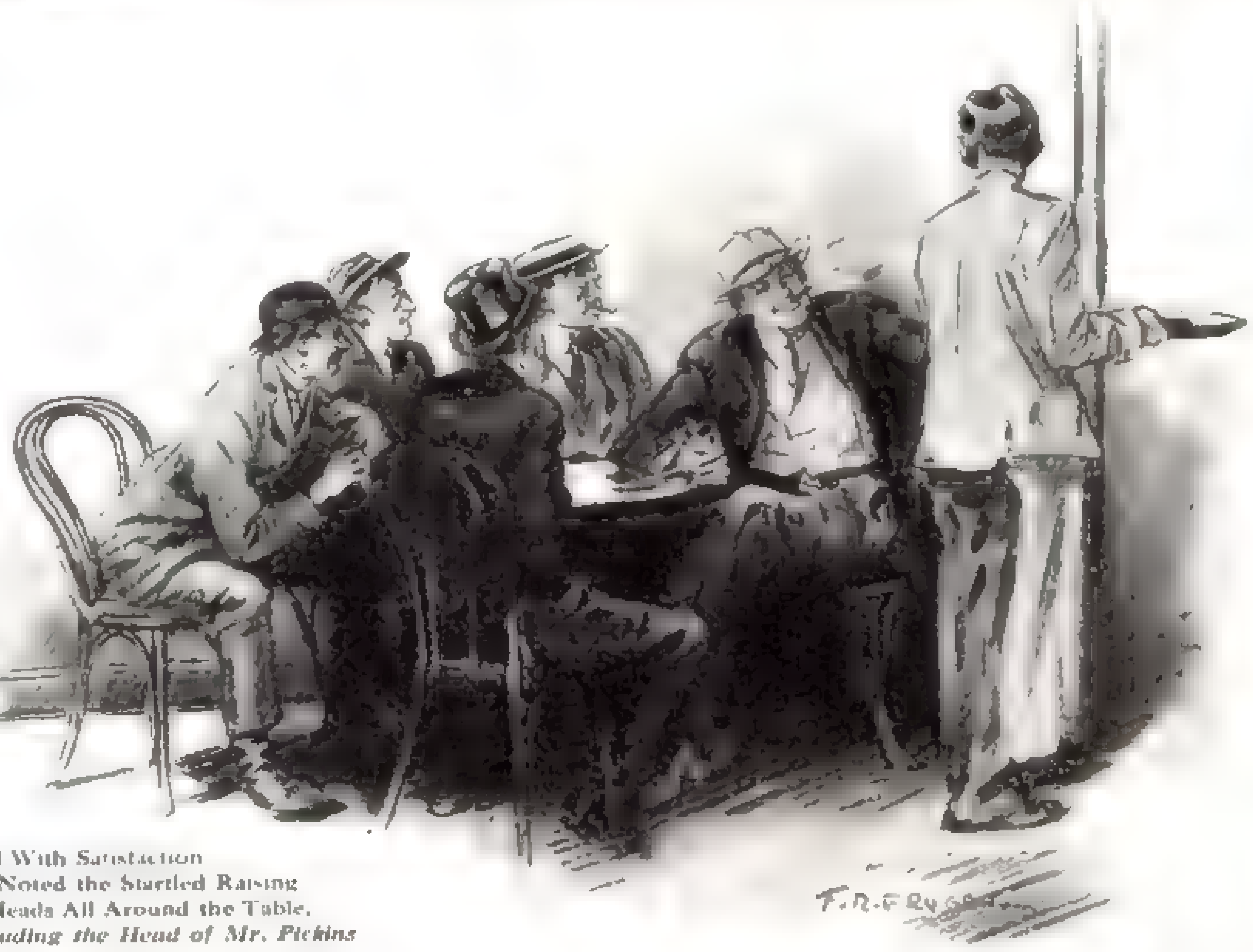
Wallingford calmly took the wallet from him and as calmly leafed over the bills it contained.

"No, none of these twenties are from the new batch," he decided, entering more and more into the spirit of the game, "but this half-century is one that we're all proud of. Just examine that, Mr. Pickins," and closing the wallet he handed it back to Phelps, passing the fifty-dollar bill to the stranger. "Billy, give me one of those twenties. I'm bound to show Mr. Pickins one of our best output."

Badger Billy, being notorious even among his fellows as a tight-wad, swallowed hard, but he produced a small roll of bills and extracted the newest twenty he could find. During this process it had twice crossed Billy's mind to revolt; but, after all, Wallingford was evincing an interest in the game that might be worth while.

"That's it," approved Wallingford, running it through his fingers and passing it over to Pickins. He got up from his place and took the vacant chair by that gentleman. "I just want you to look at the nifty imitation of engine work in this scroll border," he insisted with vast enthusiasm, while Mr. Pickins cast a despairing glance, half-puzzled and half-bored, at the others of the company, themselves awed into silence.

He was still explaining the excellent work in the more intricate portions of the two designs when the waiter appeared with the wine, and Wallingford only interrupted himself long enough to nonchalantly toss the ten-dollar bill on the tray after the glasses were filled. Then, with vast fervor, he returned to the counterfeiting business, with the specimens before him as an inspiring text.



And With Satisfaction He Noted the Startled Raising of Heads All Around the Table, *Including the Head of Mr. Pickins*

The waiter brought back two dollars in silver.

"Just keep the change," said Wallingford grandly, and then, as the waiter was about to withdraw, he quickly handed up the fifty and the twenty dollar bill to him. "Just take this twenty, George," said he to the waiter, "and run down to the cigar-store on the corner and buy some of those dollar cigars. You might as well get us about three apiece. Then take this fifty and get us a box for The Prince of Pikers to-night. Hustle right on, now," and he gave the waiter a gentle, but insistent, shove on the arm that had all the effect of bustling him out of the room. "We'll show Mr. Pickins a good time," he exultantly declared. "We'll show him how easy it is to live on soft money like this."

Wallingford had held the floor for fifteen solid minutes. Now he paused for some one else to offer a remark, his eager eye glowing with the sense of a duty not only well, but brilliantly, performed, as it roved from one to the other in search of approval. But feeble encouragement was in any other eye. Four men could have throttled him, singly and in company. Wallingford was too enthusiastic an actor. He was taking the part entirely too well, and a vague doubt began to cross the minds of the other gentlemen in the party as to whether he would do or not. It was Short-Card Larry who first recovered his poise and broke the dismal silence.

"Show him one of those new hundreds, Mombley," he invited Wallingford with almost a snarl.

Wallingford merely smiled in a superior way.

"You know I never carry any but the genuine," he said in mild reproach. "It wouldn't do, you know. Anyhow, are we sure that Mr. Pickins wants to invest?"

Mr. Pickins drew a long breath and once more plunged into the character which he had almost doffed.

"Invest? Well, I reckon!" he nasally drawled. "If I can get twenty thousand dollars as good money as that for five, I'd be a blame fool not to take it. And I got the five thousand, too."

Things were coming back to a normal basis now, and the others cheered up.

"Look here," Mr. Pickins went on, and, reaching down, drew off with much tugging one of the high boots, in the top of which had reposed a package of greenbacks: ten crisp, nice-looking five-hundred-dollar bills.

For just a moment Wallingford eyed that money speculatively, then he picked up one of the bills and slid it through his fingers.

"It's good money, I suppose," he observed. "You can hardly tell the good from the bad these days, except by offering to spend it. We might break one of these—say for an automobile ride."

"No, you don't," hurriedly interposed Mr. Pickins, losing his nasal drawl for the moment and reaching for the bill, which he put back in the package, snapping a weak rubber band around it. "I reckon I don't let go of one of these bills till I see something in exchange. I—I ain't no greenhorn!"

His nasal drawl had come back, and now seemed to be the cue for all the others to affect laughter.

"To be sure he's not," said Mr. Phelps, reaching over to slap him on the back in all the jovial heartiness with which a greenhorn is supposed to be encouraged. "You're wise, all right, Pickins. We wouldn't do business with you if you weren't. You see, we're putting ourselves in danger of the penitentiary and we have to be careful. More than that, wise people come back; and, with a dozen or so like Mr. Pickins shoving the queer for us, we put out about all we can make. Nobody in the business, Mr. Pickins, gets as high a price for green goods as we do, and nobody in the business keeps all their customers as we do. That's because our output is so good."

This, which was one of the rehearsed speeches, went off very well, and they began to feel comfortable again.

"That's me, by Jinks!" announced Pickins, slapping his leg. "I'll be one of your steady customers, all right. When'll I get this first twenty thousand?"

"Right away," said Mr. Phelps, rising. "Just wait a moment till I talk it over with the engraver and see if he has the supply ready."

"The supply's all right," declared Wallingford. "These boys will 'tend to the business with you, Mr. Pickins. I'm very glad to have met you. I'll probably see you to-night at the show. I have to go back and look after a little more engraving just now." And, shaking hands cordially with Mr. Pickins, he arose to go.

"Wait a minute, Mombley," said Phelps amidst a general scowl, and he walked outside with Wallingford. "Fine work, old man," he complimented, keeping his suavity with an effort. "We can go right in and pick our bunch of posies any minute."

"Go right ahead!" said Wallingford heartily. "I'm glad to have helped you out a little."

Mr. Phelps looked at him in sour speculation.

"Of course you're in on it," he observed with a great air of making a merely perfunctory remark.

"Me?" inquired Wallingford in surprise. "Not on your life. I only played engraver for accommodation. I thought I did a grand little piece of work, too."

"But we can't go through without you," insisted Mr. Phelps desperately, ignoring the other's maddening complacency and sticking to the main point. "It takes twenty thousand and we only have five thousand apiece. We're looking to you for the other five."

Wallingford looked him squarely in the eyes, with an entire change of manner, and chuckled.

"There are four reasons, Phelps, why I won't," he kindly explained.

"The first is, I never do anything in partnership; second, I never pike; third, I won't take a fall out of any game that has the brown-and-white-striped clothes at the end of it; fourth, Billy might not get the satchels switched right; *extra, I won't fool with any farmer that strikes a match on the sole of his boot!*"

The fifth and extra reason was so unexpected and was laid before Mr. Phelps with such meaning emphasis that that gentleman could only drop his jaw and gape in reply. Wallingford laid both hands on his shoulders and chuckled in his face.

"You're a fiercely unimaginative bunch," he said. "Let's don't try to do any more business together. Just come up to my room to-night and have a friendly game of stud poker."

At last Green-Goods Harry found his tongue.

"You go to ——!" said he.

IV

BACK in their common sitting-room, Wallingford found Daw studying some gaudy samples of stock certificates. "Blackie, did you tell this gang of yours that they didn't drink enough to suit me?" Wallingford demanded.

Blackie grinned.

"They wanted to know why you wouldn't warm up," he admitted.

"I see the pretty, pretty lights at last," Wallingford chuckled. "I was sure there was something doing when Curly Harry came up here claiming a thirst, and went so far as to drink champagne on top of a high ball."

"He's taking stomach and liver dope right now," Blackie guessed. "You see, these Broadway boys are handicapped when they run across a man who still has a lining. They lost theirs years ago."

"They lost everything years ago. I'm disappointed in them, Blackie. I had supposed that these smooth people of the metropolis had Herman looking like a Bowery waiter when it came to smooth work; but they've got nothing but thumbs."

"You do them deep wrong, J. Rufus Wallingford Wix," admonished Blackie. "I've trailed with this crowd four or five years. They're always to be found right here and they always have coin—whether they spend it or not."

"They get it gold-bricking New Yorkers then," declared Wallingford contemptuously. "They couldn't cold deck anybody on the rural free delivery routes. They wear the lemon sign on their faces, and when one of their kind comes west of the big hills we padlock all our money in our pockets and lock ourselves in jail till they get out of town."

"What have they been doing to you?" asked Blackie. "You've got a regular Mattewan grouch."

"They had the nerve to try to ring me in for the fall guy on a green-goods play, baited up with a stage farmer from One Hundred and Sixtieth Street," asserted Wallingford. "Don't they ever spring a new one here?"

Mr. Blackie Daw only laughed.

"I'm afraid they don't," he confessed. "They take the old ones that have got the money for years, and work in new props and scenery on them, just like they do in the theatres; and that goes for Broadway."

"It don't go for me," declared Wallingford. "If they come after mine again I'll get real peevish and take their flash rolls away from them."

"Go to it," invited Blackie. "They need a trimming."

"I think I'll hand it to them," said Wallingford savagely, and started to walk out.

"Where are you going?" asked the other.

"I don't know," said Wallingford, "but I am going to scare up some excitement in the only way possible for a stranger, and that is go out and hunt it by myself. No New Yorker knows where to go."

In the bar Wallingford found a convivial gentleman from Georgia, lonesome like himself, with whom he became firm friends in an hour, and it was after midnight when, their friendship still further fixed by plenty of liquid cement, he left the Georgian at one of the broad, bright entrances in charge of a doorman. It being but a few blocks to his own hotel he walked, carrying with complacent satisfaction a burden of assorted beverages that would have staggered most men.

It was while he was pausing upon his own corner for a moment to consider the past evening in smiling retrospection that a big-boned policeman tapped him on the shoulder. He was startled for a moment, but a hearty voice reassured him with:

"Why, hello, Wix, my boy! When did you come to town?"

A smile broke over Wallingford's face as he shook hands with the bluecoat.

"Hello, Harvey," he returned. "I never would have looked for you in this make-up. It's a funny job for the ex-secretary of the Filmore Coal Company."

"Forget it," returned Harvey complacently. "There's three squares a day in this and pickings. Where are you stopping?"

Wallingford told him, and then looked at him speculatively.

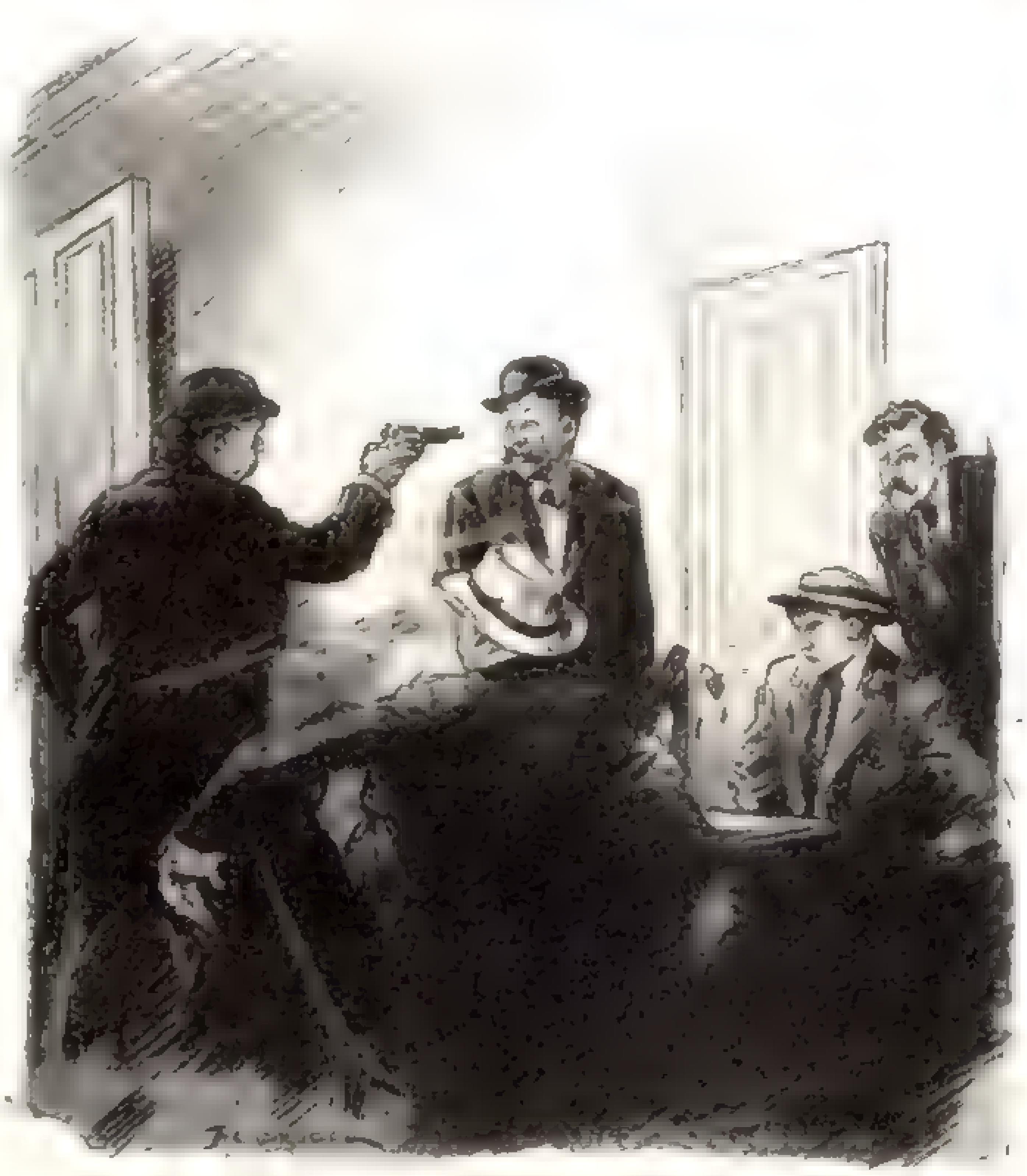
"Come up and see me when you go off watch," he invited. "But don't ask for me under the name of Wix. It's Wallingford now, J. Rufus Wallingford."

"No!" said Harvey. "What did you do at home?"

"Not a thing," protested Wallingford. "I can go right back to Filmore and play hop-scotch around the county jail if I want to. I just didn't like the name, that's all. But I want to talk with you, Harvey. I think I can throw about a hundred or so in your way."

"Not me!" returned Harvey with a grin. "That's the price of a murder in this town."

"Come up, and I'll coax you," laughed Wallingford.



"You've Played That Gag Too Long, Dan Blazer"

He walked away quite thoughtfully. Harvey Willis, who had left Filmore on account of his fine sense of honor—he had embezzled to pay a poker debt—seemed suddenly to fit an empty and an aching void.

V

"THE fresh Hick!" observed Mr. Pickins savagely. "I'd like to hand him a bunch of knuckles."

Mr. Pickins was not now in character, but was clad in quite ordinary good clothes; his prominent cheek-bones, however, had become two white spots in the midst of an angrily red countenance.

"I don't know as I blame him so much," said Phelps. "The trouble is we sized him for about the intelligence of a louse. Anybody that would stand for your Hoop-pole Caounty line of talk wouldn't need such a careful frame-up to make him lay down his money."

"There's something to that," agreed Short-Card Larry. "I always did say your work was too strong, Pick."

"There ain't another man in the crowd can play as good a Rube," protested Mr. Pickins, touched deeply upon the matter of his art. "I don't know how many thousands we've cleaned up on that outfit of mine."

"Ye-e-es, but this Wallingford person called the turn," insisted Phelps. "The only times we ever made it stick was on the kind of farmers that work in eleven-story office buildings. You can fool a man with a stuffed dog, but you can't fool a dog with it; and you couldn't fool Yap Wallingford with a counterfeit yap."

"Well," announced Mr. Pickins, with emphatic finality, "you may have my part of him. I'm willing to let him go right back to Oskaloosa, or Oshkosh, or wherever it is."

"Not me," declared Phelps. "I want to get him just on general principles. He's handed me too much flossy talk. You know the last thing he had the nerve to say? He invited us up to play stud poker with him."

"Why don't you?" asked Pickins.

"Ask Larry," said Phelps with a laugh, whereat Larry merely swore.

Badger Billy, who had been silently listening with his eyes half closed, was possessed of a sudden, inventive gift.

"Yes, why don't you?" he repeated. "If I read this village cut-up right, he'll take a sporting chance. Get him over to the Forty-second Street dump on a proposition to play two-handed stud with Harry there, then pull off a phoney pinch for gambling."

"No chance," returned Phelps. "He'd be on to that game; it's a dead one, too."

"Not if you work it this way," insisted Billy, in whom the creative spirit was still strong. "Tell him that we're all sore at Harry, here; that Harry threw the gang last night and got me put away. I'll have McDermott take me down and lock me up on suspicion for a couple of hours, so you can bring him down and show me to him. Tell him you've found a way to get square. Harry's supposed to have a grouch about that stud-poker taunt and wants to play Wallingford two-handed, five thousand a side. Tell him to go into this game and that, just when they have the money and the cards on the table, you'll pull off a phoney pinch and have your fake officer take the money and cards for evidence, then you'll split up with him?"

Billy paused and looked around with a triumphant eye. It was a long, long speech for the Badger, and a vivid bit of creative work of which he felt justly proud.

"Fine!" observed Larry in deep sarcasm. "Then I suppose we give him the blackjack and take it all away from him?"

"No, you mutt," returned Billy, having waited for this objection so as to bring out the clever part of his scheme as a climax. "Just as we have Dan pull off the pinch, in jumps Sprig Foles and pinches Dan for impersonating an officer. Then Sprig cops the money and the cards for evidence, while we all make a get-away."

A long and thoughtful silence followed the exposition of this great scheme of Billy's. It was Phelps who spoke first.

"There's one thing about it," he admitted: "it's a new one."

"Grandest little double cross that was ever pulled over," announced Billy in the pride of authorship.

It was a matter of satisfaction, to say nothing of surprise, to Short-Card Larry to note the readiness, even the alacrity, with which young Wallingford fell into the trap. Would he accept the traitorous Mr. Phelps' challenge if guaranteed that he would win? He would! There was nothing young Wallingford detested so much as a traitor. Moreover, he had a grouch at Mr. Phelps himself.

Short-Card Larry had expected to argue more than this, and, having argument still lying heavily upon his lungs, must rid himself of it. It must be distinctly understood that the crowd wanted nothing whatever out of this. They merely wished to see the foresworn Mr. Phelps lose all his money, so that he could not hire a lawyer to defend him, and when he was thus resourceless they intended to have him arrested on an old charge and "sent over." They were very severe and heartless about Mr. Phelps, but they did not want his money. They would not touch it! Wallingford could have it all, with the exception of the two hundred and fifty dollars he would have to pay to the experienced plain-clothes man impersonator whom Larry, having a wide acquaintance, would secure.

Mr. Wallingford understood perfectly. He appreciated thoroughly the motives that actuated Mr. Larry Teller and his friends, and those motives did them credit. He counted himself, moreover, highly fortunate in being on hand to take advantage of the situation. Still, moreover, after the trick was turned he would stand a fine dinner for the entire crowd, including Mr. Pickins, to whom Mr. Teller would kindly convey his, Mr. Wallingford's, respects.

Accepting this commission with some inward resentment but outward pleasure, Mr. Teller suggested that the game be played off that very afternoon. Mr. Wallingford was very sorry. That afternoon and evening he had business of grave importance. To-morrow evening, however, say at about nine o'clock, he would be on hand with the five thousand, in bills of convenient denomination. Mr. Teller might call for him at the hotel and escort him to the room, although, from having had the location previously pointed out to him, Mr. Wallingford was quite sure he could find Mr. Teller's apartment, where the contest was to take place. Left alone, Mr. Wallingford, in the exuberance of his youth, lay back in his big chair and spent five solid minutes in chuckling self-congratulation, to the great mystification of the incoming Mr. Daw, whom J. Rufus would not quite trust with his reason for mirth. Feeling the need of really human companionship at this juncture, young Wallingford called up his convivial friend from Georgia and they went out to spend another busy and pleasant afternoon and evening, amid a rapidly-widening circle of friends whom these two enterprising and jovial gentlemen had already managed to attach to them. With an eye to business, however, Wallingford carefully timed their wanderings so that he should return, alone, on foot, to his own hotel a trifle after midnight.

VI

AS MR. TELLER and Mr. Wallingford, the following evening at a few minutes before nine, turned into the house on Forty-second Street they observed a sturdy figure helping a very much inebriated man up the stone steps just before them, but as the sturdy figure inserted a latch-key in the door and opened it with one hand while supporting his companion with the other arm, the incident was not one to excite comment. Just inside the door the inebriated man tried to raise a disturbance, which was promptly squelched by the sturdy gentleman, who held his charge firmly in a bearlike grip while Mr. Teller and Mr. Wallingford passed around them at the foot of the stairs, casting smiling glances down at the face of the perpetually-worried landlady, who had come to the parlor door to wonder what she ought to do about it.

In the second floor back room Mr. Phelps and Mr. Badger already awaited them. Mr. Badger's greeting to Larry was the ordinary greeting of one man who had seen the other within the hour; his greeting to Mr. Wallingford was most cordial and accompanied by the merest shade of a wink. Mr. Phelps, on the other hand, was most grim. While not denying the semblance of courtesy one gentleman should bestow upon another, he nevertheless gave Mr. Wallingford distinctly to understand by his bearing that he was out for Mr. Wallingford's financial blood, and after the coldest of greetings he asked gruffly:

"Did you bring cards?"

"One dollar's worth," said Wallingford, tossing four packs upon the table. "Ordinary drug-store cards, bought at the corner."

"You see them bought, Larry?" inquired Phelps.

"They're all right, Phelps," Mr. Teller assured him.

"Good," said Mr. Phelps. "Then we might just as well get to work," and from his pocket he drew a fat wallet out of which he counted five thousand dollars, mostly in bills of large denomination.

In the chair at the opposite side of the little table Wallingford sat down with equal grimness, and produced an equal amount of money in similar denominations.

"I don't suppose we need chips," said Phelps. "The game may not last over a couple of deals. Make it table stakes, loser of each hand to deal the next one."

They opened a pack of cards and cut for the deal, which fell to Wallingford, and they began with a five-dollar ante. Upon the turn card of the first deal each placed another five. Upon the third card, Phelps, being high, shoved forward a five-dollar bill, which Wallingford promptly raised with fifty. Scarcely glancing at his hole card Phelps let him take the pot, and it became Phelps' deal.

It was a peculiar game, in that Phelps kept the deal from then on, betting mildly until Wallingford raised, in which case Wallingford was allowed to take down the money. By this means Wallingford steadily won, but in such small amounts that Mr. Phelps could have kept playing for hours on his five thousand dollars in spite of the annoyance of maudlin quarreling from the next room. It was not necessary to enter such a long test of endurance to gain mere time, however, for in less than a half-hour the door suddenly burst open, its latch-bar losing its screws with suspicious ease, and a gaunt but muscular-looking individual, with a down-drooping mustache, strode in upon them, displaying a shining badge pinned upon his vest underneath his coat.

"Every man keep his seat!" commanded this apparition. "The place is pinched as a gambling joint."

Mr. Phelps made a grab for the money on the table.

"Drop that!" said the newcomer, making a motion toward his hip pocket, and Mr. Phelps subsided in his chair.

The others had posed themselves most dramatically, and now they sat in motionless but trembling obedience to the law, while the man with the tin badge produced from his pocket a little black bag into which he stuffed the cards and all the money on the table.

"It's a frame-up!" shouted Mr. Phelps.

Loud voices and the overturning of chairs from the room just ahead interrupted them at this moment, and not only Mr. Badger and Mr. Teller and Mr. Phelps looked annoyed, but the man with the shining badge glanced apprehensively in that direction, especially as, added to the sudden uproar, there was the unmistakable clang of a patrol-wagon in the street!

Simultaneously with this there bounded into the room a large gentleman with a red face and a husky voice, who whipped a revolver from his pocket the minute he passed the threshold and leveled it at the man with the badge, while all the others sprang from their chairs.

"Hands up!" said he, in a hurried but businesslike manner, himself apparently annoyed with and apprehensive of the adjoining disturbance and the clanging in the street. "This is a sure-enough pinch, but it ain't for gambling, you can bet your sweet life! You're all pulled for a bunch of cheap sure-thing experts, but this guy has got the lock-step comin' to him for impersonating an officer. You've played that gag too long, Dan Blazer. Give me that evidence!" and he snatched the black bag from the hand of the man with the badge.

Short-Card Larry, standing near what was apparently a closet door, now took his cue and threw it open, and, grabbing Wallingford by the arm, suddenly pulled him forward. "This is the real thing," he said in a hoarse

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The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By

David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL

XX

GRANT ARKWRIGHT reached the Waldorf a little less than an hour after he had seen the bride and groom drive away from Doctor Scones'. He found Craig pacing up and down before the desk, his agitation so obvious that the people about were all intensely and frankly interested. "You look as if you were going to draw a couple of guns in a minute and shoot up the house," said he, putting himself squarely before Josh and halting him.

"For Heaven's sake, Grant," cried Joshua, "see how I'm sweating! Go upstairs—up to their suite, and find out what's the matter."

"Go yourself," retorted Grant.

Craig shook his head. He couldn't confess to Arkwright what was really agitating him, why he did not disregard Margaret's injunction.

"What're you afraid of?"

Josh scowled as Grant thus unconsciously scuffed the sore spot. "I'm not afraid!" he cried aggressively. "It's better that you should go. Don't haggle—go!"

As Grant could think of no reason why he shouldn't, and as he had the keenest curiosity to see how the "old tartar" was taking it, he went. Margaret's voice came in response to his knock. "Oh, it's you," said she in a tone of relief.

Her face was swollen and her eyes red. She looked anything but lovely. Grant, however, was instantly so moved that he did not notice her homeliness. Also, he was one of those unobservant people who, having once formed an impression of a person, do not revise it except under compulsion; his last observation of Margaret had resulted in an impression of good looks, exceptional charm. He bent upon her a look in which understanding sympathy was heavily alloyed with the longing of the covetous man in presence of his neighbor's desirable possessions. But he discreetly decided that he would not put into words—at least, not just yet—his sympathy with her for her dreadful, her tragic mistake. No, it would be more tactful as well as more discreet to pretend belief that her tears had been caused by her grandmother. He glanced round. "Where's Madam Bowker?" inquired he. "Did she blow up and bolt?"

"Oh, no," answered Margaret, seating herself with a dreary sigh. "She's gone to her sitting-room to write with her own hand the announcement that's to be given out. She says the exact wording is very important."

"So it is," said Grant. "All that's said will take its color from the first news."

"No doubt." Margaret's tone was indifferent, absent.

Arkwright hesitated to introduce the painful subject, the husband; yet he had a certain malicious pleasure in doing it, too. "Josh wants to come up," said he. "He's down at the desk, champing and tramping and pawing holes in the floor." And he looked at her to note the impression of this vivid, adroitly-reminiscent picture.

"Not yet," said Margaret curtly and coldly. All of a sudden she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Rita—dear Rita!" exclaimed Grant, his own eyes wet, "I know how you feel. Am I not suffering, too? I thought I didn't care, but I did—I do. Rita, it isn't too late ——"

She straightened; dried her eyes. "Stop that, Grant!" she said peremptorily. "Stop it!"

His eyes sank. "I can't bear to see you suffer."

"You don't mean a word of what you've just said," she went on. "You are all upset, as I am. You are his friend and mine." Defiantly: "And I love him, and you know I do."

It was the tone of one giving another something that must be repeated by rote. "That's it," said he, somewhat sullenly, but with no hint of protest. "I'm all unstrung, like you, and like him."

"And you will forget that you saw me crying?"

"I'll never think of it again."

"Now go and bring him, please."

He went quickly toward the door.

"Grant!" she called. As he turned she rose, advanced with a friendly smile and put out her hand for his. "Thank you," she said. "You have shown yourself our best friend."

"I meant to be," he answered earnestly, as he pressed her hand. "When I pull myself together I think you'll realize I'm some decenter than I've seemed of late."

Madam Bowker came just as he returned with Craig. So all attention was concentrated upon the meeting of the two impossibilities. The old lady took her new relative's hand with a gracious, queenly smile—a smile that had the effect both of making him grateful and of keeping him "in his place." Said she: "I have been writing out the announcement."

"Thank you," was Joshua's eager, respectful reply.

She gave him the sheet of notepaper she was carrying in her left hand. It was her own private paper, heavy, quiet, rich, engraved with aristocratic simplicity, most elegant; and most elegant was the handwriting. "This," said she, "is to be given out in addition to the formal notice which Grant will send to the newspapers."

Craig read:

> Mrs. Bowker announces the marriage of her granddaughter, Margaret Severence, and Joshua Craig, of Wayne, Minnesota, and Washington, by the Reverend Doctor Scones, at the Waldorf, this morning. Only a few relatives and Mr. Craig's friend, Mr. Grant Arkwright, were present. The marriage occurred sooner than was expected, out of consideration for Mrs. Bowker, as she is very old, and wished it to take place before she left for her summer abroad.

Craig lifted to the old lady the admiring glance of a satisfied expert in public opinion. Their eyes met on an equality; for an instant he forgot that she figured in his imagination as anything more than a human being. "Splendid!" cried he, with hearty enthusiasm. "You have covered the case exactly. Grant, telephone for an Associated Press reporter and give him this."

"I'll copy it off for him," said Grant.

Madam Bowker and Craig exchanged amused glances. "You'll give it to him in Madam Bowker's handwriting," ordered Craig. "You told Scones to keep his mouth shut, when you paid him?"

The other three looked conscious, and Margaret reddened slightly at this coarse brusqueness of phrase. "Yes," said Grant. "He'll refuse to be interviewed. I'll go and attend to this."

"We're having a gala lunch, at once—in the apartment," said the old lady. "So, come back quickly."

When he was gone she said to the two: "And now what are your plans?"

"We have none," said Craig.

"I had thought " began Margaret. She hesitated, colored, went on: "Grandmother, couldn't you get the Millicans' camp in the Adirondacks? I heard Mrs. Millican say yesterday they had got it all ready and had suddenly decided to go abroad instead."

"Certainly," said the old lady. "I'll telephone about it at once, and I'll ask the Millicans to lunch with us to-day."

She left them alone. Craig, eying his bride covertly, had a sense of her remoteness, her unattainability. He was like a man who, in an hour of rashness and vanity, has boasted that he can attain a certain mountain peak, and finds himself stalled at its very base. He decided that he must assert himself; he tried to nerve himself to seize her in his old precipitate, boisterous fashion. He found that he had neither the desire to do so nor the ability. He had never thought her so full of the lady's charm. That was just the trouble—the lady's charm, not the human being's; not the charm feminine for the male.

"I hope you'll be very patient with me," said she, with a wan smile. "I am far from well. I've been debating for several days whether or not to give up and send for the doctor."

He did not see her real motive in thus paving the way for the formation of the habit of separate lives; he eagerly believed her, was grateful to her, was glad she was ill. So quaint is the interweaving of thought there flashed into his mind at that moment: "After all, I needn't have blown in so much money on trousseau. Grant went in too deep." This, because the money question was bothering him greatly, the situation that would arise when his savings should be gone; for now it seemed to him he would never have the courage to discuss money with her. If she could have looked in upon his thoughts she would have been well content; there was every indication of easy sailing for her scheme to reconstruct his career.

"When do you think of starting for the Adirondacks?" he asked, with a timidity of preliminary swallowing and blushing that made her turn away her face to hide her smile. How completely hers was the situation! She felt the first triumphant thrill of her new estate.

"To-night," she replied. "We can't put it off."

"No, we can't put it off," assented he, hesitation in his voice, gloom upon his brow. "Though," he added, "you don't look at all well." With an effort: "Margaret, are you glad—or sorry?"

"Glad," she answered in a firm, resolute tone. It became a little hard in its practicality as she added: "You were quite right. We took the only course."

"You asked me to be a little patient with you," he went on.

She trembled; her glance fluttered down.

"Well—I—I—you'll have to be a little patient with me, too." He was red with embarrassment. She looked so still and cold and repelling that he could hardly muster voice to go on: "You can't but know, in a general sort of way, that I'm uncouth, unaccustomed to the sort of thing that you've had all your life. I'm going to do my best, Margaret. And if you'll help me, and be a little forbearing, I think—I hope—you'll soon find I'm—I'm—oh, you understand."

She had given a stealthy sigh of relief when she discovered that he was not making the protest she had feared. "Yes, I understand," replied she, her manner a gentle graciousness, which in some moods would have sent his pride flaring against the very heavens in angry scorn. But he thought her most sweet and considerate, and she softened toward him with pity. It was very pleasant thus to be looked up to, and, being human, she felt anything but a lessened esteem for her qualities of delicateness and refinement, of patrician breeding, when she saw him thus on his knees before them. He had invited her to look down on him, and she was accepting an invitation which it is not in accordance with human nature to decline.

There was one subject she had always avoided with him—the subject of his family. He had not exactly avoided it, indeed, had spoken occasionally of his brothers and sisters, their wives and husbands, their children. But his reference to these humble persons, so far removed from the station to which he had ascended, had impressed her as being dragged in by the ears, as if he were forcing himself to pretend to himself and to her that he was not ashamed of them, when in reality he could not but be ashamed. She felt that now was the time to bring up this subject and dispose of it.

Said she graciously: "I'm sorry your father and mother aren't living. I'd like to have known them."

He grew red. He was seeing a tiny, unkempt cottage in the outskirts of Wayne, poor, even for that modest little town. He was seeing a bent, gaunt old laborer in jeans, smoking a pipe on the doorsill; he was seeing, in the kitchen-dining-room-sitting-room-parlor, disclosed by the open door, a stout, aggressive-looking laborer's wife in faded calico, doing the few thick china dishes in dented dishpan on rickety old table. "Yes," said he, with not a trace of sincerity in his ashamed, constrained voice, "I wish so, too."

She understood; she felt sorry for him, proud of herself. Was it not fine and truly noble of her thus to condescend to him? "But there are your brothers and sisters," she went graciously on. "I must meet them some time."

"Yes, some time," said he, laboriously trying his best to pump a thin, watery pretense of enthusiasm into his voice.

She had done her duty by his dreadful, impossible family. She passed glibly to other subjects. He was glad she had had the ladylike tact not to look at him during the episode; he wouldn't have liked any human being to see the look he knew his face was wearing.

In the press of agitating events, both forgot the incident—for the time.

XXI

WHEN Molly Stillwater heard that Margaret and her "wild man" had gone into the woods for their honeymoon she said: "Rita's got to tame him and train him for human society. So she's taken him where there are no neighbors to hear him scream as—as ——" Molly cast about in her stock of slang for a phrase that was vigorous enough—"as she 'puts the boots' to him."

It was a shrewd guess; Margaret had decided that she could do more toward "civilizing" him in those few first weeks and in solitude than in years of teaching at odd times. In China, at the marriage feast, the bride and the groom each struggles to be first to sit on the robe of the other; the idea is that the winner will thenceforth rule. As the Chinese have been many ages at the business of living, the custom should not be dismissed too summarily as mere vain and heathenish superstition. At any rate, Margaret had reasoned it out that she must get the advantage in the impending initial grapple and tussle of their individualities, or choose between slavery and divorce. With him handicapped by awe of her, by almost groveling respect for her ideas and feelings in all man and woman matters, domestic and social, it seemed to her that she could be worsted only by a miracle of actual stupidity on her part

Never had he been so nearly "like an ordinary man—like a gentleman"—as when they set out for the Adirondacks. She could scarcely believe her own eyes, and she warmed to him and felt that she had been greatly overestimating her task. He had on one of the suits he had bought ready made that morning. It was of rough blue cloth—dark blue—most becoming and well draped to show to advantage his lithe, powerful frame, its sinews so much more manly-looking than the muscularity of artificially got protuberances usually seen in the prosperous classes in our Eastern cities. Grant had selected the suit, had selected all the suits, and had superintended the fittings. Grant had also selected the negligee shirt and the fashionable collar, and the bright, yet not gaudy, tie, and Grant had selected the shoes that made his feet look like feet; and Grant had conducted him to a proper barber, who had reduced the mop of hair to proportion and order. In brief, Grant had taken a gloomy pleasure in putting his successful rival through the machine of civilization and bringing him out a city man, agreeable to sight and touch.

"Now," said he, when the process was finished, "for Heaven's sake try to keep yourself up to the mark. Take a cold bath every morning and a warm bath before dinner."

"I have been taking a cold bath every day since I got my private bathroom," said Joshua, with honest pride.

"Then you're just as dirty as the average Englishman. He takes a cold bath and fancies he's clean, when in fact he's only clean-looking. Cold water merely stimulates. It takes warm water and soap to keep a man clean."

"I'll bear that in mind," said Craig, with a docility that flattered Grant as kindly attentions from a fierce-looking dog flatter the timid stranger.

"And you must take care of your clothes, too," proceeded the *arbiter elegantiarum*. "Fold your trousers when you take them off, and have them pressed. Get your hair cut once a week—have a regular day for it. I've got you a safety razor. Shave at least once a day—first thing after you get out of bed is the best time. And change your linen every day. Don't think because a shirt isn't downright dirty that you can pass it off for fresh."

"Just write those things down," said Josh. "And any others of the same kind you happen to think of. I hate to think what a state I'd be in if I hadn't you. Don't imagine I'm not appreciating the self-sacrifice."

Grant looked sheepish. But he felt that his shame was unwarranted, that he really deserved Craig's tactless praise. So he observed virtuously: "That's where we men are beyond the women. Now, if it were one woman fixing up another the chances are a thousand to one she'd play the cat, and get clothes and give suggestions that'd mean ruin."

It may not speak well for Arkwright's capacity for emotion, but it certainly speaks well for his amiability and philanthropy that doing these things for Craig had so far enlisted him that he was almost as anxious as the fluttered and flustered bridegroom himself for the success of the adventure. He wished he could go along, in disguise, as a sort of valet and prime minister—to be ever near Josh to coach and advise and guide him. For it seemed to him that success or failure in this honeymooning hung upon the success or failure of Craig in practicing the precepts that for Grant and his kind take precedence of the moral code. He spent an earnest and exhausting hour in neatly and carefully writing out the instructions, as Craig had requested. He performed this service with a gravity that would move some people to the same sort of laughter and wonder that is excited by the human doings of a trained chimpanzee. But Craig—the wild man, the arch foe of effeteness, the apostle of the simple life of yarn sock and tallowed boot and homespun pants and hairy jaw—Craig accepted the service with heartfelt thanks in his shaking voice and moist eye.

Thus the opening of the honeymoon was most auspicious. Craig, too much in awe of Margaret to bother her, and busy about matters that concerned himself alone, was a model of caution, restraint and civility. Margaret, apparently calm, aloof and ladylike, was really watching his discreet conduct as a hawk watches a sheltered hen; she began to indulge in pleasant hopes that Joshua's wild days had come to an abrupt end. Why, he was even restrained in conversation; he did not interrupt her often, instantly apologized and forebore when he did; he poured out none of his wonted sophomoric diatribes, sometimes sensible, more often inane, as the prattle of a great man in his hour of relaxation is apt to be. She had to do most of the talking—and you may be sure that she directed her conversation to conveying under an appearance of lightness many valuable lessons in the true wisdom of life as it is revealed only to the fashionable idle. She was careful not to overdo, not to provoke, above all not to put him at his ease.

Her fiction of ill health, of threatened nervous prostration, also served to free her from an overdose of his society during the long and difficult days in that eventless solitude. He was all for arduous tramps through the woods, for excursions in canoe under the fierce sun. She insisted on his enjoying himself—"but I don't feel equal to any such exertion. I simply must rest and take care of myself." She was somewhat surprised at his simplicity in believing her health was anything but robust, when her appearance gave the lie direct to her hints and regrets. While he was off with one of the guides she stayed at camp, reading, working at herself with the aid of Selina, revolving and maturing her plans.

When she saw him she saw him at his best. He showed up especially well at swimming. She was a notable figure herself in bathing suit, and could swim in a nice, ladylike way; but he was a water creature—indeed, seemed more at home in the water than on land. She liked to watch his long, strong, narrow body cut the surface of the transparent lake with no loss of energy in splashing or display—as easy and swift as a fish. She began to fear she had made a mistake in selecting a place for her school for a husband. "He's in his element—this wilderness," thought she, "not mine. I'll take him back with everything still to be done."

And, worst of all, she found herself losing her sense of proportion, her respect for her fashionable idols. Those vast woods, that infinite summer sky—they were giving her a new and far from practical point of view—especially upon the petty trickeries and posturings of the ludicrously self-important human specks that crawl about upon the earth and hastily begin to act queer and absurd as soon as they come in sight of each other. She found herself rapidly developing that latent "sentimentality" which her grandmother had so often rebuked and warned her against — which Lucia had insisted was her real self. Her imagination beat the bars of the cage of convention in which she had imprisoned it, and cried out for free, large, natural emotions — those that make the blood leap and the flesh tingle, that put music in the voice and softness in the glance and the intense joy of life in the heart. And she began to revolve him before eyes that searched hopefully for possibilities of his giving her precisely what her nerves craved.

"It would be queer, wouldn't it," she mused — she was watching him swim —"if it should turn out that I had come up here to learn, instead of to teach?"

And he —— In large presences he was always at his best—in the large situations of affairs, in these large, tranquilizing arenas of Nature. He, too, began to forget that she was a refined, delicate, sensitive lady, with nerves that writhed under breaks in manners and could in no wise endure a slip in grammar, unless, of course, it was one of those indorsed by fashionable usage. His health came flooding and roaring back in its fullness; and day by day the difficulty of restraining himself from loud laughter and strong, plebeian action became more appalling to him. He would leave the camp, break into a run as soon as he got safely out of sight; and, when he was sure of seclusion in distance, he would "let loose"—yell and laugh and caper like a true madman; tear off his superfluous clothes, splash and thresh in some lonely lake like a baby whale that has not yet had the primary lessons in how to behave. When he returned to camp, subdued in manner, like a bad boy after recess, he was, in fact, not one bit subdued beneath the surface, but the more fractious for his outburst. Each day his animal spirits surged higher; each day her sway of awe and respect grew more precarious. She thought his increasing silence, his really ridiculous formality of politeness, his stammering and red-cheeked dread of intrusion meant a deepening of the sense of the social gulf that rolled between them. She recalled their conversation about his relatives. "Poor fellow!" thought she. "I suppose it's quite impossible for people of my sort to realize what a man of his birth and bringing up feels in circumstances like these." Little did she dream, in her exaltation of self-complacence, that the "poor fellow's" clumsy formalities were the thin cover for a tempest of wild emotion.

Curiously, she "got on" his nerves before he on hers. It was through her habit of rising late and taking hours to dress. Part of his code of conduct — an interpolation of his own into the Arkwright manual for a honeymooning gentleman—was that he ought to wait until she was ready to breakfast, before breakfasting himself. Several mornings she heard tempestuous sounds round the camp for two hours before she emerged from her room. She knew these sounds came from him, though all was quiet as soon as she appeared; and she very soon thought out the reason for his uproar. Next, his anger could not subdue itself beyond surliness on her appearing, and the surliness lasted through the first part of breakfast. Finally, one morning she heard him calling her when she was about half-way through her leisurely toilette: "Margaret!"

"Yes—what is it?"

"Do come out. You're missing the best part of the day."

"All right—in a minute."

She continued with, if anything, a slackening of her exertions; she appeared about an hour after she had said "in a minute." He was ready to speak, and speak sharply. But one glance at her, at the exquisite toilette—of the woods, yet of the civilization that dwells in palaces and reposes languidly upon the exertions of menials—at her cooling, subduing eyes, so graciously haughty—and he shut his lips together and subsided.

The next morning it was a knock at her door just as she was waking — or had it waked her? "Yes—what is it?"

"Do come out! I'm half starved."

The voice was pleading, not at all commanding, not at all the aggressive, dictatorial voice of the Josh Craig of less than a month before. But it was distinctly reminiscent of that Craig; it was plainly the first faint murmur, not of rebellion, but of the spirit of rebellion. Margaret retorted with an icily polite, "Please don't wait for me."

"Yes, I'll wait. But be as quick as you can."

Margaret neither hastened nor dallied. She came forth at the end of an hour and a half. Josh, to her surprise, greeted her as if she had not kept him waiting an instant; not a glance of sullenness, no suppressed irritation in his voice. Next morning the knock was a summons. "Margaret! I say, Margaret!" came in tones made bold and fierce by hunger. "I've been waiting nearly two hours."

"For what?" inquired she frigidly from the other side of the door.

"For breakfast."

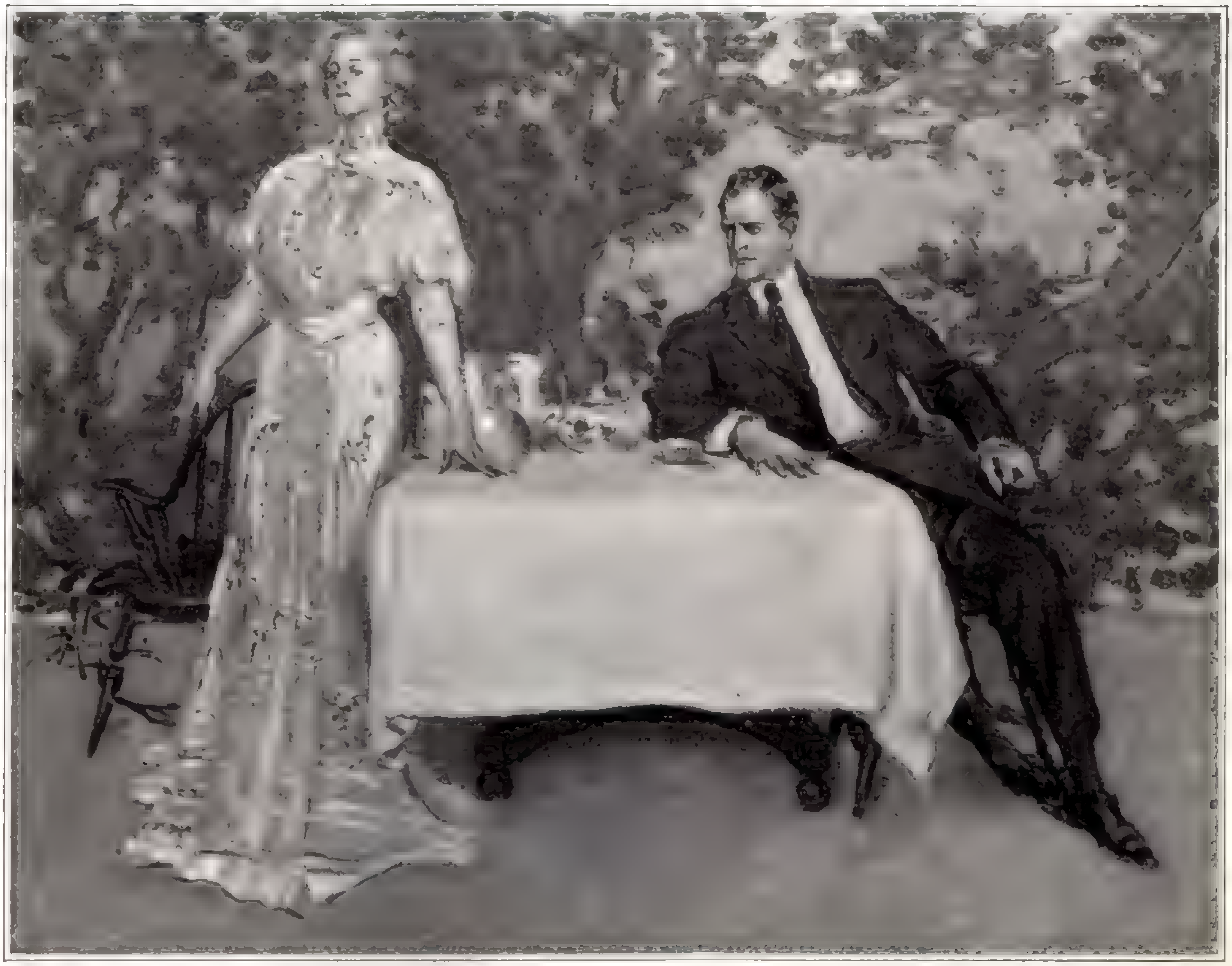
"Oh! Go ahead with it. I'm not even up yet."

"You've been shut in there ten hours."

"What of it?" retorted she sharply. "Go away, and don't bother me."

He had put her into such an ill humor that when she came out, two hours later, her stormy brow, her gleaming hazel eyes, showed she was "looking for trouble." He

(Continued on Page 36)

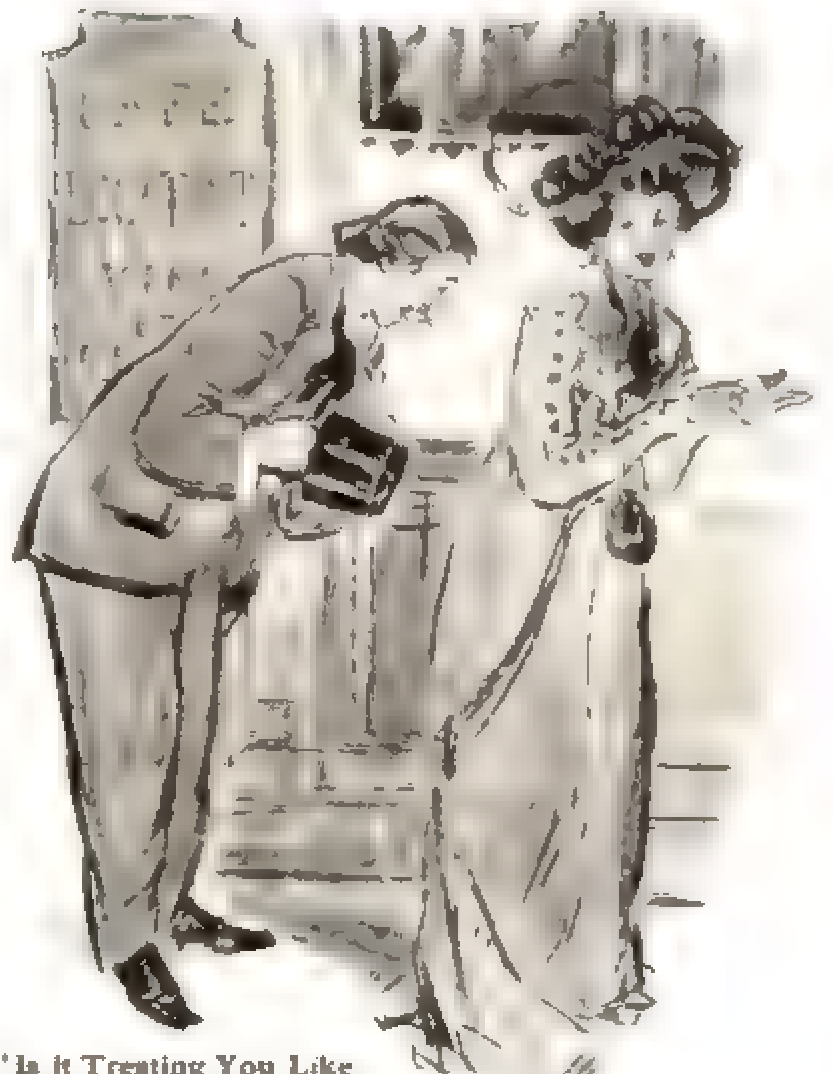


"You'd Better Stop That Midnight Reading," Flared He. "Your Temper is Going to the Devil"

"Pardon, You are Mademoiselle Girard!"

By Leonard Merrick

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



"Is it Treating You Like Baedeker's Guide to the Continent if I Ask You to Recommend a Restaurant?"

A NEWS-VENDER passed along the terrace of the Café d'Harcourt bawling "La Voix Parisienne." The Frenchman at my table made a gesture of aversion. Our eyes met. I said:

"You do not like La Voix?"

He answered with intensity:

"I loathe it."

"What's its offense?"

The wastrel frowned; he fiddled with his frayed collar.

"You revive painful associations. You ask me for a humiliating story," he murmured, and regarded his empty glass.

I can take a hint as well as most people.

He prepared his poison reflectively.

"I will tell you all!" he said.

One autumn the editor of La Voix announced to the assistant-editor:

"I have a great idea for booming the paper."

The assistant-editor gazed at him respectfully.

"I propose to prove, in the public interest, the difficulty of tracing a missing person. I shall instruct a member of the staff to disappear. I shall publish his description and his portrait. And I shall offer a prize to the first stranger who identifies him."

The assistant-editor had tact, and he did not reply that the idea had already been worked in London with a disappearing lady. He replied:

"What an original scheme!"

"It might be even more effective that the disappearing person should be a lady," added the chief, like one inspired.

"That," cried the assistant-editor, "is the top brick of genius!"

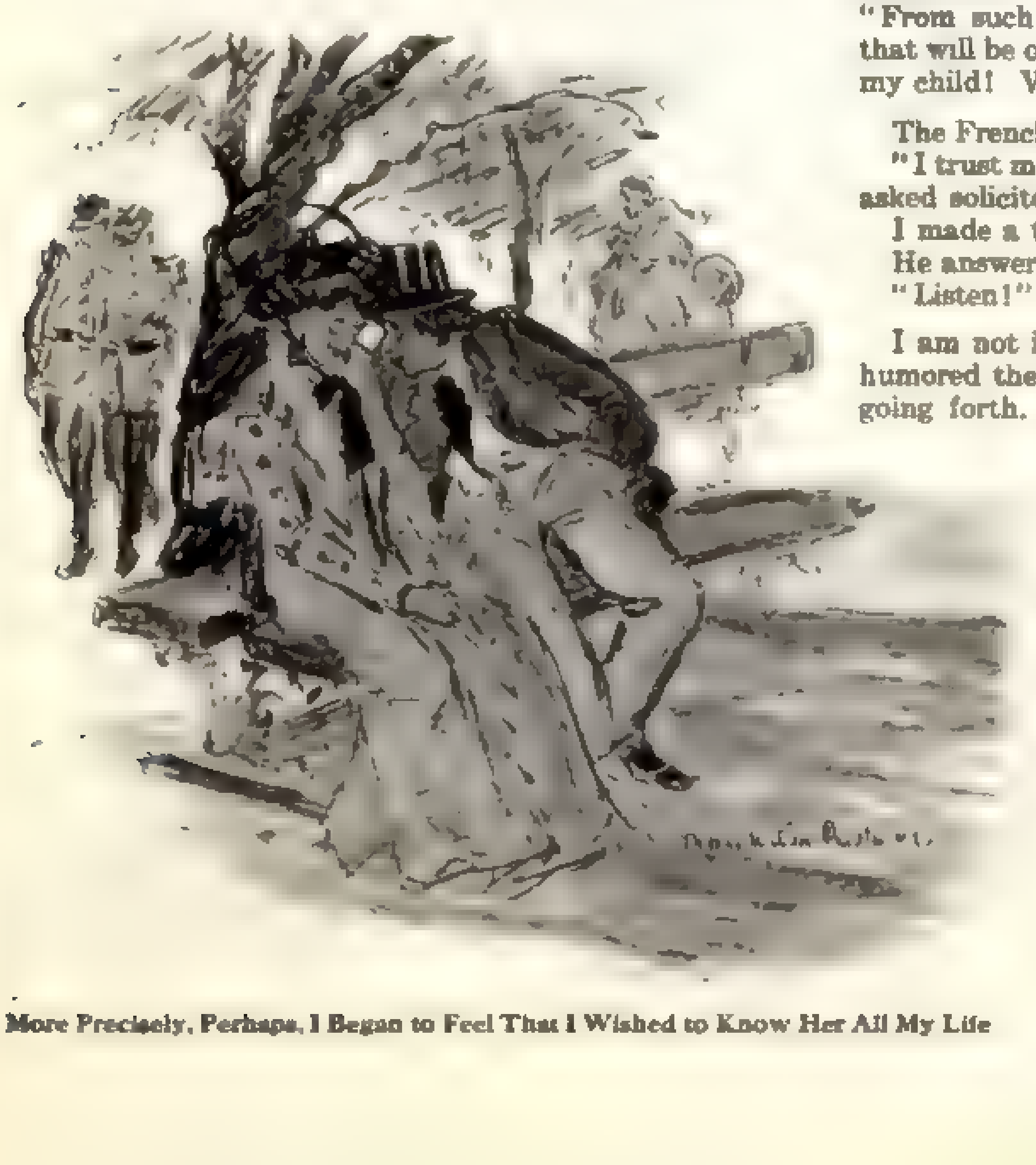
So the editor reviewed the list of his lady contributors, and sent for Mademoiselle Girard.

His choice fell upon Mademoiselle Girard for two reasons. First, she was not facially remarkable—a smudgy woodcut of her would look much like a smudgy woodcut of anybody else. Second, she was not widely known in Paris, being at the beginning of her career; in fact, she was so inexperienced that hitherto she had been intrusted only with criticism.

However, the young woman, after he had talked to her, said cheerfully:

"Without a chaperon I should be conspicuous, and without a fat purse I should be handicapped. So it is understood that I am to provide myself with a suitable companion and to draw upon the office for expenses?"

"Mademoiselle," returned the editor, "the purpose of the paper is to portray a drama of life, not to emulate an *opéra bouffe*. I shall explain more fully. Please figure to yourself that you are a young girl in an unhappy home. Let us suppose that a stepmother is at fault. You feel that you can submit to her oppression no longer; you resolve to be free, or to end your troubles in the Seine. Weeping, you pack your modest handbag; you cast a last lingering look at the oil painting of your own dear mother, who is with the angels in the drawing-room—that is to say, of your own dear mother in the drawing-room, who is with the angels. (It still hangs there; your father has insisted on it.) Unheard, you steal from the house; the mysterious city of Paris stretches before your friendless feet. Can you engage a chaperon? Can you draw upon an office for expenses?



More Precisely, Perhaps, I Began to Feel That I Wished to Know Her All My Life

"The idea is laughable. You have saved, at a liberal computation, fifty francs; it is necessary for you to find employment without delay. But what happens? Your father is distracted by your loss; the thought of the perils that beset you frenzies him; he invokes the aid of the police. Well, the object of our experiment is to demonstrate that, in spite of an advertised reward, in spite of a published portrait, in spite of the public's zeal, you will be passed on the boulevards and in the slums, unrecognized, by myriads of unsuspecting eyes for weeks."

The girl inquired, much less blithely:

"How long is this experiment to continue?"

"It will continue until you are identified, of course. The longer the period, the more triumphant our demonstration."

"And I am to have no more than fifty francs to exist on all the time? Monsieur, the job does not call to me."

"You are young, and you fail to grasp the value of your opportunity," said the editor with paternal tolerance. "From such an assignment you will derive experiences that will be of the highest benefit to your future. Rejoice, my child! Very soon I shall give you final instructions."

The Frenchman lifted his glass, which was again empty.

"I trust my voice does not begin to grate upon you?" he asked solicitously. "Much talking affects my uvula."

I made a trite inquiry.

He answered that, since I was so pressing, he would!

"Listen!" he resumed, after a sip.

I am not in a position to say whether the young lady humored the editor by rejoicing, but she obeyed him by going forth. Her portrait was duly published. La Voix professed ignorance of her whereabouts from the moment that she left the Rue Louis-le-Grand, and a prize of two thousand francs was to reward the first stranger who said to her, "Pardon, you are Mademoiselle Girard!" In every issue the public were urged toward more strenuous efforts to discover her, and all Paris bought the paper, with amusement, to learn if she were found yet.

At the beginning of the week misgivings were ingeniously hinted as to her fate. On the tenth day the editor printed a letter (which he had written himself), hotly condemning him for exposing a poor girl to danger. It was signed "An Indignant Parent," and teemed with the most stimulating suggestions. Copies of La Voix were sold like confetti at a carnival. When a fortnight had passed the prize was increased to three thousand francs, and many young men resigned less promising occupations, such as authorship and the fine arts, in order to devote themselves exclusively to the search.

Personally, I had something else to do. I am an author (as you may have divined by the rhythm of my impromptu phrases), but it happened at that time that a play of mine had been accepted by the Grand Guignol, subject to an additional thrill being introduced, and I preferred pondering for a thrill in my garret to hunting for a pin in a haystack.

Enfin, I completed the drama to the management's satisfaction, and received a comely little check in payment. It was the first check that I had seen for many years! I embraced myself; I paid to be shaved; I committed no end of follies.

How good is life when one is rich—immediately one joins the optimists! I feared the future no longer. I was hungry, and I let my appetite do as it liked with me. I lodged in Montmartre, and it was my custom to eat at the unpretentious Faisan d'Or, when I ate at all; but that morning my mood demanded something resplendent. Rumors had reached me of a certain Café Eclatant, where for one-franc-fifty one might breakfast on five epicurean courses amid palms and plush. I said I would go to that place. I adventured the Café Eclatant.

The interior realized my most sanguine expectations. The room would have done no discredit to the Grands Boulevards. I was so much exhilarated that I ordered a half bottle of Barsac, though I noted that here it cost fifty centimes more than at the Faisan, and I prepared to enjoy the unwonted extravagance of my repast to the concluding crumb.

Monsieur, there are events in life of which it is difficult to speak without bitterness. When I recall the disappointment of that *déjeuner* at the Café Eclatant my heart swells with rage. The soup was slush, the fish tasted like washing, the meat was rags. The first thing fit to eat was the cheese, and the fifth course was a decayed banana.

As I meditated on the sum that I had squandered I could have cried with mortification, and, to make matters more pathetic still, I was as hungry as ever. I sat seeking some caustic epigram to wither the *dame-de-comptoir*, and presently the door opened and another victim entered. Her face was pale and interesting. I saw, by her hesitation, that the place was strange to her. An accomplice of the chief brigand pounced on her immediately, and bore her to a table opposite. The misguided girl was about to waste one-franc-fifty. I felt that I owed a duty to her in this crisis. The moment called for instant action; before she could decide between slush and *hors-d'œuvre*, I pulled an envelope from my pocket, scribbled a warning, and expressed it to her by the robber who had brought my bill.

I had written, "The *déjeuner* is dreadful. Escape!"

It reached her in the nick of time. She read the wrong side of the envelope first, and was evidently puzzled. Then she turned it over. A look of surprise, a look of thankfulness, rendered her still more fascinating. I perceived that she was inventing an excuse—that she pretended to have forgotten something. She rose hastily and went out. My Barsac was finished—shocking bad tipple it was for the money—and now I, too, got up and left. When I issued into the street I found her waiting for me.

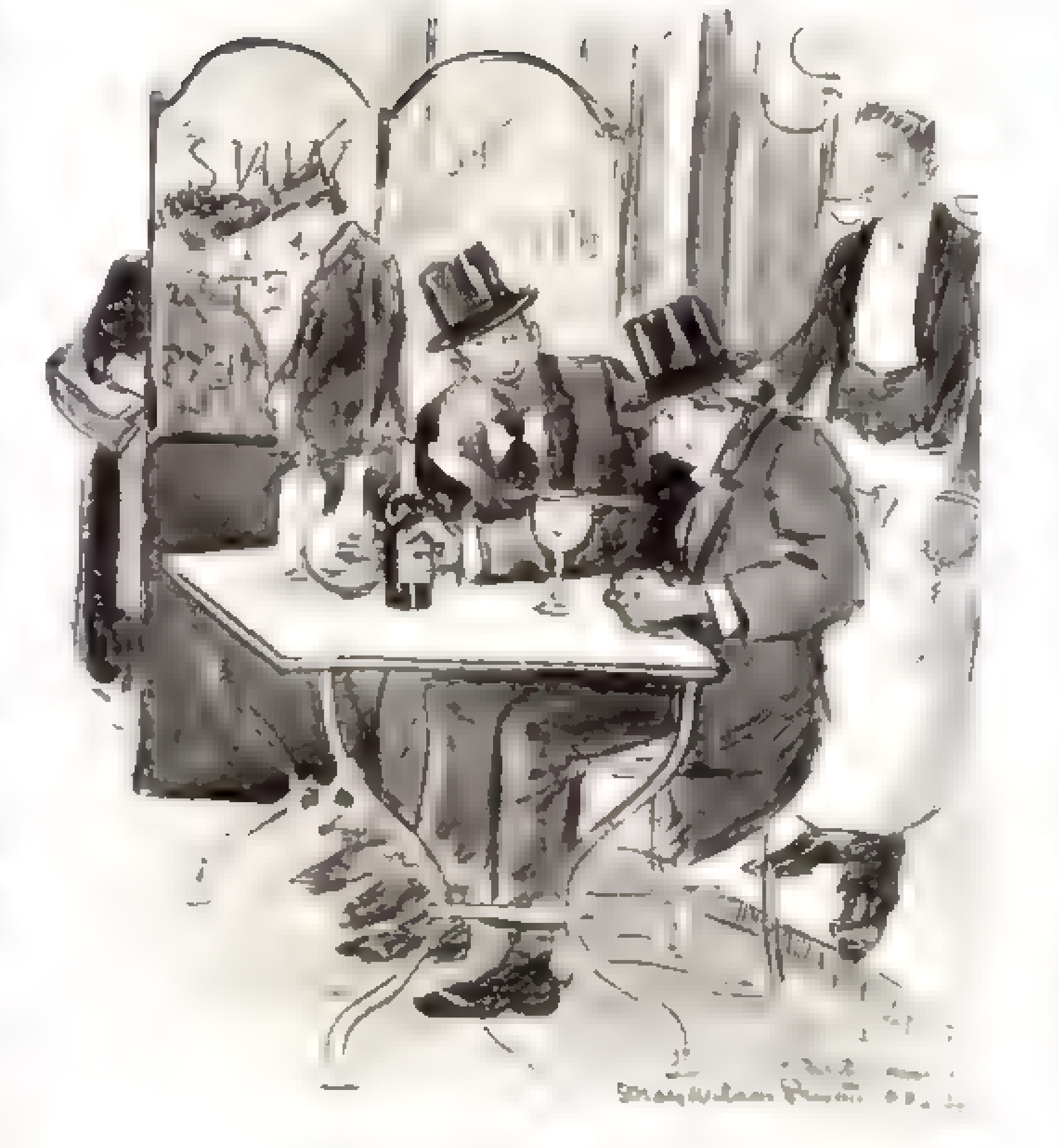
"I think you are the knight to whom my gratitude is due, monsieur?" she murmured graciously.

"Mademoiselle," I responded, "you magnify the importance of my service."

"It was a gallant deed," she insisted. "You have saved me from a great misfortune—perhaps greater than you understand. My finances are at their lowest ebb, and to have beggared myself for an impossible meal would have been no joke. Thanks to you, I may still breakfast satisfactorily somewhere else. Is it treating you like Baedeker's Guide to the Continent if I ask you to recommend a restaurant?"

"Upon my word, I doubt if you can do better than the Faisan d'Or," I said. "A moment ago I was lacerated with regret that I had not gone there. But there is a silver lining to every hash-house, and my choice of the Eclatant has procured me the glory of your greeting."

She averted her gaze with a faint smile. She had certainly charm. Admiration and hunger prompted me to further recklessness. I said: "This five-course swindle has left me ravenous, and I am bound for the Faisan myself. May I beg for the rapture of your company there?"



He Prepared His Poison Reflectively

"Monsieur, you overwhelm me with chivalries," she replied. "I shall be enchanted." And, five minutes later, the Incognita and I were polishing off pickled herrings and potato salad like people who had no time to lose.

"Do you generally come here?" she asked, when we had leisure.

"Infrequently—no oftener than I have a franc in my pocket. But details of my fasts would form a poor recital, and I make a capital listener."

"You also make a capital luncheon," she remarked.

"Do not prevaricate," I said severely. "I am consumed with impatience to hear the history of your life. Be merciful and communicative."

"Well, I am young, fair, accomplished, and of an amiable disposition," she began, leaning her elbows on the table.

"These things are obvious. Come to confidences. What is your profession?"

"By profession I am a clairvoyante and palmist," she announced

I offered her my hand at once, and I was in two minds about offering her my heart. "Proceed," I told her; "reveal my destiny."

Her air was profoundly mystical.

"In the days of your youth," she proclaimed, "your line of authorship is crossed by many rejections."

"Oho, I am an author, am I? That's a fine thing in guesses!"

"It is written!" she affirmed, still scrutinizing my palm. "Your dramatic lines are—er—countless. Some of them are good. I see danger; you should beware of—I cannot distinguish!" She clasped her brow and shivered. "Ah, I have it! You should beware of hackneyed situations."

"So the drama is 'written,' too, is it?"

"It is written, and I discern that it is already accepted," she said. "For at the juncture where the Café Eclatant is eclipsed by the Restaurant du Faisan d'Or there is a distinct manifestation of cash."

"Marvelous!" I exclaimed. "And can the sibyl explain why she surmised that I was a dramatic author?"

"Even so!" she boasted. "You wrote your message to me on an envelope from the Dramatic Authors' Society. What do you think of my palmistry?"

"I think so little of it that I am quite sure it is not your career," I said. "You are more likely an author, yourself, or an actress or a journalist. Perhaps you are Mademoiselle Girard. *Mon Dieu!* What a piece of luck for me if I should discover the elusive Mademoiselle Girard!"

"And what a piece of good luck for this Mademoiselle!"

"Why for her?"

"Well, she cannot be having a rollicking time. It would not break her heart to be found, one may be certain."

"In that case," I said, "she has only to give some one the tip."

"Oh, but that would be dishonorable—she has a duty to fulfill to La Voix; she must wait till she is identified. And, remember, there must be no half-measures—the young man must have the intuition to say firmly, 'Pardon, you are Mademoiselle Girard!'"

Her earnest gaze met mine for an instant.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I do not see how any one can be expected to identify her in the street. The portrait shows her without a hat, and a hat works a tremendous difference." She sighed.

"What is your trouble?" I asked.

"Man!"

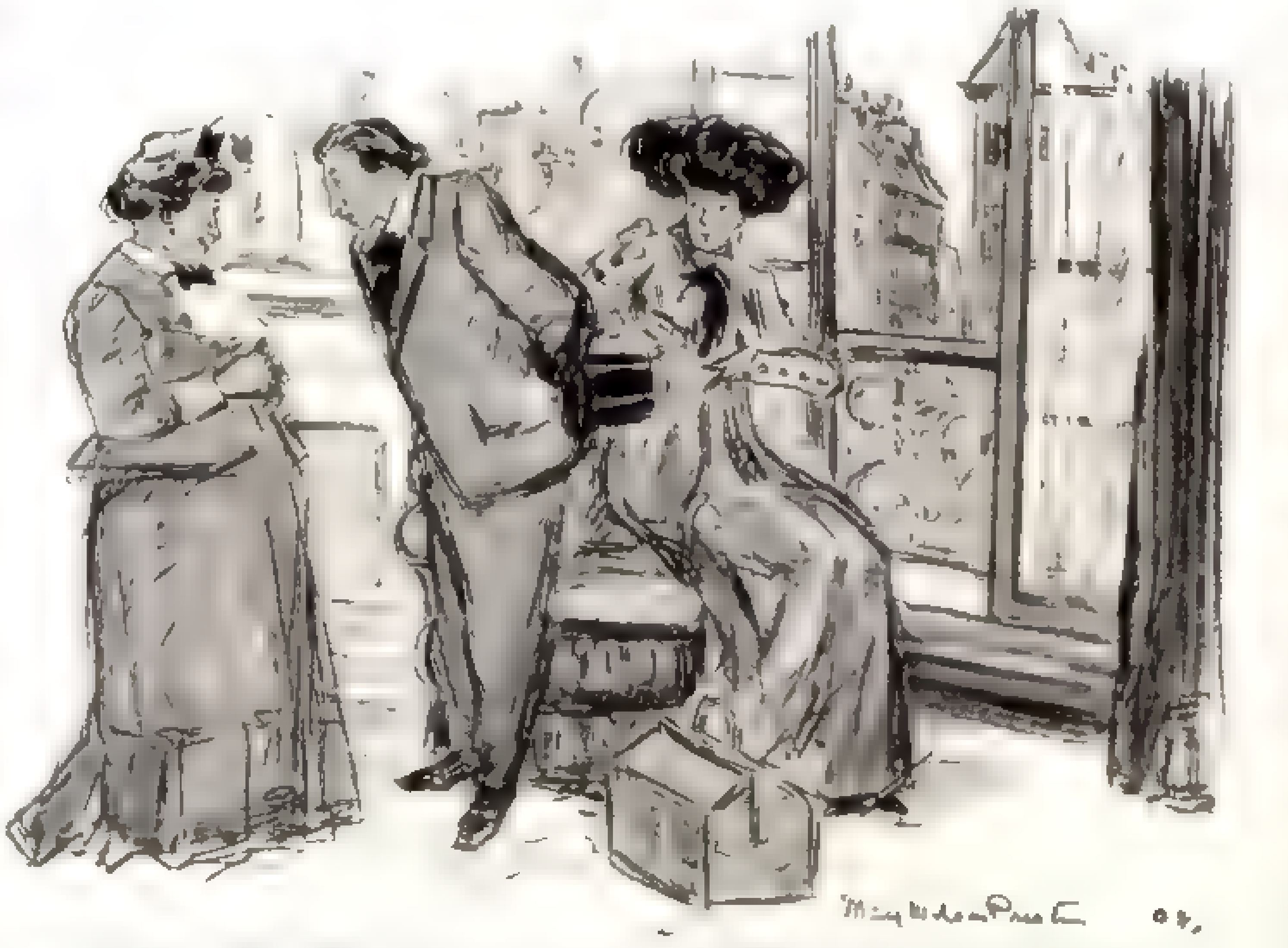
"Man? Tell me his address, that I may slay him."

"The whole sex! Its impenetrable stupidity. If Mademoiselle Girard is ever recognized it will be by a woman. Man has no instinct."

"May one inquire the cause of these flattering reflections?"

Her laughter pealed.

"Let us talk of something else!" she commanded. "When does your play come out, Monsieur Thibaud Hippolyte Duboc? You see I learned your name, too."



I Engaged a Private Sitting-Room for Her, Explaining That She was Somewhat Nervous

"You have all the advantages," I complained. "Will you take a second cup of coffee, another herring, Mademoiselle—er——"

"No, thank you, monsieur," she said.

"Will you take a liqueur, Mademoiselle—er——"

"Mademoiselle Er—— will not take a liqueur, either," she pouted.

"Well, will you take a walk?"

We sauntered to the Buttes-Chaumont, and very agreeable I found it there. We chose a seat in the shade, and I began to feel that I had known her all my life. More precisely, perhaps, I began to feel that I wished to know her all my life. A little breeze was whispering in the boughs, and she lifted her face to it gratefully.

"How delicious," she said. "If you do not object I should like to take off my hat!"

"Do, then!"

"Shall I?"

"Why not?"

She pulled the pins out slowly, laid the hat aside, and raised her eyes to me, smiling.

"Well?" she murmured.

"You are beautiful!"

"Is that all?"

"What more would you have me to say?"

The glare of the sunshine mellowed while we talked; clocks struck unheeded by me. It amazed me, at last, to discover how long she had held me captive. Still, I knew nothing of her affairs, excepting that she was hard up—that, by comparison, I was temporarily prosperous. I did not even know where she meant to go when we moved, nor did it appear necessary to inquire yet, for the sentiment in her tones assured me that she would dismiss me with no heartless haste.

Two men came strolling past the bench, and one of them stared at her so impudently that I burned with indignation. After looking duels at him, I turned to her, to deprecate his rudeness. Judge of my dismay when I perceived that she was shuddering with emotion. Jealousy blackened the gardens to me.

"Who is that man?" I exclaimed.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"You don't know? But you are trembling?"

"Am I?"

"I ask you who is he? How he dared look at you so?"

"Am I responsible for the way a loafer looks?"

"You are responsible for your agitation; I ask you to explain it!"

"And by what right, after all?"

"By what right? Wretched, false-hearted girl! Has our communion for hours given me no rights? Am I a Frenchman or a flounder? Answer; you are condemning me to tortures! Why did you tremble under that man's eyes?"

"I was afraid," she stammered.

"Afraid?"

"Afraid that he had recognized me."

"*Mon Dieu!* Of what are you guilty?"

"I am not guilty."

"Of what are you accused?"

"I can tell you nothing," she gasped.

"You shall tell me all!" I swore. "In the name of my love I demand it of you. Speak! Why did you fear his recognition?"

Her head drooped pitifully.

"Because I wanted *you* to recognize me first!"

For a tense moment I gazed at her bewildered. In the next, I cursed myself for a fool—I blushed for my suspicions, my obtuseness—I sought dizzily the words, the prescribed words that I must speak.

"Pardon," I shouted, "you are Mademoiselle Girard!"

She sobbed.

"What have I done?"

"You have done a great and generous thing! I am humbled before you! I bless you! I don't know how I could have been such a dolt as not to guess!"

"Oh, how I wished you had guessed! You have been so kind to me, I longed for you to guess! And now I have betrayed a trust. I have been a bad journalist."

"You have been a good friend. Courage! No one will ever hear what has happened. And, anyhow, it is all the same to the paper whether the prize is paid to me or to somebody else."

"Yes," she admitted. "That is true. Oh, when that man turned round and looked at me, I thought your chance had gone! I made sure it was all over! Well"—she forced a smile—"it is no use my being sorry, is it? Mademoiselle Girard is found!"

"But you must not be sorry," I said. "Come, a disagreeable job is finished! And you have the additional satisfaction of knowing the money goes to a fellow you don't altogether dislike. What do I have to do about it, *hein?*"

"You must telegraph to La Voix at once that you have identified me. Then, in the morning you should go to the office. I can depend upon you, can't I? You will never give me away to a living soul?"

"Word of honor," I vowed. "What do you take me for? Do tell me you don't regret! There's a dear! Tell me you don't regret!"

She threw back her head dauntlessly.

"No," she said, "I don't regret. Only in justice to me, remember that I was treacherous in order to do a turn to you, not to escape my own discomforts. To be candid, I believe I wish that we had met in two or three weeks' time, instead of to-day!"

"Why that?"

"In two or three weeks' time the prize was to be raised to five thousand francs, to keep up the excitement."

"*Ciel!*" I cried. "Five thousand francs! Do you know that positively?"

"Oh, yes!" She nodded. "It is arranged."

Five thousand francs would have been a fortune to me. Neither of us spoke for some seconds. Then, continuing my thoughts aloud, I said:

"After all, why should I telegraph at once? What is to prevent my waiting the two or three weeks?"

"Oh, to allow you to do that would be scandalous of me," she demurred; "I should be actually swindling La Voix!"

"La Voix will obtain a magnificent advertisement for its outlay, which is all that it desires," I argued; "the boom will be worth five thousand francs to La Voix; there is no question of swindling. Five thousand francs is a sum with which one might——"

"It can't be done," she persisted.

"To a man in my position," I said, "five thousand francs——"

"It is impossible for another reason! As I told you, I am at the end of my resources. I rose this morning praying that I should be identified. My landlady has turned me out, and I have no more than the price of one meal to go on with."

"You goose!" I laughed. "And if I were going to net five thousand francs by your tip three weeks hence, don't you suppose, Mademoiselle Girard, it would be good enough for me to pay your expenses in the mean while?"

(Concluded on Page 47)

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 5, 1908

Suppressing the War Lord

WHETHER or not the Kaiser formally abdicates, as one of his journalistic subjects has eloquently invited him to do, is immaterial. He cannot be the war lord any more. The same ruthless agency which plucked the diadem from Mr. Harriman's corrugated brow and set him to answering the telephone, which dragged Mr. Rockefeller from the mysterious seclusion of Tarrytown and put him to writing pieces for the press, now has His Majesty firmly in hand.

Since the appearance of his celebrated English interview, it is said, more than five thousand articles criticising the Emperor have been printed in German papers, and not a journalist has gone to jail. Editors who six months ago durst not, for their lives, joke about an upturned mustache now freely express doubt as to whether the Kaiser is a desirable citizen. The Paperhangers' Gazette and the Oats Trade Intelligencer pause to remark that William, while kind to his family, knows nothing about war and less about politics. A correspondent of the Lone Elm Banner writes that an august personage, whose son is heir apparent, is said to be out of his head, and goes unpinched.

The Kaiser now reigns in fear of the reporter. Limitations of imperial prerogative, ministerial responsibility to Parliament, and complete government by the people's representatives will follow inevitably, if gradually. This leaves only the Akhoond of Swat and J. P. Morgan who dare be high-handed with the newspapers.

History by the Historical Method

THERE appeared recently an impressive book which demonstrated, from history, that every great nation of antiquity was ruined by cross-breeding. In Chaldea, Egypt, Greece and Rome intermarriage with alien races was practiced, and every one of those empires went to pot.

The facts being indisputable, the conclusion is inevitable; and this country might have hastened to save itself by prohibitive immigration laws, but just a few days later appeared another book which demonstrated, from history, that free trade is the inevitable cause of national ruin. Carthage, Rome and Venice admitted foreign goods, and everybody knows what became of them.

This is the historical method, by which you can prove that the fall of Rome was due to wealth, poverty, drink, thirst, slavery, popular suffrage, small families, large families, circuses, malaria, or to the fact that Latin was taught in the primary grades. It is as easy to prove one as another, and each is as convincing as the rest.

Certain relatively unimportant facts—as that Rome fell—are fairly well established. Of certain individuals we know something—always with a wide opportunity for differences of opinion as to whether Nero was a fine old Roman gentleman, Richard III a most benevolent character, and Henry VIII a model family man. But of the great mass movements, in which is comprised the real evolutions of society, nobody knows anything exactly.

Handcuffed Officials

"GO OUT in the street any day and watch the employees of an electric-light company putting up wires; then go over in the next street and watch the city employees doing the same work," said Mayor Busse, of Chicago, speaking of a report which made unfavorable comparison between cost of operating the city's plant and that of a private concern.

"Why don't you reform the department and put it on a business basis?" the mayor was asked.

"Reform nothing," he replied with a trace of exasperation. "A private company can discharge inefficient employees, but to get rid of an inefficient city employee I have to file charges minutely specifying his shortcomings, and then the Civil Service Commission puts *me* on trial.

"I think Civil Service rules absolutely necessary in the administration of government," the mayor added -in which opinion, strangely enough, most people concur. That Civil Service regulations, modeled upon those of the Federal Government, are a fine thing in themselves is a general and most remarkable idea. As a matter of fact, they are simply an awkward and cumbersome safeguard against official dishonesty. They amount to selecting a man to administer an office and then handcuffing him so he can't tap the till. They are no more an ideal arrangement than a burglar alarm is—which, in view of their prevalence and the approbation with which they are regarded, is a commentary upon political morals.

Protection That Kills

A RECENT Canadian railway map shows an undulating line, from Atlantic tidewater to Pacific, marked "Northern limit of cereal-growing territory." In the Northwest the line bulges far up, almost as near to the Pole as the head of Hudson Bay, embracing a vast area, from which, only a few years ago, nothing except an occasional tale of romance was expected. This Northwest country has already produced a hundred million bushels of wheat in a year, and optimists say it is capable of producing one-third as much as is now grown in the world.

Mechanical invention added these hundreds of thousands of square miles to the useful area of the world within a few years. It was American contrivances in the way of farm machinery which made this new country profitably arable. Seven hundred million dollars a year is the "total potential saving in the cost of human labor," through modern machinery and implements in handling the chief crops of this country, according to the Department of Agriculture's calculation.

It is mostly the machine which makes the difference between the prosperous Canadian farmer and the famine-haunted Russian peasant, who cuts his wheat with a sickle and loses half of it. And the last report of the "harvester trust" mentions "heavy increase of import duties imposed on American agricultural implements" by some foreign countries—that cannot make as good and as cheap implements at home. The United States, in short, is not alone in holding strange "protective" doctrines.

The Glorious Uncertainty of the Law

TWO estimable ladies have sued a railroad company for sixty thousand dollars damages because an officer of the law, who was mistaken as to their identity, entered the train in which they were journeying and rudely arrested them, to their great bodily discomfort and mental anguish. It was the duty of the defendant, they allege, to protect its passengers against such gross annoyance.

We shall be interested in the progress of the suit. The railroad company, no doubt, will plead contributory negligence, assert the fellow-servant rule and the doctrine of assumed risk, taking care the while to get as many errors as possible in the record with a view to an appeal to the United States Supreme Court; while the jury of plain citizens, considering that the ladies have little money and the railroad a great deal, will award the plaintiffs a handsome verdict on general principles. If you suffer any inconvenience whatever upon, around or about corporate premises, you might as well sue for damages. The jury may give you something. It is like taking a chance in a lottery where the ticket costs nothing.

And for this delectable condition the corporations themselves are largely to blame. By throwing every claim into court, no matter how meritorious, unless they can settle it on their own terms, and by exerting themselves to retain archaic laws, they have made this personal injury business a huge and scandalous gamble in which the undeserving claimant is quite as apt as the deserving one to draw a capital prize.

As juries tend to grow more generous to plaintiffs—with strict poetic justice—the corporations will eventually find it cheaper to be fair.

Trade by Grace of Providence

SEVEN or eight years ago the national imagination was amused by dreams of an American conquest of the Old World's trade. Nowadays we see quite clearly that whatever foreign trade the United States possesses is mostly by grace of Providence. Cotton, foodstuffs, petroleum—the big raw staples, as to which we are fairly beyond reach of competition—make sixty per cent. of our exports. Of manufactured articles we sell more to our North American neighbors—principally Canada—than to South America, Asia, Africa and Oceania combined. To these North American neighbors we sell, of manufactures, two-thirds as much as to Europe; while in our sales of manufactured articles to Europe, by far the largest item—amounting to a quarter of the total—is manufactures of copper, as to which we undoubtedly have an important natural advantage

Going back forty years, our exports of manufactures of copper have risen from half a million dollars to one hundred and four million, and of manufactures of iron and steel, as to which, also, we have a large advantage, although the tariff does not recognize it, from eleven million to one hundred and eighty-four million. These are the two big items in our exports of manufactures.

Meanwhile, exports of manufactures of cotton, as to which we ought to have an advantage, have increased from five million to twenty-five million dollars, while imports of cotton manufactures last year were sixty-eight millions—all paying duty—or nearly three times the exports. England imports less manufactured cotton than we do, and exports something like twenty times as much.

If anybody exclaims "pauper labor" let him reflect that the average weekly earnings of all classes of operatives engaged in the production of cotton goods in this country are $6.47—being $7.51 in New England and $4.33 in the South.

The Farcical Sherman Law

A LONG and amusing farce is brought appreciably nearer to an end by the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals that the American Tobacco Company violates the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

That precious act attempts to dispose of the trust question by saying there shall be no trusts—which is about as wise as trying to dispose of railroad problems by declaring there must be no railroads. Since its passage, trusts, of course, have multiplied and flourished. This law has simply stood in the way of any intelligent program for dealing with them.

As a dead letter, the act was more or less tolerable. Of late, however, for the first time, the Government has invoked it against big, typical industrial combinations—the American Tobacco Company and the Standard Oil Company. The decision in the case of the former leaves little doubt that a long list of "industrials," beginning with the Steel Trust, which do a considerable part of the business of the country, and in which many hundreds of millions are invested, may be haled into court any time the Government pleases, and put to the great bother and expense of reorganizing. The expense they would charge up to the consumer, but the bother they would have to bear alone.

Merely to badger and bait the trusts will do nobody any good. That is all that can be done with them under the Sherman act. The Republican platform contains a mild suggestion that the act may be amended. But it ought to be repealed outright, and supplanted by intelligent legislation recognizing that trusts are here to stay—formed, that is, upon modern facts and not upon a common-law dogma of dead and gone centuries.

Winning Happiness by Capture

TO MAKE divorce easier is the object of a thoughtful and rather influential English society. It declares that there are, in Great Britain, a hundred thousand unhappy couples who would at once seek divorce if the law permitted—which condition it appears to regard as a sufficient reason for a permissive law.

Probably the Englishmen have been reading the Declaration of Independence, Ghosts, When We Dead Awake and other immoral philosophy, from which they have absorbed the singular notion that people have some sort of right to be happy.

Neither Jefferson nor Ibsen, we may point out, actually went so far. The American philosopher specifically limited the right to pursuing happiness merely; he said nothing at all about overtaking it; while the great Norwegian's last word was that the harder you pursued happiness the worse trouble you would get into.

That is the truer word. It is doubtful if anybody ever ran down and captured happiness, even in a divorce suit, with all the family peculiarities published on the front page. Probably a great many marriages fail in the United States because the misguided parties enter upon the contract with the hallucination that they are inalienably entitled to be happy—the fact being that they are inalienably entitled simply to pay the rent, soothe the colicky infant and suffer Mother-in-law's unprofitable conversation respecting the duties of man—as though you could give a note of hand with the mental reservation that you needn't pay it unless doing so made you joyous. Philosophy is a dubious thing. There is always a sad chance that somebody will read it and think it's so.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Human Acid Test, the Living Show Me

The Rain, Dew and River Expert

THEODORE E. BURTON is the Human Acid Test. He is the Living Show Me. Any gentlemanly statesman and patriot who can slide a proposition past Burton without taking off the wrappings, removing the box, and exposing the contents to the full glare of the noonday sun is entitled to all he gets, and more.

You see, Mr. Burton is the chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors in the House of Representatives. He is the pedler of the pork. He is the promulgator of the perks. He makes up that lovely, lovely bill which, now and then, when the need is pressing and the boys must have something for their districts to come back on or not come back, distributes a few millions, anywhere from twenty to a hundred, around among the navigable waters of the United States for such enduring monuments to the generosity of Uncle Sam as breakwaters, dredged channels, harbor improvements, and all that sort of thing.

When, runs the House conundrum, is a river navigable? And the answer is: When it is in a close district. But that is the theoretical, the majority answer. The real one is: When Burton thinks it is navigable. If the members had their undisputed say about it there wouldn't be a creek between the Mattawamkeag in Maine and the Quillayute in Washington that would not be declared navigable, enthusiastically, and have an appropriation for dredging to make it so.

Rivers and harbors are fine perquisites for Members of Congress. It is worth much to the statesman who desires to retain the suffrages of his people to be able to point with pride to Government work going on in his district, to be able to say, "I done it, fellow-citizens. Look at what I have secured for our noble and majestic stream." The money is spent in the district, you know, and the folks are glad of that, although they may get none of it. What it proves is that their Representative is the eye that never sleeps, and if he has any sense at all he can keep on going back as long as he can keep the appropriations coming in. It makes a tremendous hit with a chamber of commerce or a board of trade to have dredges at work in the harbor, or a breakwater crawling slowly to completion, or to have a river scooped out, and the wise statesman knows it.

Wherefore, so soon as it is decided that there is to be a Rivers and Harbors Bill, when Uncle Joe makes up his mind that the boys need a little substantial encouragement for their districts, Burton sets to work. What he has to do is to sift. At the beginning of every Congress enough bills suggesting river and harbor appropriations are introduced to exhaust all the revenues and make a raid on the gold reserve. Every man who can produce a statement that the dew falls regularly in some depression in his district is on hand with a proposition that said depression be dredged a little deeper to catch more dew, and thus add to one of the vast network of the nation's waterways, which, as is frequently stated, are the nation's pride and salvation—and the member's, also; but that is talked about only in private.

Getting the Third Degree in Committee-Room

BURTON takes this vast accumulation of worthy projects and begins to sort and shuffle. Naturally a bit austere and *frappé*, when he gets at the head of the table in his committee-room, with a bunch of statesmen who want appropriations standing around, he gives a gelid imitation of the Washington Monument on a frosty night. He makes those new monoliths they are putting up on the Treasury Building seem warm and impressionable and genial. He has been at it so long that he knows the depth of every stream in the country and the wants of every harbor. Show me, if you please, gentlemen, and, that done, I shall be very glad, in my capacity as chairman, to show you.

They plead and beg and argue and urge, but Burton sits on the lid, frozen to it, and not a thaw in sight. Finally, along about quitting time, when the other appropriations have been made, in the main, he brings out his bill. It is a skillful bill. First off, it carries along the requisite appropriation and then comes the pork: lean here, fat-and-lean here, and fat there, depending on the exigencies of the occasion, and the politics of it. The distribution is not always lavish, but it helps a lot. Besides, the boys who cannot get in on a Rivers and Harbors Bill can generally find a little something for them in the Public Buildings Bill, and thus all are provided for and the good work goes on.

They hurl themselves against Burton with their plans, their engineers' estimates, their blue prints, their wild cries that the peace and prosperity of their districts demand what they demand. They argue, threaten, coax and cajole. And Burton hands out what he thinks is needed, what he deems best, what his wide knowledge dictates, and all the blandishments in the universe will not change a line of it.

He is a reasonably set man, is Burton, calm, serious, and not emotional. They say he is the greatest student in the House, and it may be so. Certainly there is less of the frivolous about him than any other member. You would no more think of Burton doing anything not strictly conventional and rigidly circumspect than you would of hearing that Nick Longworth had written a book on the molecular theory of the universe. Burton couldn't. He is not constructed that way. His specialty is thinking deep and profound thoughts, and putting them on view in a sedate and solemn way.

His chairmanship of the Rivers and Harbors Committee is his work, and he does it because it falls to him, but his real interest and relaxation come in studying the financial systems of this and other countries, and, it is likely, he prefers his place on the Banking and Currency Committee to his chairmanship. Indeed, he said last spring he would not serve again on Rivers and Harbors. What he prides himself on is his book on Financial Crises and Periods of Industrial and Commercial Depression, which is a standard work and which shows the lines of study wherein Burton's real interest lies.

He has been in eight Congresses, beginning in the Fifty-first, but being defeated for the Fifty-second and not getting back until the Fifty-fourth. They ran him for mayor of Cleveland a time ago, and Tom Johnson cleaned him up. He has been reëlected to the Sixty-first Congress, which shows that he is prudent as well as studious, for he is likely to be a candidate for Senator to succeed Foraker, and there is talk, already, that he may go into Taft's cabinet as Secretary of State, provided Mr. Root is elected to the Senate from New York State to succeed Thomas C. Platt. In any event he has his two years more of Congress, nor was it necessary for him to let go while he was trying the experiment of running for mayor.

Burton is one of those men referred to like this: "Oh, yes, Burton is a great student, a very profound man. Goes into his subjects deeply. By the way, did you hear Adam Bede's latest story?" Which doesn't necessarily count for anything, for Adam Bede and his latest stories were not strong enough to get back to Congress, and Burton is there, the whole showing that being a student is more profitable as a vote-getting appurtenance than being a humorist, although not nearly so entertaining.

It isn't likely that Burton ever told a joke in his life. Everything is serious with him. He wants mental problems, not mental pabulum. He is one of our hardest thinkers. Almost any time you can observe him at his desk, thinking away over in the back of the book, thinking in a large, rectangular manner, and, presently, arising and presenting his thoughts in a large, rectangular way. Hampie Moore brought the Five o'Clock Club over from Philadelphia to Washington one night, and gave a dinner to the members of the Gridiron Club and a lot of miscellaneous statesmen. Of course, all Philadelphia is interested in the thirty-five-foot channel for the Delaware River, and Hampie incautiously led up to that when he introduced Burton to the banqueters. Burton followed the lead; you bet he followed it, followed it for more than an hour, with a few, well-chosen, serious remarks on all phases of river and harbor work, from rainfall to artesian wells. It gave Hampie's dinner a lovely start.

However, why deprecate any man for his trend of mind? Especially when his mind is as fine and as well-ordered as Burton's, for, serious as he may be, he is a big fellow, versed in Governmental affairs and with more real ability than all the rest of the Ohio delegation combined.

And, dear brethren, if he does get to be Secretary of State you may rest assured that when he prepares a State paper it will be calm and dignified and sedate and properly solemn. He will hand language to our world-neighbors that will be grave and composed to an unimpassioned fare-you-well.

What Really Happened

WHEN the distinguished and dignified Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, was touring his State with the Taft party, shortly before election, a pickpocket came in close enough contact with the distinguished and dignified to relieve him of his pocketbook, containing fifty dollars and some papers. There was a railroad detective on the train and Hemenway made complaint. Shortly afterward the pocketbook was returned to Hemenway by a man who found it by the side of the railroad track, but the money was gone, only the papers remaining. This is the railroad detective's report of the occurrence to the reporters on the Taft special: "Say, d' Big Noise was nicked fer his poke, see? Some outside gun done it. A guy wises on to d' poke 'longside d' rails, but d' poke's cold, see? Nothin' in it but a few stiffs."

Town Ornaments Come High

THEY look at things differently in some parts of the West. There is a fine, new courthouse, just completed a few years, in Huntington, Indiana.

"Great ornament to your town," said a visitor to a native. "It is a fine building."

"Yes," said the native, "but it will take fourteen years to pay for it."

Plenty of Berths to Go Round

THE local Republican boss of a Western city in one election found his Hebrew constituents were restive and refused to do as he said. Alarmed, he went to the leaders of the revolt and told them if they would stay regular he would get them each a Government job. They were delighted.

"But," said the Republican leaders, "you can't deliver. We can get no Government jobs for your men. All the jobs are taken already."

"Leave it to me," replied the boss. "Leave it to me."

The disaffected ones, lured by the promise, got out and worked and voted right. On the day after election they all showed up, demanding their Government jobs.

Presently the boss came around. "What is?" asked the patriots. "What is this job? Ven do we git it?"

"Right away," said the boss. "Come with me; all of you. I promised you Government jobs and I always keep my word; yes. Come with me. You will all get jobs in the regular army."

The Hall of Fame

¶ William Hayward, secretary of the Republican National Committee, is the best-looking man who lives in Nebraska.

¶ William B. Hibbs, of Washington, who owns the Hibbs Building and is the biggest broker at the Capital, began as a newsboy, and is glad of it.

¶ General Nelson A. Miles, retired, who lives in Washington, doesn't bother with a private secretary. He strolls into a hotel and dictates his letters to a public stenographer.

¶ Louis A. Coolidge, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was born in Natick, Massachusetts, and once wrote a touching ballad entitled: Down in Dear Old Natick, Where the Naticks Tick, Tick, Tick.

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YOUR SAVINGS

Foreign Bonds as Investments

WHEN you examine the list of bonds traded in on the New York Stock Exchange you find a section entitled "Foreign Government." Here you see references to Imperial Japanese, Republic of Cuba, and United States of Mexico bonds. Furthermore, in the cabled financial reports from London and the money centres of Europe you see quotations on British and German consols and French and Austrian *rentes*. This means that the vast machinery engaged in the employment of money for investment purposes is of world-wide use and touches practically all nations. The use of the cable has brought all these countries together in what might be called an international investment market. A man in New York can, therefore, buy a foreign bond as easily and almost as quickly as the bond of his own country. The story of foreign bonds, especially those that figure in the American markets—and their number is considerable—is of picturesque interest and not without value and significance. For some purposes these foreign bonds have exceptional advantages.

Before American money was as plentiful as now our securities were forced to seek markets abroad. With the tremendous financial expansion of the country we have not only been able to take care of our own securities but also to buy the bonds of foreign countries. The average American investor does not buy the bonds of a European country or city without some special reason or inducement. A number of our citizens of foreign birth, however, buy the securities of their mother country by preference. This is especially true of German-Americans. One reason for this is that they have an instinct to put their savings in a medium which has the official stamp or guaranty of the government. That fact alone is a good argument for the establishment of postal savings-banks in the United States. Foreign-born citizens and others do not buy our own Government bonds because the high premium on them, occasioned by the demand for them by national banks for circulation purposes, makes the yield very small.

There are restrictions and safeguards about some foreign bonds that might be followed with profit in the issue of similar types of American bonds. The bonds of some German municipalities are object-lessons in security, just as the cities bringing them out are models of good government. One very commendable feature of most foreign bonds, particularly those of France and Germany, is that they may be had in such small denominations as to put them within the reach of the humblest laborer. You can buy a German bond, for example, for one hundred marks (twenty-five dollars) and a French *rente* for one hundred francs, or twenty dollars. Thus a strong incentive for saving is placed directly before the people.

Russian and Japanese Bonds

Most of the foreign bonds sold in the United States are for Government and city loans. There are also a number of bonds of railroads whose locations range all the way from China to Scotland. Most of the big New York bond houses will buy or sell foreign bonds and a few make a specialty of trading in them.

Let us first take the most popular and widely-held foreign bond at the present time, the Imperial Japanese bond. The original distribution of these bonds in the United States aggregated (par value) one hundred and thirty million dollars. They were issued during the late war between Russia and Japan. One reason for their wide sale here was that the American people sympathized with Japan in the struggle, and the bonds offered them a chance to capitalize their sympathy very profitably, for the bonds were and are a good investment.

Japan floated five large, external loans during the war. The first two were 6s and were later taken up with part of the proceeds of later issues. The three most active Japanese bonds to-day are: Imperial Japanese 4 per cent. Sterling Loan, due in 1931; Imperial Japanese 4½ per cent. Sterling Loan (First Series), due in 1925; Imperial Japanese 4½ per cent. Sterling Loan (Second Series), due in 1925. These bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and are traded in every business day.

On the day this article was written the 4s sold at 80, which would make the yield about 5½ per cent.; the 4½s (First Series) brought 90, which would make the yield on them about 5¾ per cent., while the 4½s (Second Series) sold at 89¼, which would make the yield about 5.45 per cent.

The security behind two of these issues is rather unusual. The first series of the 4½s constitute a first charge (or lien) on the revenues of the Imperial Japanese tobacco monopoly, while the second series is a second charge on them. The 4s are simply a direct obligation of the Japanese Government.

The pledge of the revenues of a government monopoly is a rare occurrence. More often the customs receipts of a nation are offered as security for a national loan. Japan purchases or controls the entire tobacco crop and sells the leaf at a profit to the manufacturers. A larger revenue is gained than from taxation. Hence the security offered is a good one. The Japanese bonds in this country are held by all kinds of investors and institutions.

British Consols

British consols are less widely held than Japanese bonds. The name "consol" is applied to a large part of the debt of Great Britain. It is a contraction of the word "consolidated." Originally these consols were 3 per cent. and 2¾ per cent. Now they bear interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. They are not redeemable until 1923. Their redemption, however, is at the pleasure and discretion of Parliament, and they really become a sort of perpetual annuity.

The evidence of ownership of a British consol is an inscription or registration on the books of the Bank of England. In other words, the buyer does not get the actual certificate such as is given in the purchase of a bond

For this reason an attempt was once made by the National City Bank of New York to popularize consols in the United States by issuing its own certificates against them at their par value. They were called Consol Certificates, were registered and the interest was paid quarterly. At that time the consols bore 2¾ per cent. interest, which was the interest rate of the certificates. The National City Bank officials believed that the Consol Certificates would be desirable investments for capitalists and institutions, and would offer their owners an opportunity, in the event of a tight money market here, either to sell their consols in London or to borrow against them in London where they are a standard collateral. The venture was not popular and has practically been abandoned

British consols are owned in considerable sums in the United States by capitalists, institutions and life-insurance companies. On the day this article was written they were quoted at 84¾ in London. It is practically impossible to figure the yield on a consol, because there is no date of maturity.

The British colonies all have city and government bonds, and some of these are held by life-insurance companies in this country. This ownership, however, is compulsory, for the reason that many nations, like England, France, Russia and Italy, have laws compelling foreign insurance companies to own bonds of the country before being able to do business there. The laws of Russia are especially rigorous in this respect, and require, in addition to a purchase of bonds, the deposit of a large cash reserve.

The growing influence of the United States in the West Indies, following the acquisition of Porto Rico and the assumption of control in Cuba, has directed financial interest upon these countries. Millions of American dollars have been poured into Cuba to develop railroad and other enterprises. Many of the securities of these companies are speculative, of course, but Cuban government bonds

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Children's Night Gowns, Night Drawers, Pajamas and Wrappers; Children's Ear Caps, Bedroom Socks, Bath Robes; Bath Towels and Toilet Sets; Pillow Cases, Crib Spreads, Nursery Furnishings, all form part of the facilities we afford for the Complete Outfitting of Children and Infants

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We maintain a complete Mail-Order Service which makes shopping with us from a distance as safe and satisfactory as a personal visit to the store.

The make, quality and fit of all our wear is guaranteed, and we allow the return of any purchase which may disappoint, for prompt exchange, or refund of money.

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Backed by a half-century's reputation.

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This special offer to introduce "Battle Axe" cutlery. Steel and workmanship absolutely guaranteed. Try the razor, and if not the most satisfactory you ever used return it and we will exchange or refund your money. Makes an extra nice Xmas gift. Our liberal guarantee is backed by Duns or Bradstreets for reference. Send $1.00 at once.

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afford a good opportunity for investment. One safeguard about these bonds is placed by the "Platt Amendment," a permanent treaty which not only gives the United States the right to intervene to maintain the integrity of the Cuban government, but also prohibits that government from contracting any public debt for which the revenues of the island are inadequate.

The external indebtedness of the Republic of Cuba is secured by the 5 per cent Gold Loan of 1904, the total issue being $35,000,000. It is due in 1944. This bond may be had in denominations of five hundred dollars and one thousand dollars. It is secured by a special tax on the internal commerce of the island, which is to remain in force during the entire period of the loan. This bond sells at 102½. It is listed on the New York Stock Exchange and is fairly active.

Bonds may also be had of the various Cuban cities, as for example, the City of Havana First Mortgage 6s. They are secured by a first mortgage on the Vento Water Works and the public market-places. Bonds of Porto Rico cities, like Ponce or San Juan, are also available. Both of these are 6s and may be bought on a basis to yield about 4½ per cent.

The securities of the Republic of Santo Domingo have a very peculiar interest for Americans, because the United States is a sort of sponsor for them. For years this little republic was the prey of the professional revolutionist. The credit of the country was wrecked; its debts piled up. Finally there was a sifting out of claims, and bonds were issued to pay them. Approved creditors got 80 per cent. of their claims in the new bonds and 20 per cent. in cash. These bonds are officially known as the Dominican Government 5 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold Bonds, and they are secured by a convention (or protocol) between the United States and Santo Domingo, by which our Government binds itself to collect all Dominican customs during the life of the bond, "giving such protection as may be necessary in the performance of this duty."

In other words, Uncle Sam is watchman over the bonds, and his job is to see that the revenue derived from the customs is used to pay the principal and interest on them. The coupons are payable in New York City. This bond may be had in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred and one thousand dollars. The latest quotation on them is 98½

Safe German Municipals

Some issues of Mexican bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Two of the best known and most active are: United States of Mexico 5 per cent. External Consolidated Gold Loan of 1899, which is secured by pledge of part of the customs duties of the Republic, and the United States of Mexico 4 per cent. Gold Bonds of 1904. The former at last sale brought par, and the latter is quoted at 95.

Although not very many are owned in the United States, the German municipal and government bonds have much significance for the average American investor. The only German municipal bond listed on the New York Stock Exchange is that of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Cities like Berlin, Frankfort, Hamburg and Wiesbaden issue bonds in small quantities and small denominations. They are as safe as a municipal bond can possibly be.

There is the same stability in German government bonds. Aside from their value as a direct obligation of the government there is further security in the income from the national railroads which, in most cases, return a net surplus exceeding the amount that is required for interest and principal of the bonds. You can get German Imperial 4s at 101½; 3½s at 93; 3s at 83.

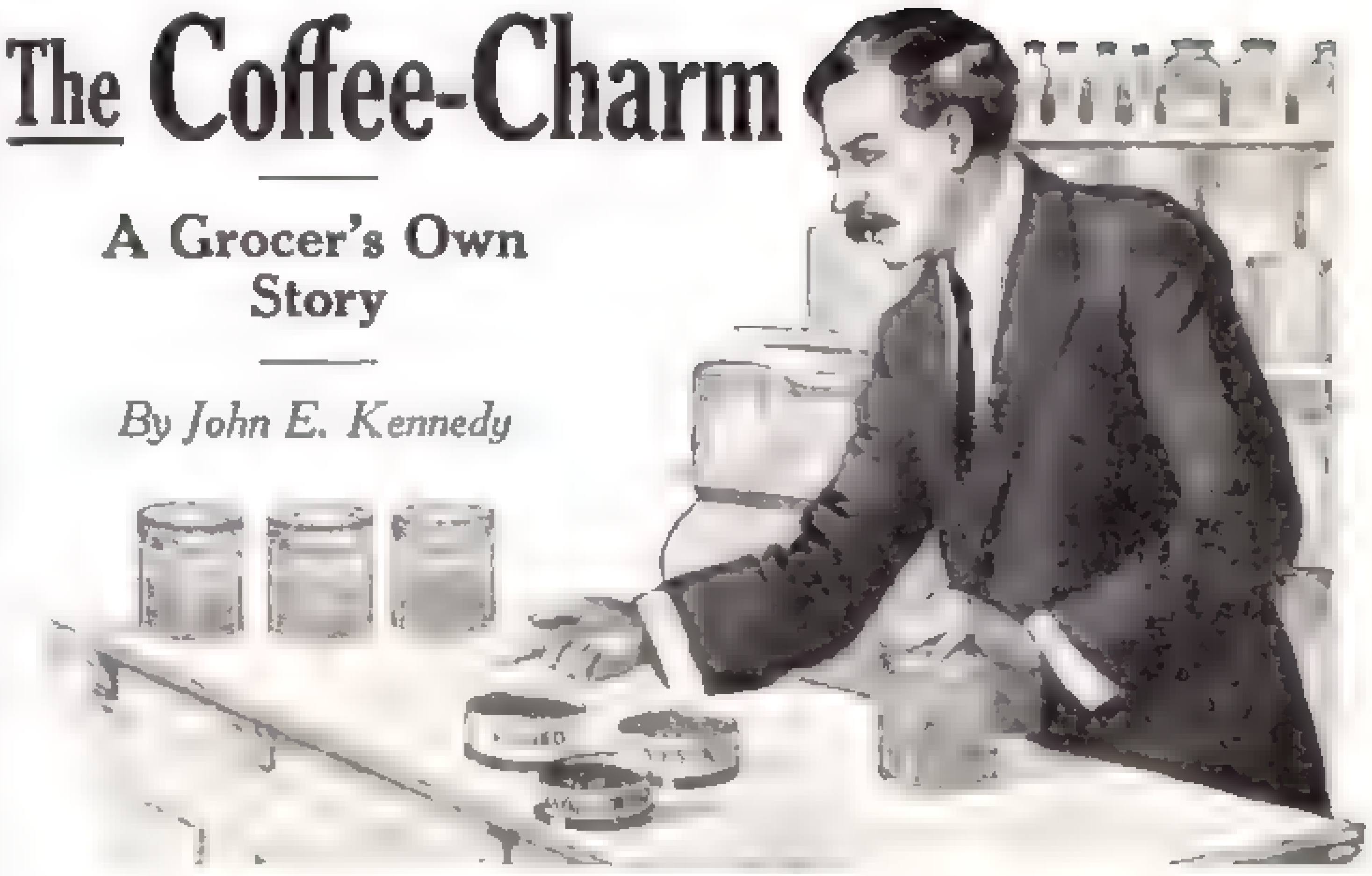
One Russian bond is listed in New York. It is the Imperial Russian Government 4 per cent. *rente*, and is issued in the denomination of roubles.

The word *rente* by which Russian, French and Italian government bonds are known literally means income. Most of these foreign securities are bought mainly by the people, as income producers. The Russian *rentes* are 3, 3½, 4 and 5 per cent.; the French *rentes* are 3 per cent.; the Austrians are 3, 3½, 4 and 5 per cent. It is interesting to note that, in very thrifty countries, like Holland and Switzerland, the government bonds are only 3 and 3½ per cent. respectively.

The Coffee-Charm

A Grocer's Own Story

By John E. Kennedy



"BE SEATED, Mrs. Brown!

"'I have just seen a new light on Coffee!'" said the Intelligent Grocer.

"And I want you to see it *too*.

"Coffee, to most of us, is just a *flavor*, you know.

"At least *that's* what 90% of us drink it for—*flavor!*

"Now there is quite as much difference between *Coffee* flavors as there is between *Candy* flavors.

"We drink Coffee every day, however, while we only eat candy occasionally.

"So, it is clearly *worth while* finding out, once for all, the precise *kind* of coffee flavor that best pleases *our* individual tastes.

"Until *lately* this would have been a big undertaking.

"Because, one would have had to sample hundreds of different varieties of Coffee Beans and Brands from the world over.

"And then one couldn't be *sure* of getting the same identical flavor twice in succession; even from the same source.

"Because, the self same trees on the self-same soil in the self-same country will produce a different flavor of coffee each season.

"But *this* difficulty is solved simply enough *now*.

* *

"Here in my hand, Mrs. Brown, I hold a 'Find-Out Package' of Baker-ized Coffee.

"We will open it up!

"You see it contains *four* different boxes, all of equal size.

"Three of these boxes contain over ¾ of a pound of fine Steel-Cut Coffee.

"The fourth contains Coffee *Chaff*.

"This latter consists of the thin cellulose skins, or of woody fibre folded between the two halves of the Bean.

"Taste this chaff, Mrs. Brown, and you will find it weedy, bitter and *nauseous*.

"Yet it is included in all *ground* Coffee that you buy, and in all Bean Coffee that you grind yourself.

"Naturally it *smothers* the finer flavors of the Coffee oil.

"That's why it is *taken* out of *Baker-ized* Coffee.

"The Chaff is useless. It is included in the 'Find-Out Package' without charge, merely to show *what* is eliminated.

* *

"Now for the other three boxes.

"These contain the *three primary flavors* of true, purified Coffee just as the rainbow contains the three primary colors from which all others are blended.

"One of these primary flavors is labelled 'Vigoro' Baker-ized Coffee, as you see.

"It is dark. And it is described as "a robust, foaming aromatic, *stimulating* Coffee—full of uplift, spicy odor and generous flavor."

"No mistaking the character of *that* Coffee, Mrs. Brown!

"Another tin is labelled, 'Barrington Hall' Baker-ized Coffee.

("An old friend of ours, by the way.")

"Deliciously smooth and fragrant, mellow, fine and satisfying—as the label says.

"The remaining tin is branded 'Siesta' Baker-ized Coffee.

"And, it is described as 'of mild and dainty flavor, full of subtle delicacy and bouquet. A delight to the palate rather than a *stimulant* to the nervous system.'

"Now, Mrs. Brown, there lies before you the whole gamut of *flavor*, and *character* in Coffee.

"Moreover, these flavors and characteristics are as *changeless* as the sun, from year to year.

"Because, they are synthetic flavors—built up to certain *fixed* standards of flavor from the world's differing Coffees, just as a house is built up of its different components, to the architect's design.

"I want *you* to buy, and take home with you, one of these 'Find-Out Packages' of Baker-ized Coffee, Mrs. Brown.

"Just find out once for all which of the flavors you like best, so that I shall always have it in stock for you.

"The price, Madam?—Only 30 cents for the biggest 30 cents' worth of coffee you've had in a long time."

* *

So said the Grocer to Mrs. Brown, and to dozens of other prospective customers.

In that way *he* quickly built up a big patronage for Groceries in general.

Because, a Woman usually buys *all* her Groceries where she can buy the *Coffee* that *best suits her palate*.

The "Find-Out Package" of Baker-ized Coffee is therefore the *key* to a largely increased Grocery trade.

We will mail direct to any reader of this, a "Find-Out" Package for 30 cents in stamps or coin, all charges paid.

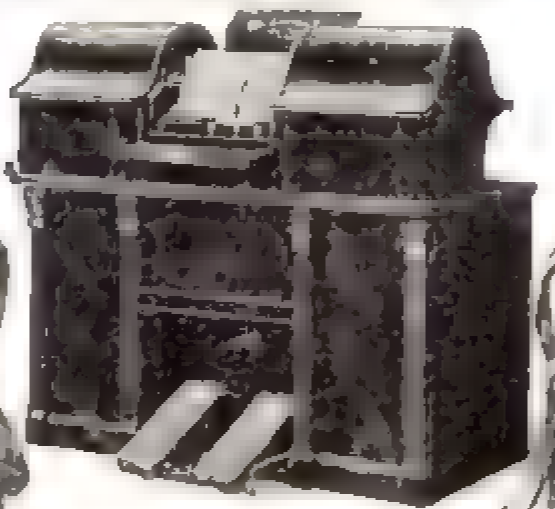
We will mail to any Grocer a Selling Plan which is a true "Coffee-Charm" in attracting and holding New Trade.

Write for it today.

Baker Importing Co.—Dept. E.—116 Hudson St., New York City, or Dept. E, 246 N. 2nd St., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Find-out Package of Baker-ized Coffee

Send for it today



MUSIC as a Christmas GIFT

Everyone likes music. Why not bestow the gift of music then, on the one you wish to please?

The Pianola

enables you to give even a greater pleasure than merely the opportunity to *hear* music. It enables you to confer on *anyone* the ability to *produce music himself.* This is music's chief charm.

If you decide to follow the example of so many others and give one of these instruments,

Be Sure To Get The Genuine Pianola

The Pianola has attained such celebrity that it has been widely imitated. The word Pianola is often erroneously applied to other Piano-players.

People sometimes buy decidedly inferior instruments on the strength of the Pianola's reputation.

You will avoid this danger if you see the word

"Pianola"

on the instrument.

By making sure of this you will know you are getting the only Piano-player endorsed by the leading musicians and musical educators of the world;—

The only instrument which has the indispensable Metrostyle, which furnishes a perfect guide to artistic playing; and—The only instrument equipped with the Themodist, which enables you to accent the melody wherever it may lie, and subdue the accompaniment.

Pianolas cost from $250. to $450.

Let us send you our booklet on "The Fascination of Personally Producing Music," and furnish you with the name of our agent, who will show you the Pianola, and if you desire, quote you moderate monthly terms.

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WHAT HAPPENS AT REHEARSALS

(Concluded from Page 15)

morning until five in the evening, with an hour for luncheon. The play being finished and accepted, the manager turns the manuscript over to the stage-director. This gentleman reads it carefully, realizing possibilities and devising business. I have known authors to write, and directors to read, with a miniature stage beside them. On this stage pins would take the place of people, being moved here and there as one situation followed another. The exact location of the characters at every speech was then marked on the manuscript, so that little or no experimenting was necessary at rehearsal.

After he has read the play the director consults with the author and the manager and the scene painter. He helps the manager decide what actors had best be engaged, and the four determine every detail of the settings to be built and painted. Miniatures of these settings are afterward prepared by the artist and officially O. K'd. The manager interviews such people as he thinks he may utilize, and comes to terms with them. Actors are not paid for time spent in rehearsal, and, if they prove unsatisfactory before the initial performance, may be dismissed without notice and without recompense.

It is an old custom, now in the way of being revived, to begin operations by reading the play to the company. The first rehearsals may take place in a hall, but whenever it is possible a stage is brought into requisition. In the centre of the stage, directly back of the footlights, is the prompt table, at which sit the author, the director and the stage-manager. The players, when they are not at work, lounge in remote corners, leaving the greater portion of the floor space cleared for action. There is no scenery, no furniture, no "properties." Two chairs, with a space between them, may stand for Juliet's balcony, for the Rialto Bridge, or merely for a window in a modern apartment-house. The casual observer may be puzzled at hearing some Thespian haranguing to four vacant chairs, until it is explained that these four chairs mark the corners of a jury box in which twelve good men and true—same being "supers" yet to be employed—are to try the hero for his life.

In the beginning the actors read lines from their parts. A "part" contains the speeches and business of the actor for whom it is intended, with cues, or the last few words of each speech preceding his, so that he may know when to speak. An extract from the "part" of the Queen in Hamlet (Act III, Scene 1) would look something like this:

> (You enter L. 3 E.)
> Did he receive you well?
> —— free in his reply.
> Did you assay him to any pastime?
> —— he suffers for.
> I shall obey you.

The director shows the actor where he shall stand and where go at every speech, and the stage-manager notes on the manuscript such business as is not already written in it. Also, he sets down memoranda for the raising and "dimming" of lights, the ringing of bells, and other things to be done "off stage."

After a couple of days' rehearsal the players may be told that they must have the lines of the first act committed to memory within a certain time. "Letter perfect on Thursday!" says the director. "Don't forget: I want to hear every 'if,' 'and' and 'but' spoken on Thursday!"

So, act by act, the piece is learned, and, within a week, "parts" are put away, and the real work of rehearsal begins. By this time the "roughing out" of the production has been done, positions have been taught, and the director begins devoting himself to details. Throughout the first fortnight he interrupts frequently, compels the people to go back over this scene or that a dozen times, halts, thinks out trifles, suggests and experiments. When the rehearsals are two-thirds over, however, he and the author break in less and less often. They sit, notebooks in hand, jotting down their observations, which are read aloud to the company at the end of each act.

Meanwhile, the director has attended to several important matters with which the cast has no immediate concern. He has made out a list of "properties," or small articles to be handled in the performance, and has given it to the manager. This list demands care. For example, if matches are required in the play it must be ascertained what kind of matches were used at that period and sulphur, parlor or safety matches must be specified. The manager must also be given lists of furniture and draperies. Later a table of music cues must be made out for the orchestra, and one of light cues for the electrician. The play must be timed, so that it may be known to a minute at what hour the curtain will rise and fall on every act. Generally, a page of typewritten manuscript will occupy a minute, but guesswork on this point does not suffice for the director. The players begin to consult him about their costumes, too, and he must take into account the blending of colors, the fashions of the period, and the personal characteristics that may be supposed to manifest themselves in attire.

The dress rehearsal is the crowning ordeal in the business of producing plays. It is the summing up of everything that has gone on before, the concentration, in one evening, of all the work and nervous strain of the past month. It is safe to say that in no other profession is so much labor and agony crowded into a single effort. Very often dress rehearsals last from eight o'clock at night until eight the next morning. Sometimes they last longer. The dress rehearsal of The Burgomaster, at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, began at noon on Sunday and continued, without intermission, until eleven o'clock Monday morning. Frequently, coffee and sandwiches are served in one of the dressing-rooms or on the stage, and the tired players snatch a bite or two between scenes.

The director has been in the theatre all afternoon, superintending the setting of scenes and the "dressing" of the stage, which means the placing of furniture and the hanging of curtains. Half an hour before the rehearsal begins the members of the company come from their rooms, one by one, for an inspection of costumes. This is the first time the director has seen them "made up," and he is likely to have many suggestions. This wig isn't gray enough, that beard is too straggling, the dress over there isn't in character. Back go the actors to remedy these defects, and, after a time, the rehearsal is started.

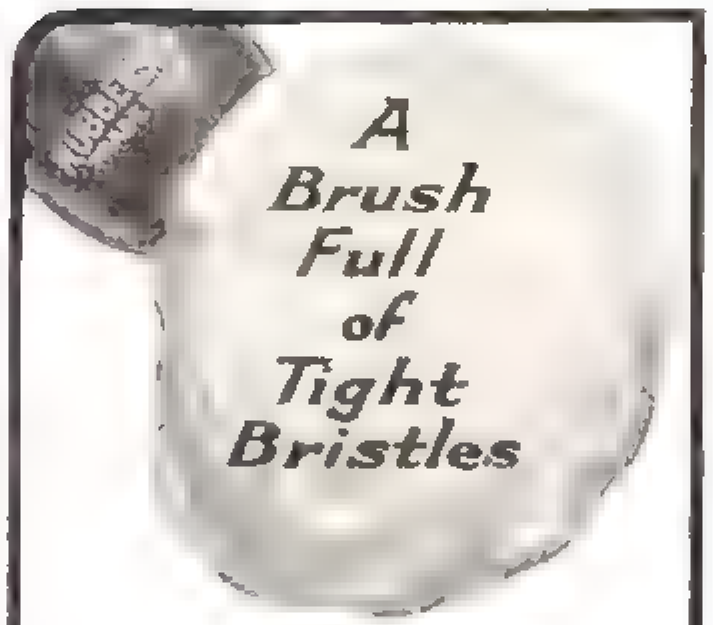
A dress rehearsal is supposed to be an ordinary performance without an audience. But it isn't. There is no excitement, no enthusiasm, no inspiration. Speeches fall flat, dialogue seems inordinately long and wearisome, bits of business that have appeared to be all right before look wholly different in changed surroundings. The actors, finding themselves for the first time in the setting to be used, are utterly lost. Byplay with small articles, rehearsed twenty times, is blundered over when the player finds the "prop" actually in his hands. To observe the most experienced actor and man of the world handle a teacup or a card-case at a dress rehearsal you would swear that he had never seen such a thing before in his life.

At last, when the gray dawn is peeping in at the windows, when every one concerned has reached the last stage of exhaustion, the rehearsal is dismissed. The director makes a few remarks—sufficient censure to prevent overconfidence, mixed with enough hope to give courage. "Pretty bad," he says; "I look for you to pull up to-night."

Thus ends the period of rehearsal, a period of hard work, trials, tribulations, constant nervous strain. And it may all go for nothing. In three short hours the labor of years on the part of the author, of months on the part of the manager, of weeks on the part of the players, may be proved utterly worthless and without result. This, however, depends upon the public; those concerned have done all they know, all that can be done, not by random and haphazard work, but by skillful following of what is an exact science and a variable art. The philosophic author shrugs his shoulders as he leaves the theatre.

"Well?" inquires the stage-director.

"Well," he replies, "we've done our best. It's on the knees of the gods."


A Brush Full of Tight Bristles

Is Better Than

A Lather Full of Loose Bristles

If your shaving brush loses its bristles or loses its shape—throw it away—get a Rubberset.

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are a part of the brush, because they are held together in a solid base of vulcanized rubber, which cannot crumble, loosen, soften, melt or decay like ordinary settings.

Rubberset brushes cost no more than other kinds.

The name on each brush guarantees it.

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At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to $6.00. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet from which you may order by mail.

To the average man we commend the $1 brush.

Berset Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard instantly. Doesn't dry, doesn't smart. 25 cents a tube at all dealers, or direct by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample tube containing one month's supply.

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Bristles Set in Solid Rubber

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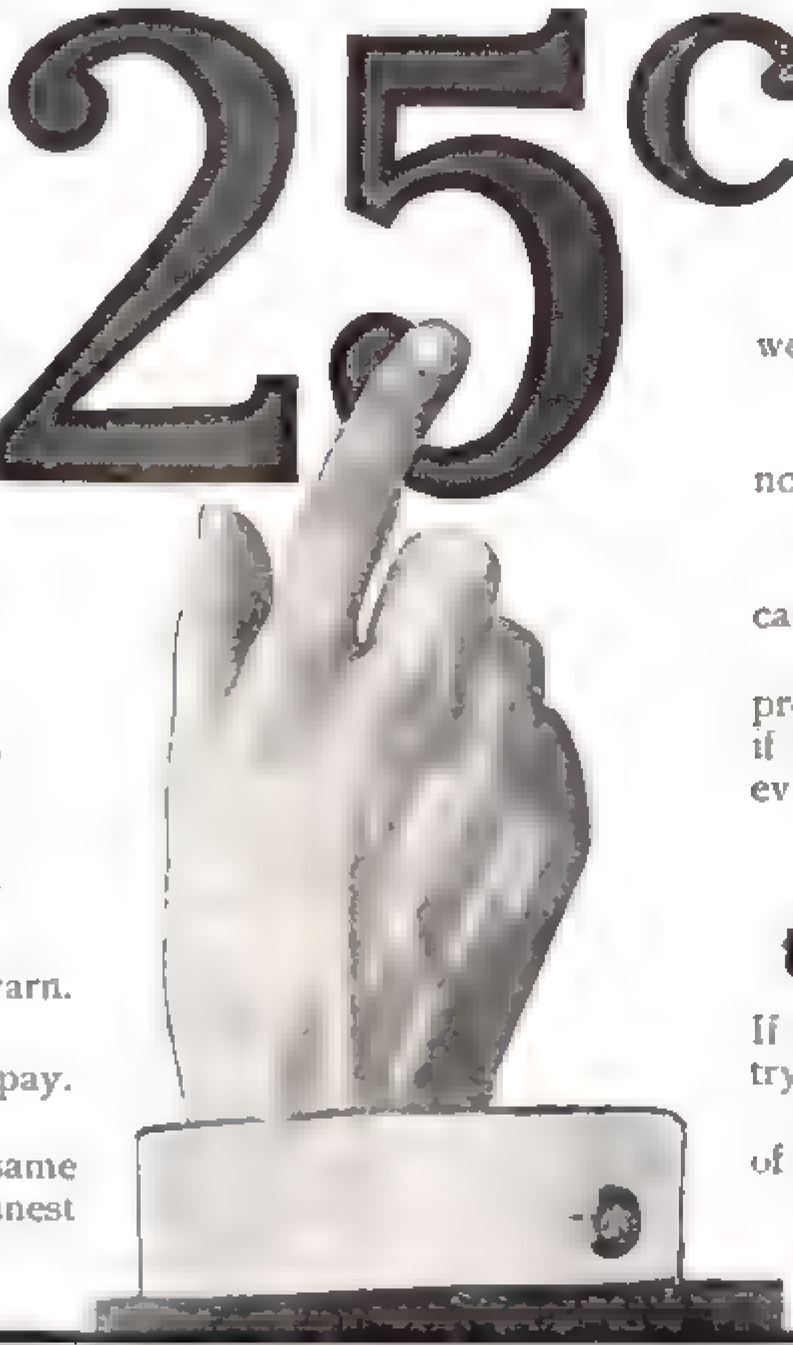
NOW 25c a Pair



We have reduced the price of "Holeproof" Sox We are now saving you 50 cents on every six pairs that you buy.

And you actually save this money.

For the sox you can now buy for 25 cents a pair are the same identical "Holeproof" Sox that have heretofore cost 33⅓ cents.

The best yarn now costs us ten cents per pound less.

You get the same quality — yarn and stitch — from the top to toe of these sox. The reason is this:

We Now Pay an Average of 63c per Pound for our Yarn

Before we paid 73 cents.

So the reduction is really in the market price of yarn.

For we still pay the *top market price* — as before.

We could buy coarse yarn for less than half what we pay. But the sox would be uncomfortable.

We still buy the best yarn we know — exactly the same Egyptian and Sea Island cotton — the softest and finest 3 ply yarn that the market affords.

But instead of putting this reduction into our profits, we use it to make our price less.

The saving is for those who wear "Holeproof."

For though all makers now pay less for yarn they are not cutting the price of their hose.

They are saving the difference for added profit.

Those who have always paid 25 cents for inferior goods can now have the best at that price

Since the price is now 25 cents a pair, see if "Holeproof" are not far better than others at this price. Judge if they aren't softer — finer — more comfortable — see if you ever *have* to return a pair.

See if You Do Not Now Prefer the Original Guaranteed Sox

If you think any other kind compares with "Holeproof," try both kinds and see.

Let the next box of sox that you buy be a trial box of "Holeproof."

Learn in this way what you miss by wearing other kinds.

You can now buy a box of six pairs of Holeproof Sox—formerly $2—for $1.50

Prove in one trial that six pairs of "Holeproof" are the best sox that $1.50 will buy.

We knit our hose with 3 ply yarn, which is doubled to 6-ply in heel and toe. Yet these parts are not stiff, for our yarn is extra soft.

Compare "Holeproof" with the best unguaranteed sox — the result will surprise you. You'll never again pay 25 cents for sox that wear out in a week

Think of the Convenience

Think what a comfort to always have six pairs of sox in your dresser ready to wear when you want them. Think of never having to look for whole sox. Think of the time and the bother saved when in a hurry to dress.

We Spend More

We spend $30,000 a year for inspection alone. 80 people — all non-producers — do nothing else all day.

One apparatus we use cost us $5,000.00

It simply filters and softens the water we use for our dyes.

But that makes our colors clearer Then it makes them fast

So "Holeproof" never fade, crock, nor rust.

We sterilize each pair twice in the making, so the sox are sanitary.

Each pair is thoroughly shrunk, so the sox never wrinkle nor stretch.

The shaping is done in the knitting process, so that shape is permanent.

The sox lose none of their qualities after washing

Holeproof Sox are sold in boxes of 6 pairs with a 6 months' guarantee reading like this:

> "If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

We Use the Latest Machines

If a new machine is produced, anywhere, that does better work, we employ it.

It is thus that we keep our lead in this business — keep far ahead of all others

31 Years to Make the First Pair

31 years were spent in perfecting "Holeproof." Over 100 imitations have been placed on the market since they became a success

We are today one of the greatest hosiery-making concerns in the world

600 people are employed in our factory.

So when you buy a box of "Holeproof" you get more than appears on the surface.

You get all the foregoing assurance that the goods are the best to be had — that they are honest goods — that the guarantee is not made to *get* sales, but to protect you after you've bought.

Are Your Hose Insured?

We are not asking you to buy simply for extra wear — but for all that you like in sox — plus extra wear

Simply resolve that you'll try "Holeproof" — that you'll know which is the best hosiery — that you'll abandon prejudice and see what "Holeproof" is like.

After that you'll always buy "Holeproof" — you'll buy fewer pairs of hose — you'll save money — trouble — time.

Get the Genuine

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Hose, bearing the "Holeproof" Trademark, order direct from us. Remit in any convenient way. Mail the coupon and we will ship the hose promptly and prepay transportation charges.

Remember, the "Holeproof" guarantee protects you. If the hose comes to holes and darning within six months, you get new hose FREE.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

How to Order

Holeproof Sox — 6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with white feet. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight) — Made entirely of Sea Island cotton. 6 pairs, $2.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox — 6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, and pearl gray. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Stockings — 6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings — 6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings — 6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings — 6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Men's ☐
Women's ☐
Boys' ☐
Misses' ☐

Put check mark in square opposite kind you want.

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 238 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

*Enclosed $*________ *Please send me*________ *boxes of*

*Holeproof*________ *Size*______ *Weight*________

*Colors*________________

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office 1906.

This trade mark is put on our hose and each box.

Cadillac "Desk-Table"

A Gift for the Boy or Girl

Do *your* boys and girls study their lessons on the dining room table? — on their laps? — or on the floor?

Give them a Cadillac Desk-Table for Christmas — its beauty and wonderful convenience will so please them that they will *want* to study their lessons.

This perfect combination of two articles — desk and table — saves both space and money. By its extending desk bed you always have a clear writing surface.

Ink and pens [illegible] stationery compartment under lid of desk [illegible].

Send for booklet D showing various styles. See it at your furniture dealer's — the desk table must be seen to be appreciated.

(Protected by four patents — Insist on the genuine)

CADILLAC CABINET CO., Detroit, Mich.

IT PAYS to buy From the Mill, because your money is not split up into various profits, but all comes back to you in the quality of the hosiery you get.

It is easy, too, for all you have to do is to enclose a dollar, stating size and colors wanted.

Men's Eight pairs for $1: Medium-weight seamless cotton socks, double toe and heel. Colors: brown, blue, black or gray.

Women's Five pairs for $1: Medium-weight hose of fine-combed Egyptian yarn. One color only — black.

Delivered Free

Write for book of Christmas Hosiery Gifts

Reference: [illegible] National Bank, Reading

8 pairs for $1
From the mill

Lercum Hosiery Mills
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Sense and Nonsense

My Lady of Yule

Bright face that is rosy and smiling;
Bright hair with a starry wreath crowned;
Bright eyes, in whose artless beguiling
The glory of youth may be found.
Bright holly sprays hiding demurely
'Mong billows of snowy-white tulle —
The Spirit of Christmas is surely
My Lady of Yule.

What gift may I happily proffer
To gladden my Christmastide girl?
Rich silver and gold shall I offer,
Or trinkets of turquoise and pearl?
Shall the Orient yield its rare treasure
Of ivory, teakwood or buhl?
Oh, tell me what gives you most pleasure,
My Lady of Yule.

She heeds not my humble petition,
No material gift she requires.
The Spirit of Christmas tradition
Is all that My Lady desires.
So we join in the contra-dance merry,
Then I follow the time-honored rule,
And kiss, 'neath the mistletoe berry,
My Lady of Yule.

— Carolyn Wells.

Decadence of the Lightning-Rod

THE manufacture of lightning-rods seems to be a decaying American industry. One looks in vain for such protective contrivances on most of the big buildings nowadays — though, by reason of their very size and height, one might imagine that they had a special need for some means of defense against the artillery of the skies. Private dwellings likewise are nearly always devoid of them.

It was not thus a few years ago. Wherefore the change? Is it that the lightning-rod has become discredited? Well, partly so, perhaps. It is doubtless a good thing in its way, but not so good as was formerly imagined.

The chief trouble with it seems to be that, while it will seize a moderate-sized thunderbolt and conduct it safely into the ground, it is not able to handle a very big one.

A lightning-rod, of course, is nothing more than an iron rod. Like any other wire it is able to carry a certain amount of electricity, and no more. If the thunderbolt is above a certain size, so to speak, the rod cannot hold it, and it will jump off and do a lot of damage, maybe. It is not true, however, as has often been alleged, that lightning-rods attract the lightning to buildings on which they are placed, and thus are a source of danger.

But the important point is that lightning-rods have gone out of use to a great extent. One seldom sees them except in rural districts, which still afford a profitable field to enterprising agents engaged in selling such devices.

One reason for the change is that tin roofs take the place of lightning-rods, and are much more serviceable. Connected with the ground as they are by metal drainpipes they will carry off any amount of electricity, and are more efficient in this way when wet.

The most remarkable lightning-rod in the world protects the great monument to the Father of his Country at Washington. More properly speaking, there are several rods, which pass from the cap — a small pyramid of aluminum weighing one hundred ounces which tops the obelisk — six hundred feet downward into a well, below water-level.

This defensive contrivance has often been severely tested, the monument having been struck many times. In the month of April, 1885, five immense bolts were seen to flash between a passing cloud and the obelisk within twenty minutes, yet no damage was done — though two months later a tremendous stroke slightly cracked one of the stones near the apex.

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A protection against Big Bills

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[illegible] *fire, which burns on top.*

[illegible] *Boiler*

P. H. Lines & Son, sending cheer right from the anthracite country — Great Bend, Pa., write:

"The strong part of the Underfeed Furnace is its economy in the consumption of coal. It heats our rooms warmer and better than the old style furnace. First winter we burned pea coal which was satisfactory, and reduced our coal bill from $120 to $65. During the past two winters we've burned buckwheat coal and our bills averaged $50."

That's a *saving* of $70 on each season. We'd like to send you a lot of [illegible] like this and our illustrated Underfeed Booklet for warm air heating or our Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Underfeed Boilers.

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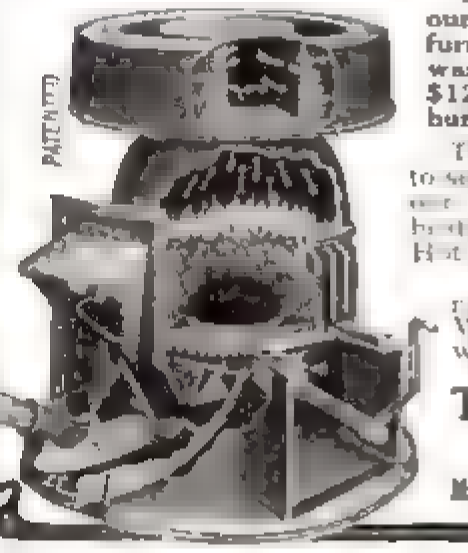

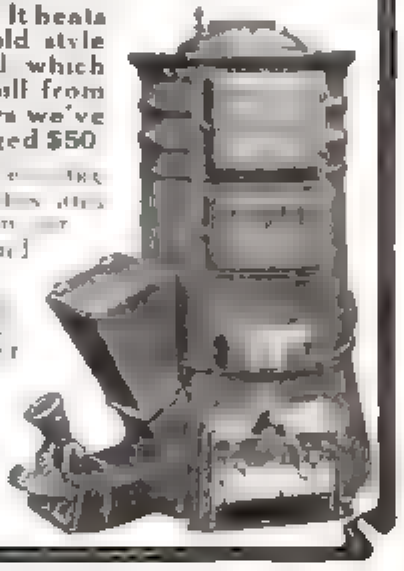

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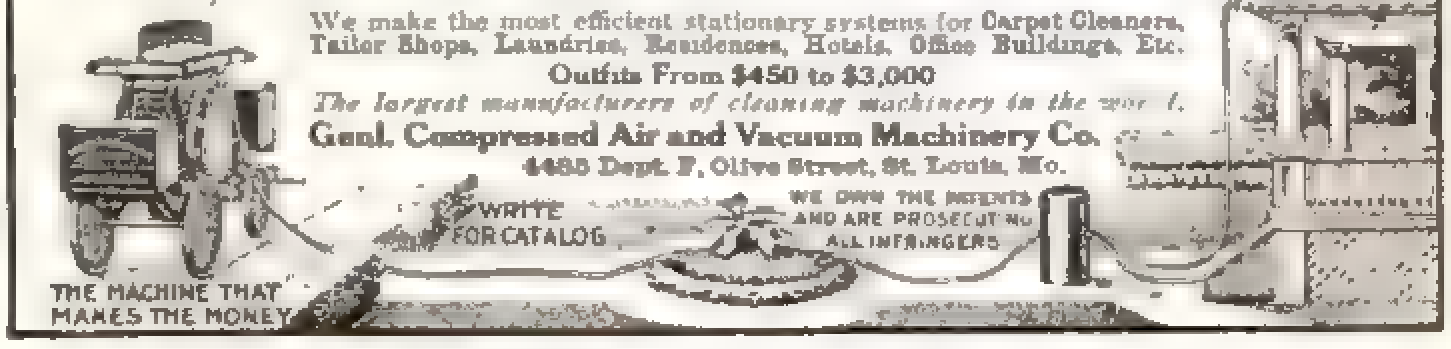
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A TUG AND A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

(Continued from Page 13)

to mention his dad, an' begun goin' hand-over-hand up the social ladder, socks of royal purple gayly wavin' in the breeze, on his way to be genteel? Huh! You bet he did!" Old Mac leaned back and mopped his brow. Then he resumed the attack:

"When I found out about you I thought I understood the reason for this amazin' ambition of his. An' I think so now. He met you, fell head-over-heels; I don't blame him a bit. He began comin' often to your mother's flat, he saw the way you people lived, I mean *pretended* to live, but how could a boy like him see through it? Wa'n't it natural to think you, yourself, wanted to live the same? Did you ever tell him you didn't? Did you ever say one word ag'in' your mother? You bet you didn't! An' now about me. Why *shouldn't* he think you'd turn up your nose? From what I recollect of my own courtin' I didn't spend hours discussin' *my* dad.

"So things run on, Jim gettin' more an' more genteel—*to suit you.* You lettin' him do it. Why? Because you kind of felt the *real* Jim below decks, an' begun lovin' him hard in spite of all his new-fangled riggin'. So you said nothin' an' he kept on—for the reason that he thought you liked it!"

The girl wrinkled her brows.

"I'm not sure," she said. There was a long silence.

"Maybe," admitted the captain. "I said I wasn't sure myself. This infernal social-ladder bizness gets an awful hold sometimes. But, look here," he added, as she hung back, "jest you help me try an' bring him back to life an' get a good look at Jim *as he was!*" The captain eyed her with a twinkle. "My son Jim will surprise you," he said gravely. She smiled.

"How do you mean to do it?" she asked

"That," he said, "will take some time to think out. An' I can always think clearer out on the harbor." His face lighted up. "Look here, Daughter-in-law-to-be-perhaps, s'pose me an' you have another talk. Meet me to-morrow at two P. M., on the North River at Pier Forty-two, an' we'll have a peaceable afternoon bringin' a ship up the bay. How about it?"

"I'll come!" cried the girl delightedly

When she had gone the captain refilled his pipe and for over an hour his eyes held a warm, scheming expression. From time to time he chuckled softly. But when at last he heard Jim's key he seized his Oliver Twist and settled his face in a scowl.

Jim started upstairs.

"Hello, Son!"

"Hello. Good-night." The response was glum to the last degree.

"Hold on!" cried his father. "Come in here a minute."

Jim appeared in the doorway.

"Well?" he asked. The captain looked up from his book in innocent surprise:

"Look here, Son, what's wrong? Can't you trust a blame thing to your dad?'

Jim looked down a moment:

"Oh, I'm kind of anxious, that's all." He turned abruptly, started out.

"Shucks!" cried the captain sympathetically. "Some other feller in the race?" There was no response. "Good-night, Son; have a good sleep," he called. "That's the last thing he'll have," he murmured. The scheming look returned.

"Bein' anxious," he thought, "ain't always such a bad thing for a man. Lays him open to all kinds of things."

. . . .

One night, on the following week, the captain came home at a late hour. As he climbed the stairs he heard angry creaks from the bed of his son. He went in.

"Well, Jim," he said approvingly. "In early? That's good."

"Is it?" growled Jim. "Don't feel that way. Hello!" he added, as the light from the hall showed him his father arrayed in Sunday attire. "What *you* so slicked up for? Where you been?"

"Been helpin' a friend of mine get ready for a weddin'," drawled the captain serenely. All at once his face assumed a look of deep pity. "Speakin' of weddin's," he continued, "I'm gettin' kind of anxious, Son, about that daughter-in-law of mine."

The bed fairly shook with rage.

"Why can't you forget your daughter-in-law?"

"Well," said his father gently, "maybe that *is* the best way—for us both. We'll

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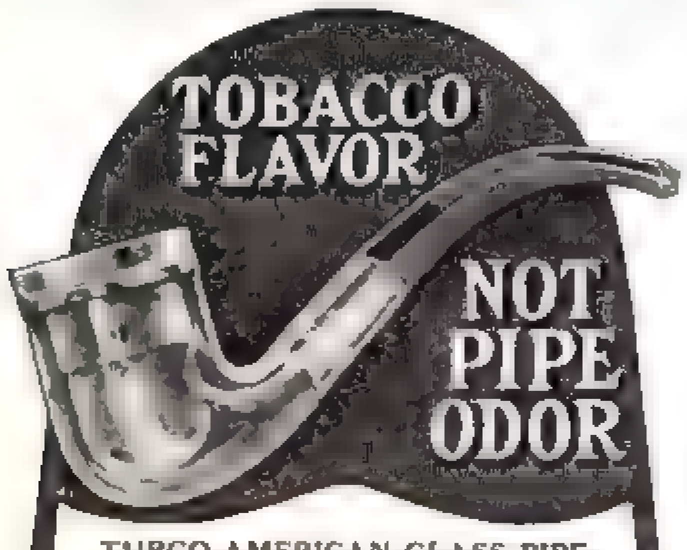

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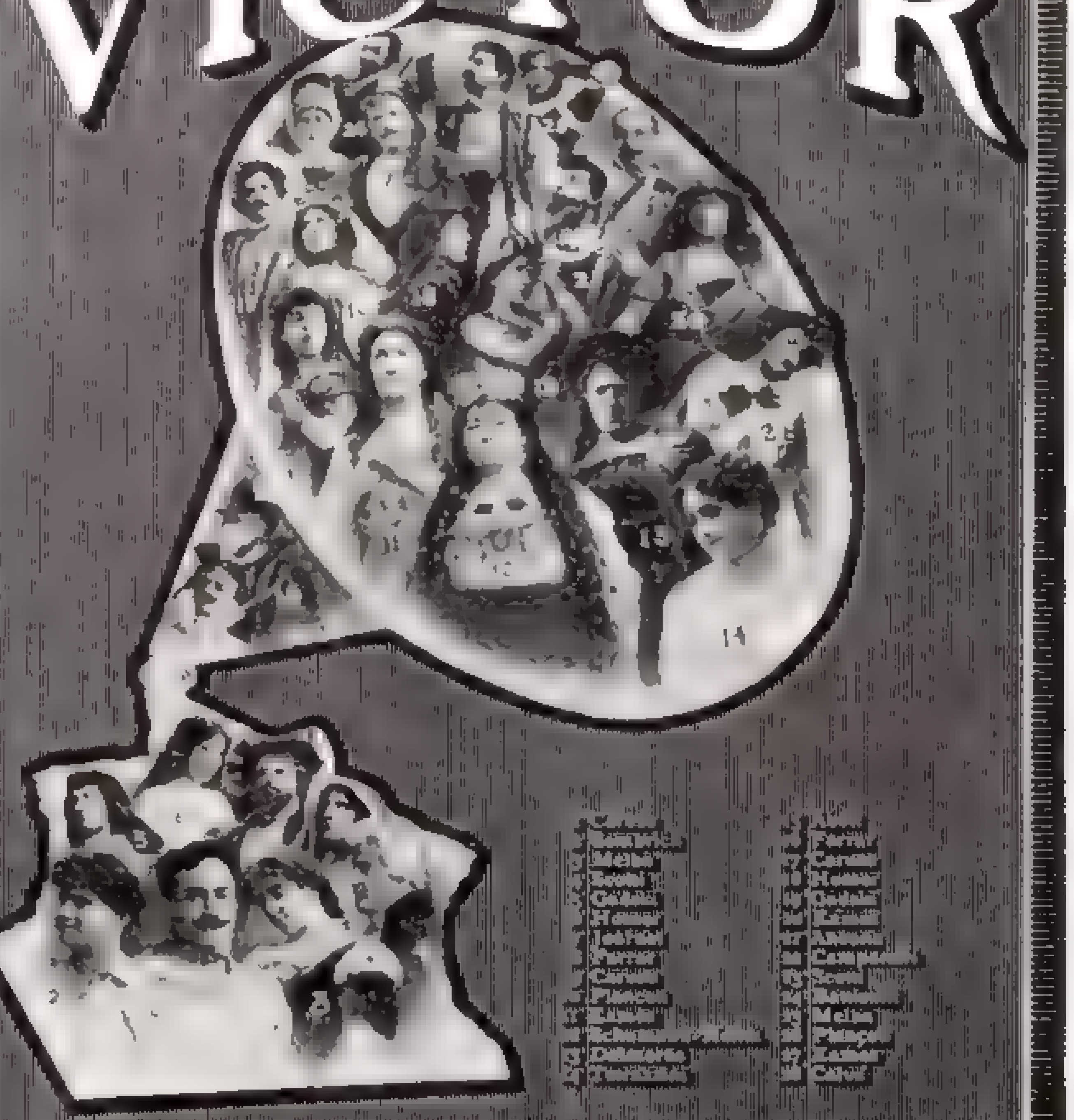

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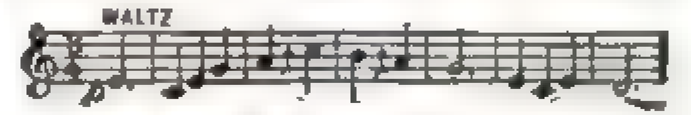

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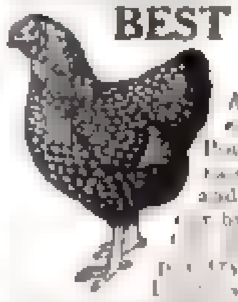

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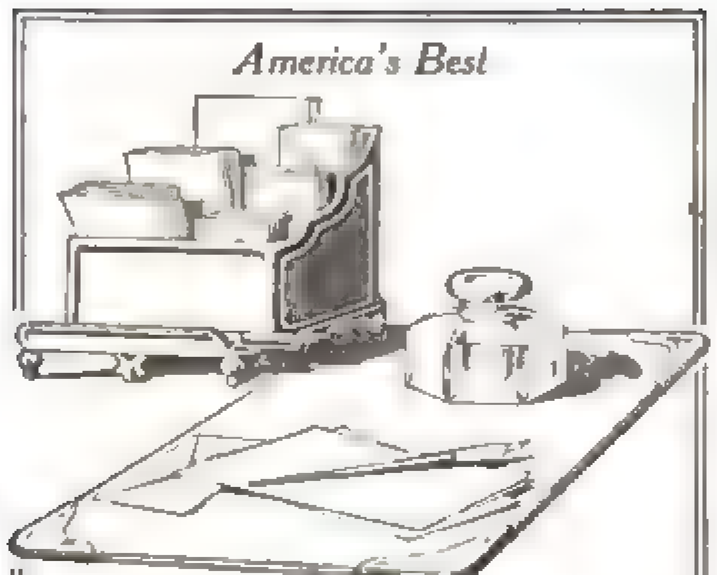

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jest try to forget her." He waited till his son's anguish had reached its highest pitch. "Still," he continued, "it would be too bad to *have* to forget her, jest out of havin' made some fool mistake."

"Who's making mistakes?"

"I don't know. Maybe *you* be."

"Huh!"

"Jest for instance, all this week you've looked '*specially* worried. Ain't anything 'special wrong?"

"Wrong? It has *always* been wrong! Didn't I know it from the start?" Jim's voice shook with feeling. "You bet I did! She was way up—where I couldn't get. I tried my darnedest, I could feel her beginning to come my way, an' I was just selfish enough to hang on, hoping the man who *was* good enough wouldn't show up!"

"Has he?"

"Looks like it, don't it? She's been home twice, just twice, in the last seven nights. The other five I was told not to come. She said she'd have to be out—with an 'old uncle' of hers that has come to town. Old uncle!"

"Maybe he *is* old, Son."

"Maybe! Maybe a girl like her can spend five evenings out of seven with *an old uncle* without yawning herself to sleep!"

"That depends on how old he is," said the captain indignantly. "Maybe, after all, he *is* young, young as you be. An' if he is, the thing for *you* to do ain't to run away, nor it ain't to go on buttin' yer head ag'in' a stone wall. You want to think, think hard, an' be blamed sure you ain't makin' some mistake!" Jim rose on one elbow.

"What mistake?" he asked savagely. His father looked down, apparently puzzled.

"Why," he said, "in sizin' up what kind of a man the lady really wants." His son dropped back in deep disgust.

"Don't I *know* what kind?"

"*Do* you?"

"Oh, leave me alone! It's my own funeral, ain't it? I guess I can stand it—somehow!"

For over an hour Jim tossed and muttered. Once, out of the darkness, he thought he heard a low chuckle. He sat up angrily, listened, but decided he must have heard wrong.

In the next two weeks, as the "old uncle" lingered on in the city and Jim's anxiety sharpened, by slow degrees his father edged into the position of sympathetic adviser. Jim was loth to grow confidential; time and again he said he could run his own business; but as, little by little, the captain revealed a shrewd knowledge of women in general, and of this particular girl a knowledge almost uncanny, his son let him in. They had many short talks.

"The old uncle business," Jim announced one evening, "is done with. No uncle at all, but a 'new friend' of hers. She says she's surprised at the way she likes him." He swallowed bravely. "So much surprised that she thinks it's only fair an' square to us both for her to get better acquainted with *him* before she decides about *me*."

"All right," said his father cheerfully; "the thing for you to do is to find what it is in this other feller she likes, an' supply the same goods."

"S'pose I can't supply 'em? S'pose he has what I can't never get?"

"How d'you mean?"

"Oh, he's one of them born swells! Durn him!"

"How d'you know? Ever seen him?"

"No, an' I don't want to! He's one of those fellers born with a dash! Clothes—talk—smile—nice little laugh! He—he! Ha—ha! All jest as gentle! That's him! Ain't it queer how that takes with women?"

The captain shook his head sagely.

"From what you tell me of the girl," he said, "that feller ain't what she wants."

"Ain't he? Watch her."

"How's he workin' it? What do they do evenin's?"

"That's one thing I *have* found out. They ain't stayed in her flat one night since he begun!"

"You bet they ain't," chuckled his father. He caught a quick look from his son. "From what you say of her mother," he explained hastily, "I don't wonder he wants to get her away."

"Her mother's all right!"

"Is she? Well, we'll waive that p'int. The main question is, how does he make his hit? Where does he take her?"

"That's easy enough," was the grim reply. "Broadway shows of the most

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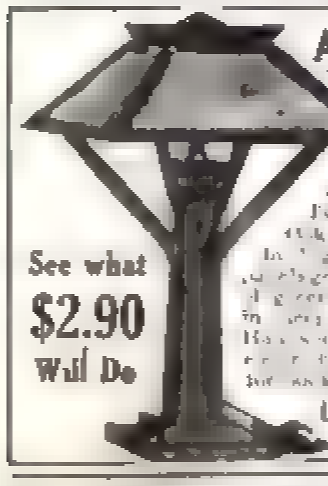

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expensive kind, an' a whole string of swell dances."

The captain's face grew suddenly red.

"S'pose you hint round a little," he said at last, "the next time you see her. Find out. Facts beat guesses hollow."

Three days passed. Late one night Jim came home triumphant.

"He has made a mistake *this* time, anyhow," he cried. "I'm surprised at the feller's lack of sense!"

"How?"

"Why," said Jim with a fine contempt, "he's going to take her to-morrow night to one of them cheap, rip-roaring shows *down here*. The Count of Monte Cristo!"

"Is he?" asked the captain with interest. "Well, now, maybe he ain't so far off. That used to be one of *your* favorites, didn't it? Ain't me an' you been to see it a dozen times?"

"Yes, an' that's just what I'm getting away from! . . . If he tries that on many times he'll lose!"

Over his father's face crept an anxious expression.

"Maybe," he said, "an' maybe not. We'll see."

* * *

"Well?" he asked, two nights later. "How was it?"

Jim stared at his father in silence.

"She *liked* the thundering show," he said. There followed a thoughtful pause.

"Um," murmured his father, "that kind of shakes our figgerin', don't it?"

It did. Jim's entire social scheme of things had been given a heavy jar. In the week that followed his freckled face grew wrinkled and lean with puzzling. From the girl herself he could get little enlightenment. Even his father had less than ever to say. Jim was allowed now to call on her every other night, his rival taking the nights between. On these off nights his state of mind grew so completely befogged that often he looked to his dad to pilot him through. But the captain was always out. Only on the other nights, at a late hour, when Jim returned from his call, he invariably found his father sitting up. And they had a brief smoke. But even here the captain gave little help.

"What's the use tryin'," he would ask gloomily, "till you know what she wants? The trouble with you an' her is, you ain't even acquainted."

On one such occasion Jim broke the silence with a harsh laugh. The captain looked up.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"That crittur's taste. Where d'you s'pose he took her to-day? He must have a queer job—if any—to get off at two P. M."

"Where?"

"Out on the harbor!" The captain wheeled round in amazement. "Sounds queer, don't it?" said his son bitterly. "But he did. He fixed it to get 'em both on a tug. He probably owns a few dozen. An' out they went, kiting all over the place—from Sandy Hook to the Palisades! Cute! All-fired cute! See his game? He wanted to get her so dead tired by evening that she could hardly sit up with me!"

"Well?" asked the captain at last. "Did she like it?"

"Talked as if she did." Again the harsh laugh. "She wasn't bothered much by respect for my feelings. When not yawning, she was giving it all, the whole picture, as if I didn't know a screw from a hawser, as if I'd been a clerk all my life!" A light flashed over his father's face.

"Ain't you proud of bein' a clerk?" he asked.

Jim gave him a startled look.

"All I said," he repeated, "was that she gave me all the details, of course getting every blamed one of 'em wrong. An' then, to season 'em up, she gave a few yarns—like the ones you tell."

"Not the same ones," said the captain uneasily.

"No," said son in surly tones, "they beat anything *you* ever done in your life." His father's eyes twinkled.

"I thought so," he murmured.

"The feller must be a corker at yarns," Jim went on angrily. "We had 'em all. An' I couldn't tell one of *my* old ones!"

"Why not?"

"Can't you see? Had I ever told *her* that I'd worked on a tug?"

The captain drew a quick breath, grew red.

"That's so," he said; "I'd forgotten that. The feller did have you, sure!"

"All of a sudden," Jim continued, "she broke off an' took a look at me, of the

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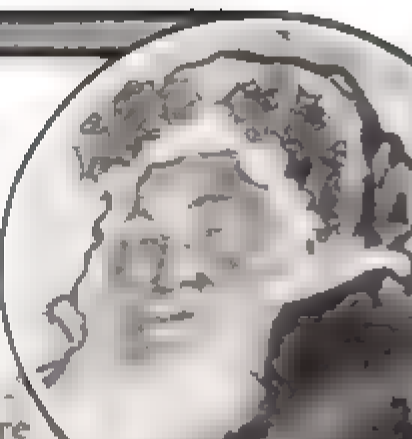

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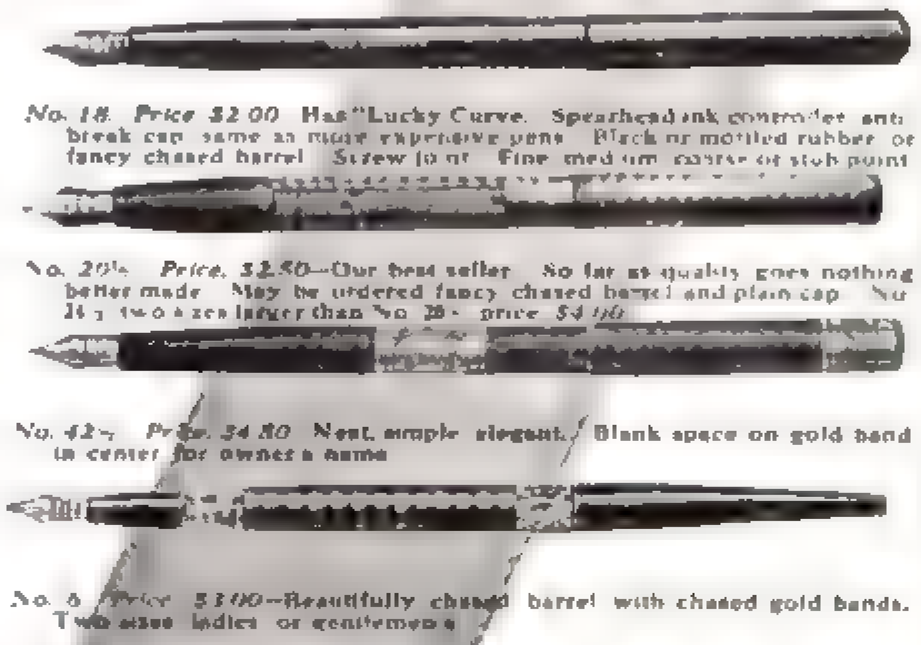

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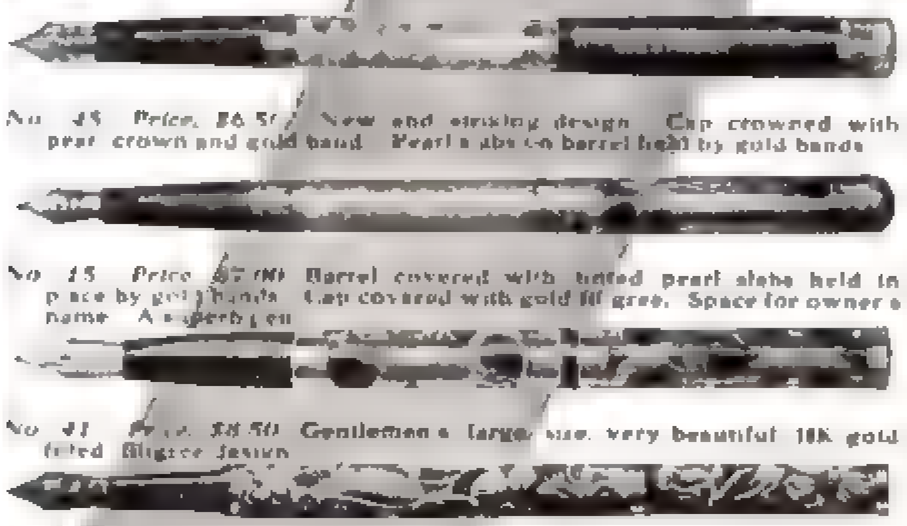

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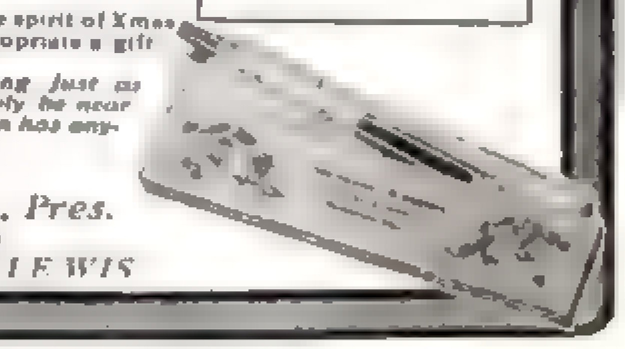

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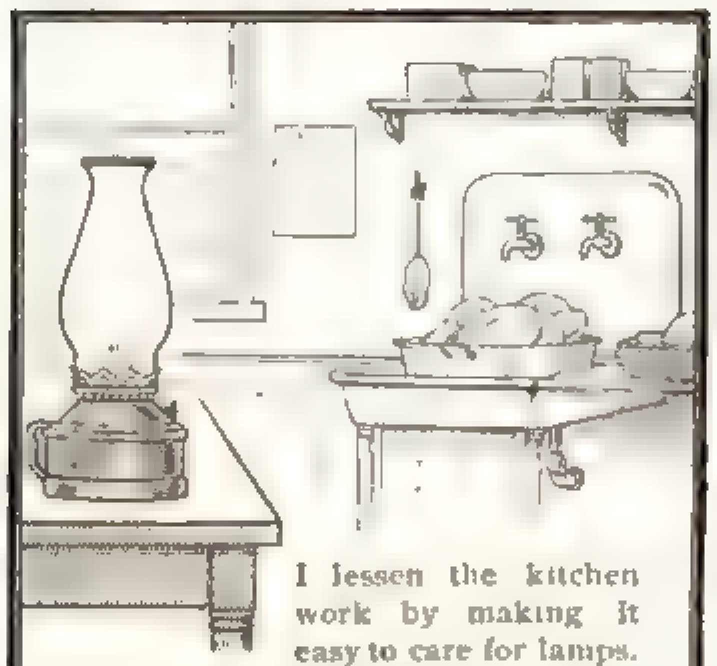

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pitying kind that makes a man too mad to think!

"'How mean I am,' she said, 'to make you listen to all this—when you look so tired. Why, how tired you are!'

"'I ain't!' I said.

"'Oh, yes, you are,' she said. 'An' what a pity! A man like you—to have to be only a clerk, cooped up in a hole of an office, when other men have such a *splendid* life!'

"Mad? You bet I was mad! I told her, right off the bat, that I'd tried her 'splendid life'—been on a tug five years—an' hated the job! . . . Then I said good-night!"

His father gave a long whistle.

"Wa'n't that a mistake?" he asked.

"Everything is mistakes!"

"But I mean this in partic'lar. To begin with, you didn't hate it, you used to love it, same as I do." The captain's voice grew a trifle husky. "You got to be so good at it I began to think maybe, later on, you'd get what your dad never did—a ship." There was a short silence.

"Second," he went on, "even s'pose you did hate it—or do now, in these clerkin' days—Wa'n't it a mistake to come out with it? What d'you know of this other feller? How d'you know he ain't the kind you used to be? How d'you know she don't like that kind, as a change from the life she's been havin'? The ocean ain't a gutter-hole. People have loved it before. Women have even been proud of bein' sailors' wives."

"She's not that kind, I tell you!" cried Jim impatiently. "Anyhow, what's the use talking? This thing ain't at all the same! This feller owns tugs! He don't jest run 'em!"

"You sure?"

"Who else could he be? D'you think for one minute she's the breed of woman to marry a common tug ——" he stopped.

Old MacClanahan rose slowly. His voice was low:

"Look here. Somebody else in this room will be mad in a minute—mad as the all-fired bottomless pit! Your mother was that breed of woman, wa'n't she? . . . Eh?"

"Say!" said Jim hoarsely, rising. "I didn't mean that, an' you know it! I ain't forgetting what a woman *she* was!"

His father looked at him blankly.

"Ain't you?" he asked. "Sometimes I ain't sure."

Jim turned away. His face looked drawn and white.

"Dad!" he whispered, "can't you see how sorry I am for what I said? Can't you see how cut up I am, anyhow, so I don't know *what* I'm saying?"

The captain turned suddenly, gripped his son's hand.

"Look here, Jim," he said fiercely, "I know you! You're a man all the time—underneath, an' if that woman loves you, or did, it's because she has seen what you used to be! Now can't you see what a fool mistake you've gone an' made? How does this make you size up alongside of that other crittur? How d'you know he ain't exactly what you used to be? How d'you know he's a tug owner?"

"She said so," cried Jim.

"Well," said his father slowly, "I own *my* tug, don't I?"

For some moments Jim stared at him speechless.

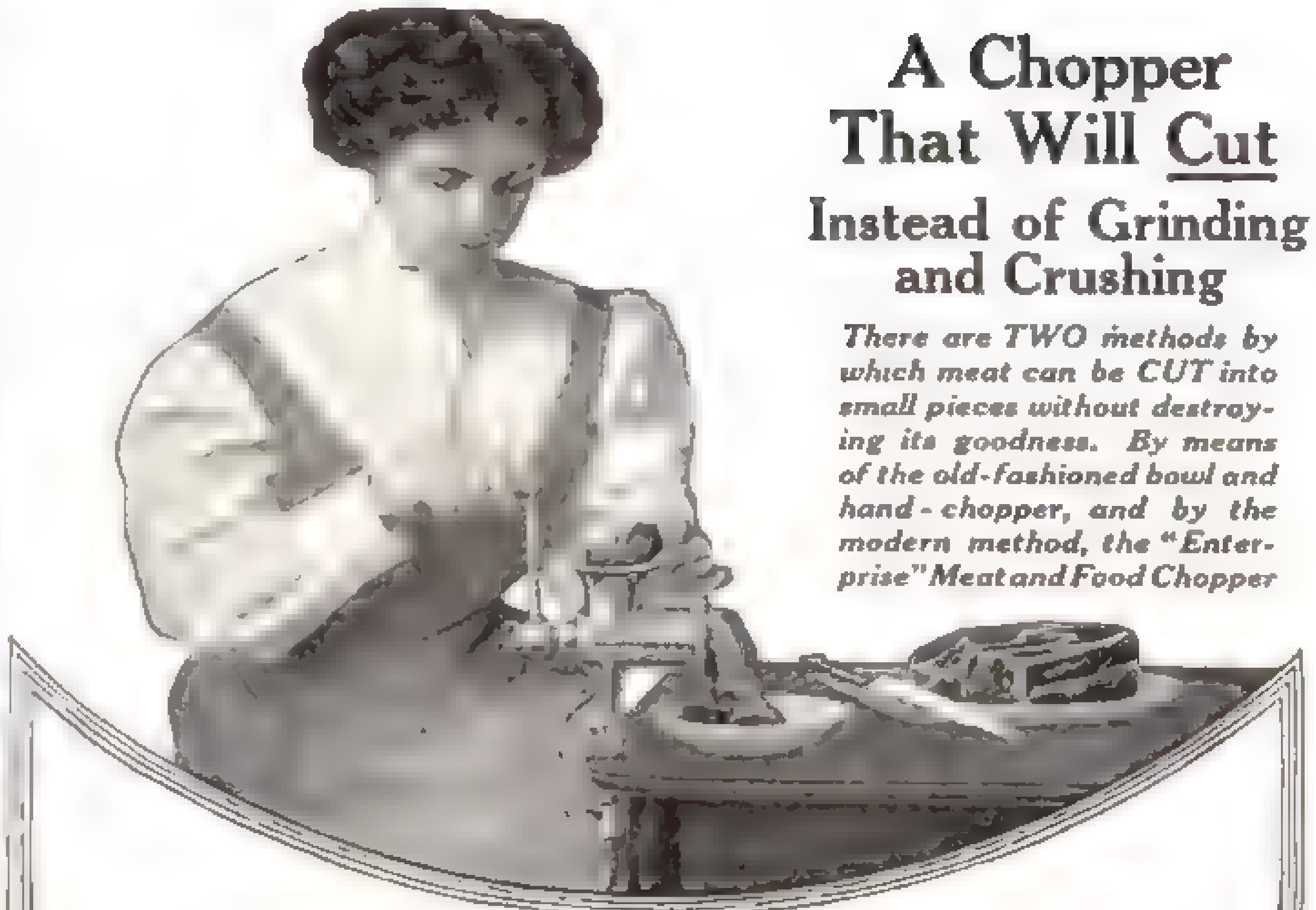
"That's so," he said. "You do."

"Now," said his father, "take my advice. You've been guessin' jest about wild enough to spoil all your chances. S'pose you go in an' collect some facts. Find out what they really do evenin's, find out what he is, what kind of people he comes from—*where he lives!*"

Another week dragged by. Christmas had drawn near. For years the captain's crazy house had been the scene of such Christmas Eve parties as made the Tammany alderman green with envy. This time, absorbed in his daughter-in-law, he had wholly forgotten to prepare. And there were only three days left.

Suddenly rousing to this fact, Captain Mac set to with jovial zest. Stout bunches of holly and mistletoe, huge wreaths and garlands of green, Christmas trees large and small, all came in pell-mell, till the house from cellar to roof was one fresh, spicy chaos. A few select youngsters were asked in to help, and each evening the work went merrily on.

Jim paid little heed. In former years he had been a willing assistant, but now the contrast between his own feelings and the approaching festivities made him set his teeth.



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"Say, Dad." His voice was choking. "Don't be mad if I get out before the fun begins. It's a little more'n I can stand!"

His father rose in surprise.

"Why?" he asked.

"Why? Because of what *she's* doing to-night!" There was a short pause.

"You mean," said the captain gently, "she's havin' a Christmas jamberee up at her home?"

"No! That's just it! She ain't never had one! The flat's too small an' there ain't any kids. So now she's half crazy about it. An' *he* saw she was, confound him, an' he has invited her to the Christmas *at his home*—to finish off the business!"

His father sat down, deeply discouraged.

"Where *is* the durned feller's home?" he asked.

"In a house!" snapped son. "A reg'lar house! An' she says there's a perfect raft of kids coming. She says she can hardly wait!"

"Maybe," suggested the captain forlornly, "she won't *like* the house when she sees it." Jim snorted.

"Like it? Ain't she been there half the week helping 'em trim the tree an' all the rest? Like it? She says that, nowadays, the very idea of a flat makes her mad. That settles things, don't it? Looks *kind* of as though she'd made up her mind. An' it also gives a knockout blow to that other idea of yours—that the feller ain't rich!"

"How?"

"Why," cried Jim, "did you ever hear of a tug captain *owning* a house like that?"

"Yes," said his father grimly, "I have. An' so have you." He took his son's arm.

"Look here, Jim," he said, "ain't it time this thing was ended?" His voice shook with suppressed excitement. He raised his voice as though addressing somebody out in the hall: "This impudent, stony, young woman of yours, ain't she tormented you long enough? Why don't you go right to her an' face her like the man that you are, an' face that other feller, too, an' make her choose between you? Ain't you *man* enough?"

Jim drew himself slowly to his full height, and as he faced the captain the old snap came twinkling into his eyes.

"Dad," he said, "I guess you're right. Anyhow—I'll do it!"

The captain threw a quick side glance, a glance as excited as though the Anny Lisle were plunging through seas that were simply terrific. With a mighty effort regaining control, he turned back and eyed his son.

"Well," he said solemnly, "you're doin' it—now."

The next instant he had a tight grip on somebody's arm.

"Young woman," he cried in menacing tones, "choose—between that other feller—an' my son Jim!"

Somebody gasped. Jim sprang back. And the next moment his arms received a sensation so utterly strange and new that he closed them—tighter and tighter; eyes, mind, body and soul all spinning around.

"Easy," cried a stern, shaking, old voice, "easy there!" And Captain Mac skipped out of the room.

Down in the kitchen he seized Bess, the astonished old cook, and waltzed her gravely round and round till she came to a sharp, indignant halt. He vigorously mopped his forehead and eyes, took a look at the clock.

"Hello," he cried. "Here's Christmas! In about five minutes those kids will be pourin' all over the house." And he hurried upstairs to give warning.

In the hall he stopped and listened, heard not a sound, but shook with glee.

"Ship ahoy!" he called out at last.

"Ship ahoy!" he repeated. "Speak up when you're hailed! I'm the old tug, Anny Lisle, who got you safe out of the harbor—come to say good-by!"

Still no reply. Only odd noises.

"Look here," roared the captain. "You cocky young ship, are you goin' to throw off the tow without even a word! Hello!"

"Hello!" came a voice from the other room, a voice low and vibrating with gladness. "Anny Lisle, ahoy! We want a tow—over the sea! Come alongside!"

The captain's face fell.

"Can't take the job," he called. "Too old. Get another tug."

"Like thunder we will!" shouted somebody else. "Come alongside!"

And a few moments later, in the maddest jumble of unsteady voices and mistletoe doings and laughter, Christmas was well under way! And the voyage had begun!

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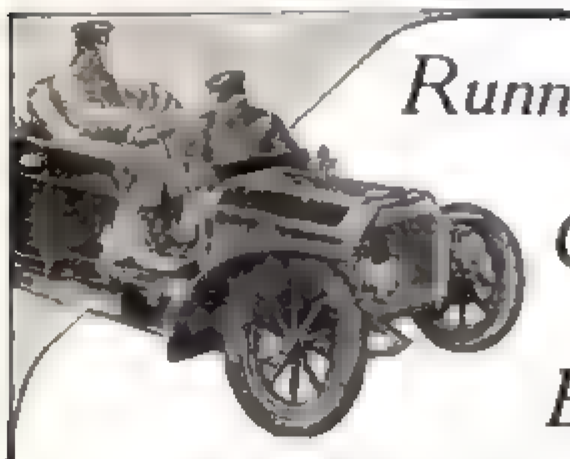

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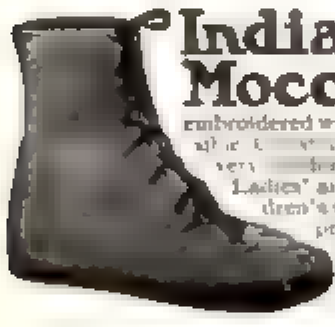

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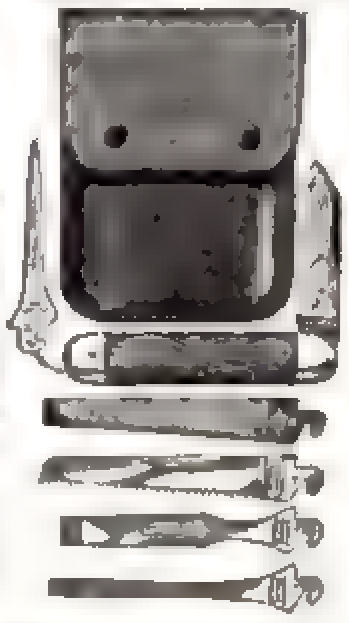

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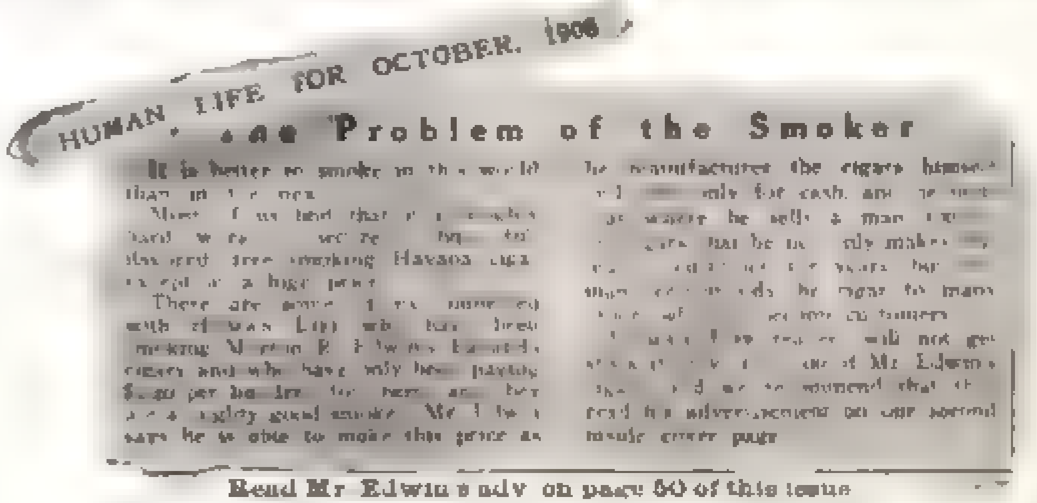

HUMAN LIFE FOR OCTOBER, 1908

... the Problem of the Smoker

It is better to smoke in this world than in the next. [illegible]

Read Mr. Edwin's adv. on page 50 of this issue

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FOR generations "Old Saint Nick" repeatedly refused to shave, for lack of a good Razor. He would not use the "ordinary straight razor" nor the "old style safety."

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THE AutoStrop Safety Razor automatically strops itself. It has a self-contained stropper. So simple and convenient that anyone readily restores THAT keen edge necessary for a perfect shave. And this in less time than it takes to change an old for a new blade in any other razor. AutoStrop blades are too good to throw away—they improve with use.

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345 Fifth Avenue, New York
London, England, 61 New Oxford St.
Montreal, Canada, 14 St. Helen St.

THE THIN SANTA CLAUS

(Concluded from Page 9)

"Yes?" said Mrs. Gratz. "And what is it, such cloos? I haven't any clooses."

The thin Santa Claus seemed provoked.

"Now, look here!" he said. "You may think this is funny, but it isn't. I have got to catch that chicken thief or I'll lose my job, and I can't catch him unless I have some clews to catch him with. Now, didn't you have some chickens stolen last night?"

"Chickens?" asked Mrs. Gratz. "No, I didn't have chickens stolen. Such toober-chlosis bugs eat them. With fedders, too. And bones. Right off the hoofs, ain't it a pity?"

It may have been a blush of shame, but it was more like a flush of anger, that overspread the face of the thin Santa Claus. He stared hard at the placid German face of Mrs. Gratz, and decided she was too stupid to mean it—that she was not teasing him.

"You don't catch on," he said. "You see, there ain't any such things as toober-chlosis bugs. I just made that up as a sort of detective disguise. Them chickens wasn't eat by no bugs at all—they was stole. See? A chicken thief come right into the coop and stole them. Do you think any kind of a bug could pry off a padlock?"

Mrs. Gratz seemed to let this sink into her mind and to revolve there, and get to feeling at home, before she answered.

"No," she said at length, "I guess not. But Santy Claus could do it. Such a big, fat man. Sure he could do it."

"Why, you ——" began the thin man crossly, and then changed his tone. "There ain't no such thing as Santy Claus," he said as one might speak to a child—but even a chicken thief would not tell a child such a thing, I hope.

"No?" queried Mrs. Gratz sadly. "No Santy Claus? And I was scared of it, myself, with such toober-chlosis bugs around. He should not to have gone into such a chicken coop with so many bugs busting up all over. He had a right to have fumigated himself, once. And now he ain't. He's all eat up, on the hoof, bones and feet and all. And such a kind man, too."

The thin Santa Claus frowned. He had half an idea that Mrs. Gratz was fooling with him, and when he spoke it was crisply.

"Now, see here," he said, "last night somebody broke into your chicken coop and stole all your chickens. I know that. And he's been stealing chickens all around this town, and all around this part of the country, too, and I know that. And this stealing has got to stop. I've got to catch that thief. And to catch him I've got to have a clew. A clew is something he has left around, or dropped, where he was stealing. Now, did that chicken thief drop any clews in your chicken yard? That's what I want to know—did he drop any clews?"

"Mebby, if he dropped some cloos, those toober-chlosis bugs eat them up," suggested Mrs. Gratz. "They eats bones and fedders; mebby they eats cloos, too."

"Now, ain't that smart?" sneered the thin Santa Claus. "Don't you think you're funny? But I'll tell you the clew I'm looking for. Did that thief drop a pocketbook, or anything like that?"

"Oh, a pocketbook!" said Mrs. Gratz. "How much should be in such a pocketbook, mebby?"

"Nine hundred dollars," said the thin Santa Claus promptly.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Gratz. "So much money all in one cloos! Come out to the chicken yard once; I'll help hunt for cloos, too."

The thin Santa Claus stood a minute looking doubtfully at Mrs. Gratz. Her face was large and placid and unemotional.

"Well," he said with a sigh, "it ain't much use, but I'll try it again."

When he had gone, after another close search of the chicken yard and coop, Mrs. Gratz returned to her friend, Mrs. Flannery.

"Purty soon I don't belief any more in Santy Claus at all," she said. "Purty soon I have more beliefs in chicken thiefs than in Santy Claus. Yet a while I beliefs in him, but, one more of those come-agains, and I don't."

"He'll not be comin' back any more," said Mrs. Flannery positively. "I'm wonderin' he came at all, and the jail so handy. All ye have t' do is t' call a cop."

"Sure!" said Mrs. Gratz. "But it is not nice I should put Santy Claus in jail. Such a liberal Santy Claus, too."

"Have it yer own way, mam," said Mrs. Flannery. "I'll own 'tis some different whin chickens is stole. 'Tis hard to expind th' affections on a bunch of chickens, but, if any one was t' steal my pig, t' jail he would go, Santy Claus or no Santy Claus. Not but what ye have a kind heart anyway, mam, not wantin' t' put th' poor fellow in jail whin he has already lost nine hundred dollars, which, goodness knows, ye might have t' hand back, was th' law t' take a hand in it."

"So!" said Mrs. Gratz. "Such is the law, yet? All right, I don't belief in chicken thiefs, no matter how much he comes again. I stick me to Santy Claus. Always will I belief in Santy Claus. Chicken thiefs gives, and wants to take away again, but Santy Claus is always giving and never taking."

"Ye're fergettin' th' chickens that was took," suggested Mrs. Flannery.

"Took?" said Mrs. Gratz.

"Tooken," Mrs. Flannery corrected.

"Tooked?" said Mrs. Gratz. "I beliefs me not in Santy Claus that way. I beliefs he is a good old man. For givings I beliefs in Santy Claus, but for takings I beliefs in toober-chlosis bugs."

"An' th' busted padlock, then?" asked Mrs. Flannery.

"Ach!" exclaimed Mrs. Gratz. "Them reindeers is so frisky, yet. They have a right to kick up and bust it, mebby."

Mrs. Flannery sighed.

"'Tis a grand thing t' have faith, mam," she said.

"Y-e-s," said Mrs. Gratz indolently, "that's nice. And it is nice to have nine hundred dollars more in the bank, ain't it?"

THE FASHIONABLE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA CRAIG

(Continued from Page 21)

was still breakfastless he well knew how to manipulate his weaknesses so that his purposes could cow them, could even use them. He answered her lowering glance with a flash of his blue-green eyes like lightning from a thunder-cloud. "Do you know it is nine o'clock?" demanded he.

"So early? I try to get up late so that the days won't seem so long."

He abandoned the field to her, and she thought him permanently beaten. She had yet to learn the depths of his sagacity that never gave battle until the time was auspicious.

Two mornings later he returned to the attack. "I see your light burning every night until midnight," said he—at breakfast with her, after the usual wait.

"I read myself to sleep," explained she.

"Do you think that's good for you?"

"I don't notice any ill effects."

"You say your health doesn't improve as rapidly as you hoped."

Check! She reddened with guilt and exasperation. "What a sly trick!" thought she. She answered him with a cold: "I always have read myself to sleep, and I fancy I always shall."

"If you went to sleep earlier," observed he, his air unmistakably that of the victor conscious of victory, "you'd not keep me raging round two or three hours for breakfast."

"How often I've asked you not to wait for me! I prefer to breakfast alone, anyhow. It's the dreadful habit of breakfasting together that causes people to get on together so badly."

"I'd not feel right," said he, moderately, but firmly, "if I didn't see you at breakfast."

She sat silent—thinking. He felt what she was thinking—how common this was, how "middle class," how "bourgeois," she was calling it. "Bourgeois" was her favorite word for all that she objected to in

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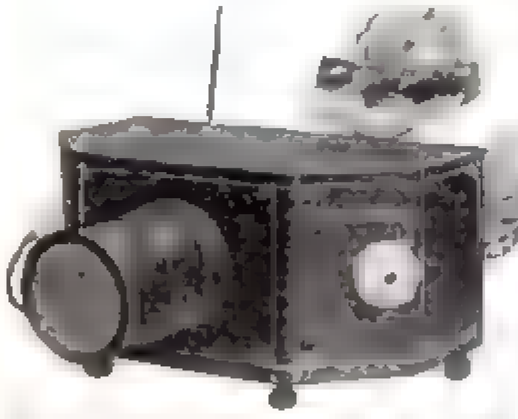

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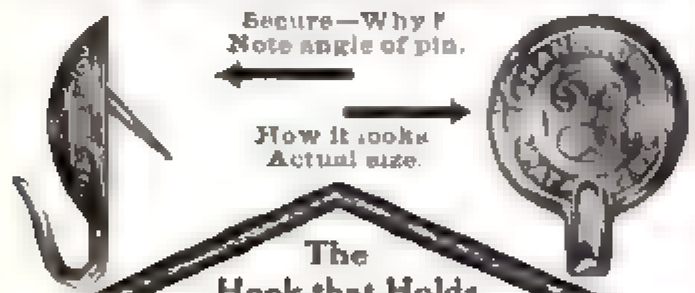
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him, for all she was trying to train out of him by what she regarded as most artistically indirect lessons. He felt that their talk about his family, what he had said, had shown he felt, was recurring to her. He grew red, burned with shame from head to foot. "What a fool, what a pup I was!" he said to himself. "If she had been a real lady—no, by gad a real *woman*—she'd have shown that she despised me."

Again and again that incident had come back to him. It had been, perhaps, the most powerful factor in his patience with her airs and condescensions. He felt that it, the lowest dip of his degradation in snobism, had given her the right to keep him in his place. It seemed to him one of those frightful crimes against self-respect which can never be atoned, and, bad as he thought it from the standpoint of good sense as to the way to get on with her, he suffered far more because it was such a stinging, scoffing denial of all his pretenses of personal pride. "Her sensibilities have been too blunted by associating with those Washington vulgarians," he reasoned, "for her to realize the enormity of my offense, but she realizes enough to look down at me more contemptuously every time she recalls it."

However, the greater the blunder the greater the necessity of repairing. He resolutely thrust his self-abasing thoughts to the background of his mind, and began afresh.

"I'm sure," said he, "you'd not mind, once you got used to it."

She was startled out of her abstraction. "Used to—what?" she inquired.

"To getting up early."

"Oh!" She gave a relieved laugh. "Still harping on that. How persistent you are!"

"You could accomplish twice as much if you got up early and made a right start."

She frowned slightly. "Couldn't think of it," said she, in the tone of one whose forbearance is about at an end. "I hate the early morning."

"We usually hate what's best for us. But, if we're sensible, we do it until it becomes a habit that we don't mind—or positively like."

This philosophy of the indisputable and the sensible brimmed the measure. "What would you think of me," said she, in her pleasantest, most deliberately irritating way in the world, "if I were to insist that you get up late and breakfast late? You should learn to let live as well as to live. You are too fond of trying to compel everybody to do as you wish."

"I make 'em see that what I wish is what they ought to do. That's not compelling."

"It's even more unpopular."

"I'm not looking for popularity, but for success."

"Well, please don't annoy me in the mornings hereafter."

"You don't seem to realize you've renounced your foolish idlers and all their ways, and have joined the working-classes." His good humor had come back with breakfast; he had finished two large trout, much bread and marmalade and coffee—and it had given her a pleasure that somehow seemed vulgar and forbidden to see him eat so vastly, with such obvious delight. As he made his jest about her entry into the working-classes—she who suggested a queen bee, to employ the labors of a whole army of willing toilers, while she herself toiled not—he was tilted back at his ease, smoking a cigarette and watching the sunbeams sparkle in the waves of her black hair like jewels showered there. "You're surely quite well again," he went on, the trend of his thought so hidden that he did not see it himself.

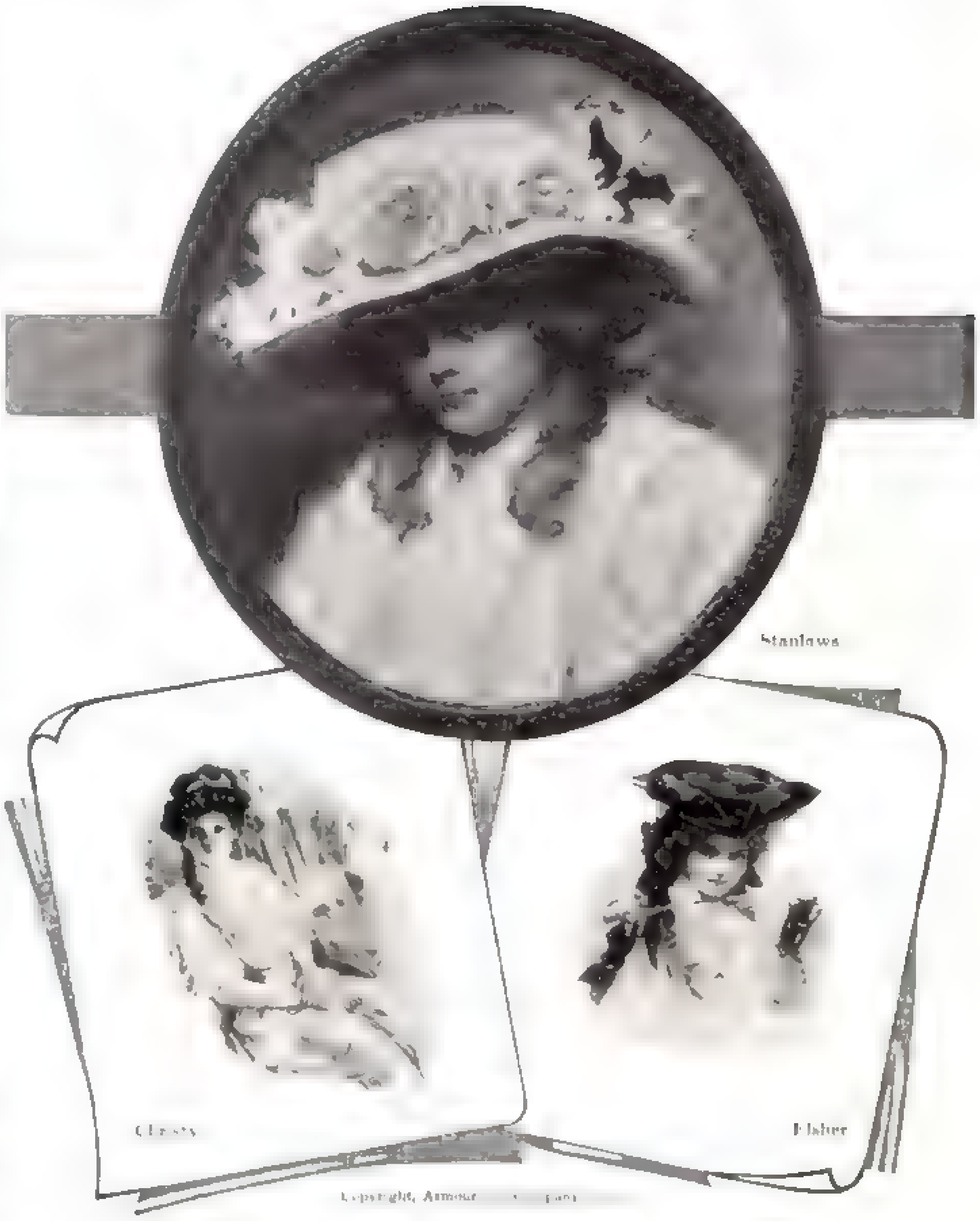
"I don't feel especially well," said she, instantly on guard.

He laughed.

"You'd not dare say that to yourself in the mirror. You have wonderful color. Your eyes—there never was anything so clear. You were always straight—that was one of the things I admired about you. But now you seem to be straight without the slightest effort—the natural straightness of a sapling."

This was most agreeable, for she loved compliments, liked to discover that the charms which she herself saw in herself were really there. But encouraging such talk was not compatible with the course she had laid out for herself with him. She continued silent and cold.

"If you'd only go to sleep early, and get up early, and drop all that the railway



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There are five drawings. The one shown at the top of this column is by Penrhyn Stanlaws. It serves as part of the cover design [illegible]. You should see it [illegible] the color.

The one to the left is by Christy [illegible]—one of the daintiest effects ever produced by this well-known artist.

The one to the right is by Harrison Fisher in colored crayon—one of his best—typical of his ability.

The two below are by C. Allan Gilbert and Henry Hutt; also in colors—Gilbert's in pastel—Hutt's in wash.

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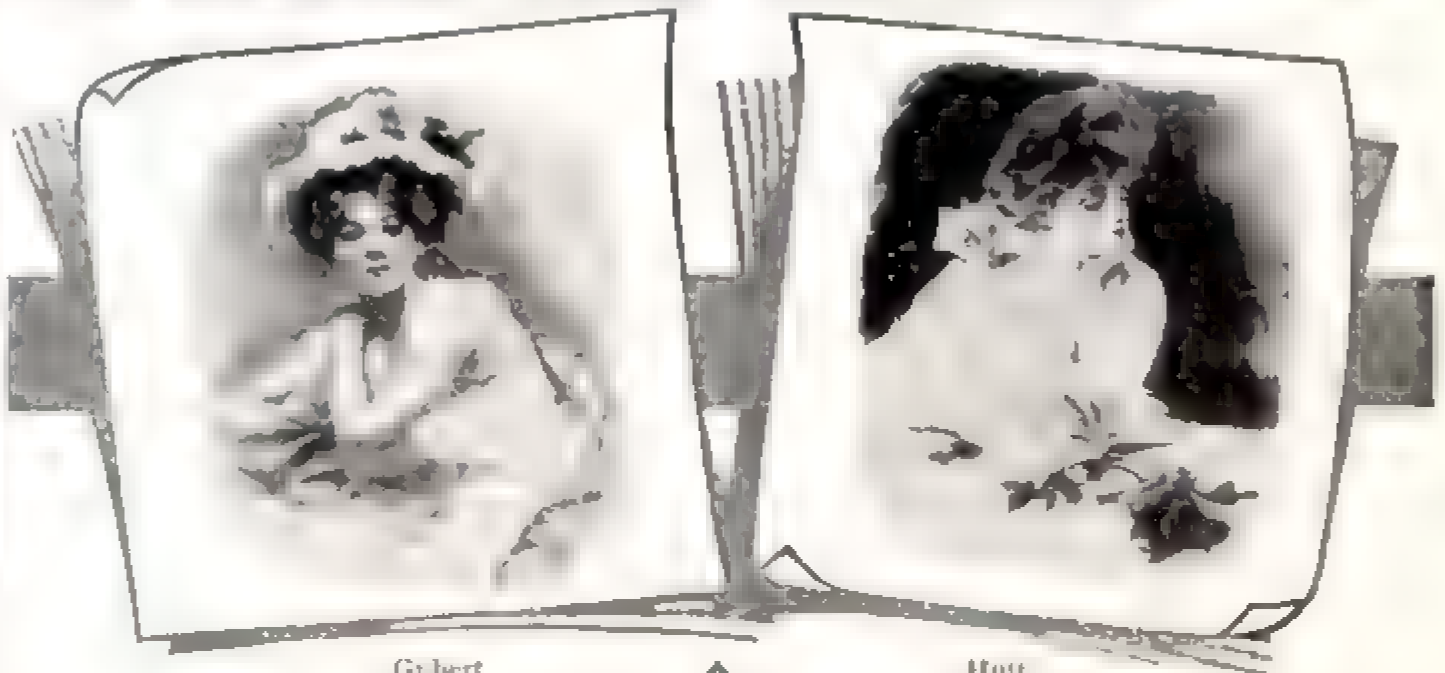

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 12-5-08

train carried us away from you'd be as happy as the birds and the deer and the fish."

"I shall not change my habits," said she tartly. "I hope you'll drop the subject."

He leaned across the table toward her, the same charm now in his face and in his voice that had drawn her when she first heard him in public speech. "Let's suppose I'm a woodchopper, and you are my wife. We've never been anywhere but just here. We're going to live here all our lives—just you and I—and no one else—and we don't want any one else. And we love each other ——"

It was very alluring, but there was duty frowning upon her yielding senses. "Please don't let that smoke drift into my face," said she crossly. "It's choking me."

He flung away the cigarette. "Beg pardon," he muttered, between anger and humility. "Thought you didn't mind smoking."

She was ashamed of herself, and grew still angrier. "If you'd only think about some one besides yourself once in a while," said she. "You quite wear people out, with your everlasting thinking and talking about yourself."

"You'd better stop that midnight reading," flared he. "Your temper is going to the devil."

She rose with great dignity; with an expression that seemed to send him tumbling, and her soaring, she went into the house

In some moods he would have lain where he fell for quite a while. But his mood of delight in her charms as a woman had completely eclipsed his deference for her charms as a lady. He hesitated only a second, then followed her, overtook her at the entrance to her room. She, hearing him coming, did not face about and put him back in his place with one haughty look. Instead, she, in impulsive, most ill-timed panic, quickened her step. When the woman flees the man, if there be any manhood in him, pursues. He caught her, held her fast.

"Let me go!" she cried, not with the compelling force of offended dignity, but with the hysterical ineffectiveness of terror. "You are rough. You hurt."

He laughed, turned her about in his arms until she was facing him. "The odor of those pines, out there," he said, "makes me drunk, and the odor of your hair makes me insane." And he was kissing her—those fierce, strong caresses that at once repelled and compelled her.

"I hate you!" she panted. "I hate you!"

"Oh, no, you don't," retorted he. "That isn't what's in your eyes." And he held her so tightly that she was almost crying out with pain.

"Please—please!" she gasped. And she wrenched to free herself. One of his hands slipped, his nail tore a long gash in her neck; the blood spurted out, she gave a loud cry, an exaggerated cry—for the pain, somehow, had a certain pleasure in it. He released her, stared vacantly at the wound he had made. She rushed into her room, slammed the door and locked it.

"Margaret!" he implored.

She did not answer; he knew she would not. He sat miserably at her door for an hour, then wandered out into the woods, and stayed there until dinnertime.

When he came in she was sitting by the lake, reading a French novel. To him, who knew only his own language, there was something peculiarly refined and elegant about her ability at French; he thought, as did she, that she spoke French like a native, though, in fact, her accent was almost British, and her understanding of it was just about what can be expected in a person who has never made a thorough study of any language. As he advanced toward her she seemed unconscious of his presence. But she was seeing him distinctly, and so ludicrous a figure of shy and sheepish contrition was he making that she with difficulty restrained her laughter. He glanced guiltily at the long, red scratch on the whiteness of her throat.

"I'm ashamed of myself," said he humbly. "I'm not fit to touch a person like you. I—I ——"

She was not so mean as she had thought she would be. "It was nothing," said she pleasantly, if distantly. "Is dinner ready?"

Once more she had him where she wished—abject, apologetic, conscious of the high honor of merely being permitted to associate with her. She could relax and unbend again; she was safe from his cyclones.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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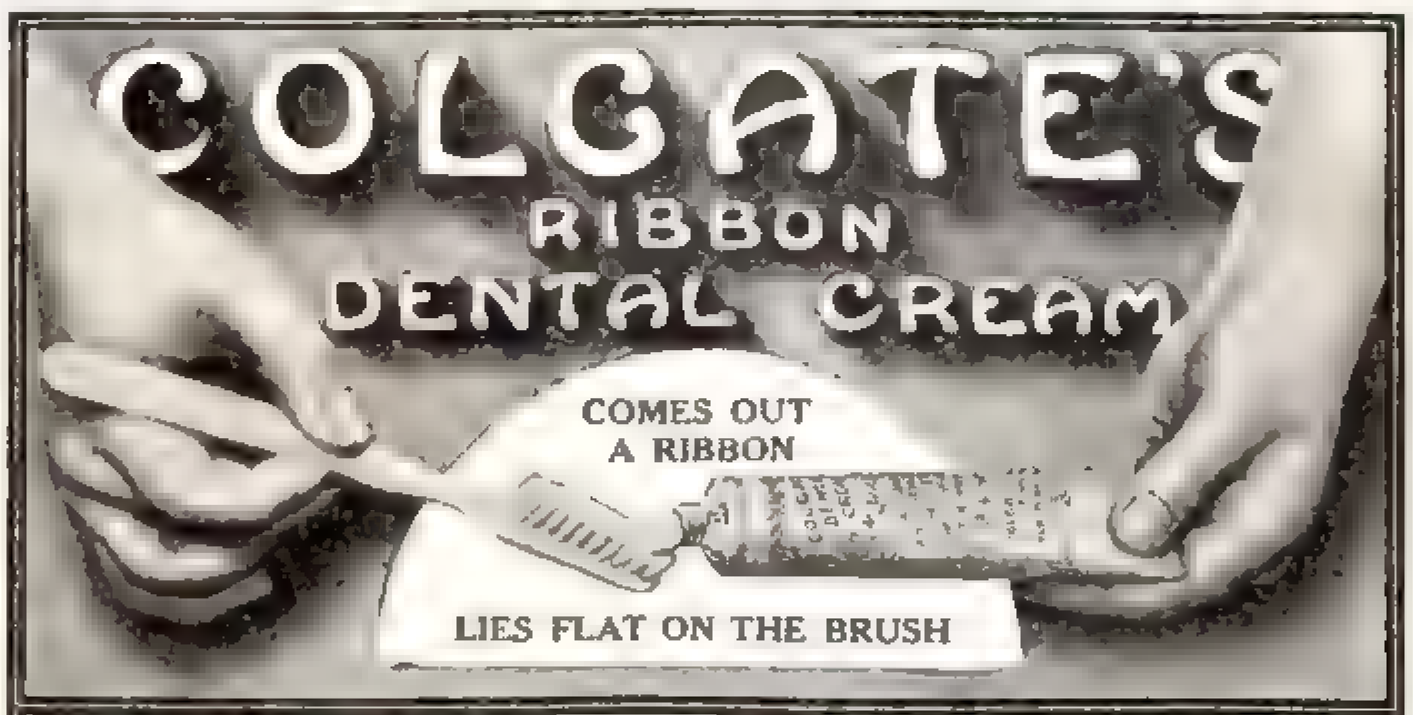
This heater gives intense heat, with no smoke, no smell. Turn it as high as you can to light it, as low as you can to extinguish it. Easy to clean, easily carried from room to room. Nickel or Japan finish. Every heater guaranteed.

The Rayo Lamp is the best lamp for all-round household purposes. Gives a clear, steady light. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved central draft burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp guaranteed.

If you cannot get heater and lamp at your dealer's, write to your nearest agency

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)



Delicious, antiseptic, more convenient, efficient, less wasteful than powder

We recently [illegible] 32 [illegible] New York [illegible] 23 signed a statement [illegible] Dental Cream [illegible] the way in which the [illegible] this Cream. It is what [illegible] have long wanted—**A Perfect Dentifrice in a Perfect Package**

Sample sent for 2cts in stamps. COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, 55 JOHN ST., NEW YORK

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap, Powders and Perfumes sold throughout the world.

SEND US COON, Mink, Possum and other furs, hides, roots, etc.

We charge no commission. We stand express charges on shipments of fur amounting to $10 or more. Write for tags, price lists.

ST. LOUIS FUR CO.
225 North Main Street, St. Louis

NEW LIGHT, Incandescent KEROSENE OIL BURNER

Fits any lamp, gives 3 times light, costs 1-6 oil, 1-5 gas, 1-10 electricity. Everyone likes it. Agents wanted. Send for booklet and price list No. 3.

U. S. A. LIGHT COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"I MADE $12 PER DAY
Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"
From sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM.

AGENTS

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THOMAS MFG CO.
426 Home Bldg.
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ADOPT ONE OF THE SIX PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC EMBLEMS

and so be able to tell your own brush. Always ask for same emblem. Find it on the *yellow box* that protects and guarantees. See hole in handle with hook? Hang it in your own place to keep clean and dry. Curved handle reaches all teeth. Bristles trimmed to clean between the teeth.

Made under American sanitary conditions. By mail or at dealers.

Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c.
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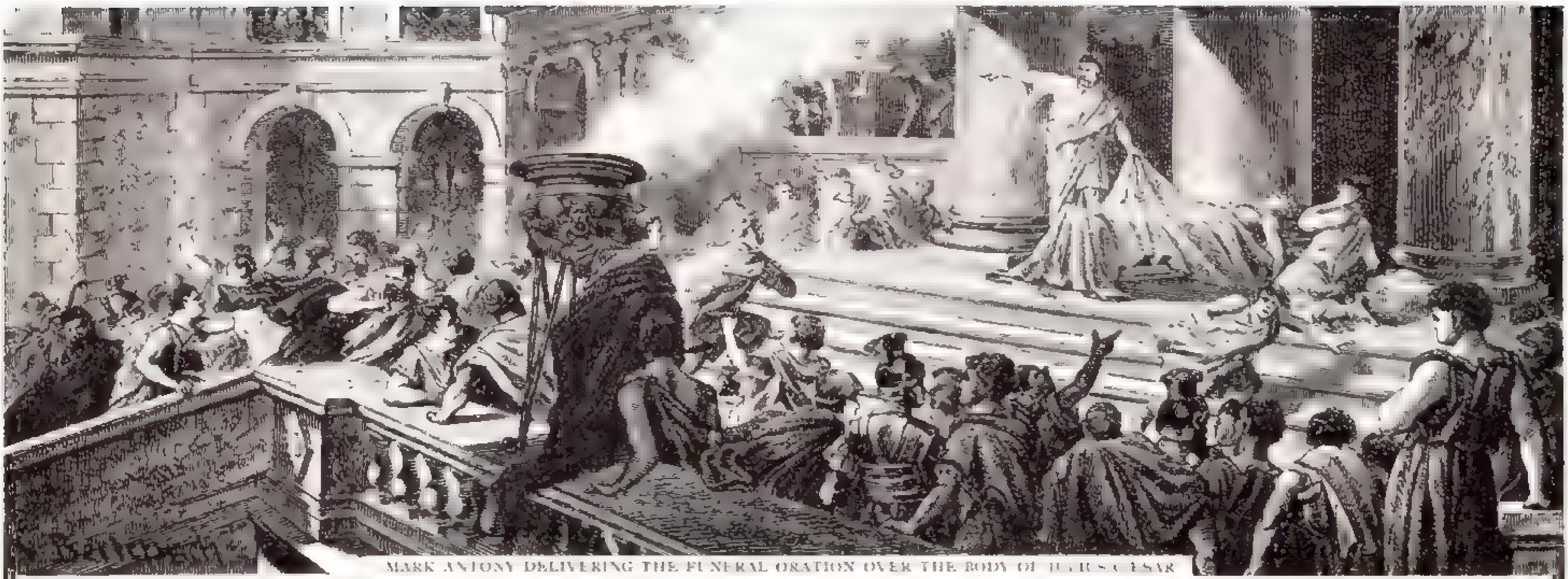
Pro-phy-lac-tic

Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths"

FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.



MARK ANTONY DELIVERING THE FUNERAL ORATION OVER THE BODY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

CAESAR'S name has stood through all the ages as the embodiment of imperial power. His untimely end, after reaching the pinnacle of earthly glory, is one of the great tragedies of history. The picture shown herewith, from Ridpath's History, is but ONE of TWO THOUSAND in the complete work, and serves to illustrate but ONE event out of all the THOUSANDS which make up the history of every empire, kingdom, principality, and Nation, all accurately and entertainingly told in the world-famed publication

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THE PUBLISHER'S FAILURE placed in our hands the entire unsold edition of this monumental work. BRAND NEW, down to date, beautifully bound in Half-Morocco, which we must sell immediately. We are offering the remaining sets

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We will **name our price** only in **direct letters** to those **sending the coupon** below. **Tear off the Coupon,** write **name** and **address** plainly and **mail now before you forget it.** Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done but his family derive their income from his History, and **to print our price broadcast** for the sake of selling these sets would cause **great injury to future sales. Send Coupon Today. The sample pages are free.**

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Send Coupon Today

FOLD, TEAR OUT, WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS AND MAIL

12-5-08

FREE COUPON

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
H. E. SEVER, President
204 Dearborn St., Chicago

Please mail without cost to me sample pages of **Ridpath's History of the World** containing photogravures of Napoleon and Queen Elizabeth, engravings of Socrates, Cæsar and Shakespeare, map of China and Japan, diagram of Panama Canal, and write me full particulars of your special offer to **The Saturday Evening Post** readers.

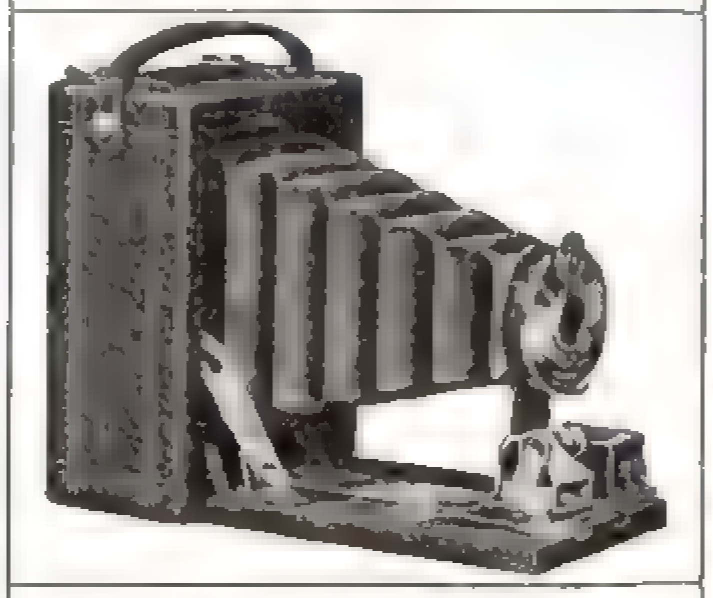
NAME

ADDRESS

No letter necessary. Just write name and address and mail

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For that boy of yours—
For that girl of yours—
For any one of your family



A PREMOETTE

It will begin its mission in eager hands the first thing Christmas morning.

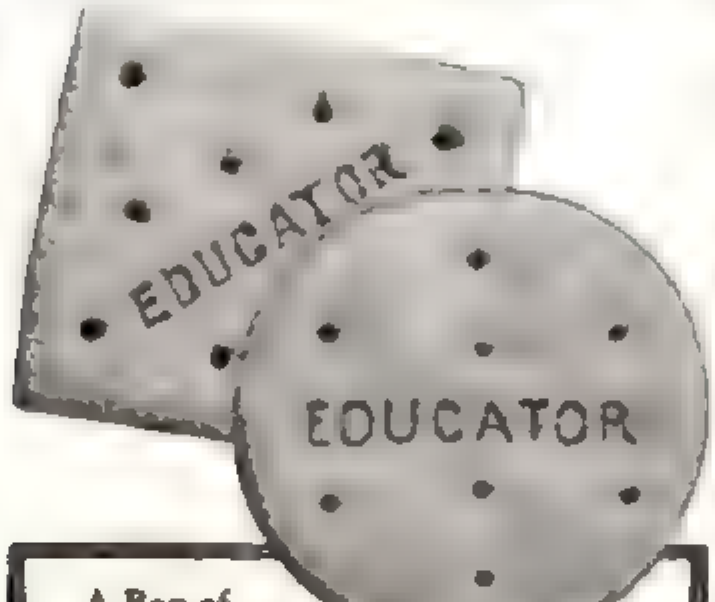
It's the smallest camera made for pictures of practical size—so simple, that any youngster can operate it—so efficient, that anybody will welcome it, for it makes 2¼ x 3¼ pictures of as good quality as can be obtained with the largest cameras.

Loads in daylight with Premo Film Pack, has automatic shutter and weighs just eleven ounces.

Price $5.00

Catalogue of this and over fifty different styles and sizes of Premos at the dealer's or mailed on request.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Company
51 South Street, Rochester, N. Y.



A Box of Assorted

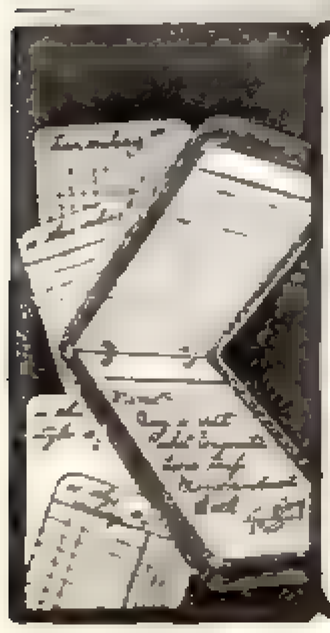
EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Sent To You Free

just to let you prove the difference between them and the usual crackers you buy. The [illegible] Educator Crackers more [illegible] than any crackers you've ever tasted.

Your name on a postal will bring the sample box; please give us the name of your grocer. All grocers [illegible] Educator Crackers. If yours hasn't them and won't get them, we'll supply you direct.

Johnson Educator Food Co., 209 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.



POCKET SYSTEM

Keep your notes and memos [illegible]

VEST POCKET
UNIMATIC Loose Leaf
Memorandum Book

Has all the above features of convenience. [illegible]

Sieber & Trussell Mfg. Co.
4002 Laclede Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

THE PEDIGREE HUNTERS

(Concluded from Page 5)

there are ten generations, as the genealogists reckon, and to-day the scion of a monarch of that time, without allowing for intermarriages in the lines of descent, could not boast of even a thousandth part of royal blood. Carry it on three hundred years more, and he would have less than a millionth, and just as much might be flowing in the veins of his cook.

Still, there is nothing more persistent than the survival of type. In the streets of Fez one meets with the red-haired, blue-eyed Scot, the English florid complexion and fair hair, the Spaniard who lies all day in the sun strumming on a *grimbri*. Yet they are all Moors of the strictest orthodoxy, speaking no other language but their own, and, probably, with no ancestors but Moors for many generations. To-day, if you enter any of the little fishing-huts about the original Baltimore, you will see an astonishing opulence of color, and be received with Oriental hospitality by men and women whose type you will recognize any day on the far outskirts of Algiers. The Algerines left their mark in their long visits before they sacked the town in the days of The O'Driscoll, and the type is there to-day, as virile and persistent as ever.

No matter how faint a trace of the monarch's blood arithmetic may show the descendant of a mediæval king to possess, there is a lively and growing demand in America for royal ancestry. Yet of the tens of thousands of Americans who really are of royal descent very few are aware of the fact. But there are hundreds who in all sincerity boast of such a lineage without the slightest grounds for their claim. There is nothing more dubious than a long pedigree. It is likely to take wing at any moment. The foreign genealogist will declare that five out of ten of the long ancestral charts in this country will not bear investigation. A single blunder or the acceptance of some doubtful record may cause a person to claim a whole line of forebears with whom he has not the remotest connection. And these blunders are being made all the time.

With the American lines the danger of mistakes is not so great, but European researches must be conducted on a more elaborate scale, and in making them even the most scholarly and conscientious agent is likely to blunder. Parish registers have in some cases been kept improperly, and ministers or wardens, fearing the penalty incurred by their neglect, have inserted false names. English Visitations, although accepted as evidence, depend mainly, for the earlier generations, on the unsupported statement of the then head of the house or family. Traditions often have been accepted when direct evidence was lacking. Even in the lineage of the peerage families expert genealogists declare there is much confusion and blundering, without even an attempt to preserve consistency in error.

Many a person, however, is perfectly willing to wink at an oversight in the preparation of his ancestral line, considering a spurious claim to a fine collection of forefathers better than no claim at all. In fact, the infant industry of supplying ancestry, although it has not yet reached the department stores or installment houses, has developed to such an extent that there are now professional pedigree-hunters to suit all tastes. There is the genealogist who, like the popular portrait painter who makes every woman beautiful regardless of her defects, will supply the kind of ancestors his client most desires. His sole aim is to please, and, in itself, that is a fine ambition. Any one, no matter what his real lineage happens to be, can have himself traced back to a royal line. A brand-new millionaire from the gold fields finds no difficulty in acquiring a truly magnificent collection of forebears, if that is the only kind he is willing to buy.

To be sure, he might undergo some embarrassment in supplying satisfactory proof if it should come to the test. But the great beauty of laying claim to an ancient ancestor, whether he is yours or not, lies in the fact that it never does come to the test. Americans are not parsimonious, but they are not hiring genealogists at fifteen hundred dollars a month for the satisfaction of proving that their neighbor's mediæval forefather doesn't belong to him.

Crawford Shoes
for Men $3.50 $4.00 $5.00

2521 [illegible] prepaid [illegible]

THERE is danger in wearing shoes with soft, spongy insoles because this part of the shoe comes in direct contact with your sensitive foot sole and upon it rests the weight of the whole body. Crawford insoles are cut from selected firm, closely-fibred hides in our No. 4 Factory which is maintained exclusively for the sole leather department. Crawford insoles never grow rough and uneven. **The Crawford combination of firm insoles and of "bend" outersoles insures a permanently smooth bed for your feet!**

Ask your local Crawford dealer about the other good points of Crawford Shoes—Crawford patented "Tredstrate" lasts, "bend" sole leather, reinforced shanks, Crawford "stay-up" box toes, and other special Crawford features.

Crawford Shoes contain many points of merit—that's why they are such a good shoe investment. Take my advice and buy a pair of Crawfords!

When retailers drop other brands [illegible] in two years

WRITE FOR BOOKLET U
IT TELLS THE CRAWFORD STORY

Charles A. Eaton
President

CHARLES A. EATON COMPANY, Brockton, Mass.

HARRY'S ISLAND
A GREAT BOOK FOR BOYS
BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR
AUTHOR of "THE CRIMSON SWEATER"

HAVE you ever enjoyed a book more than you enjoyed "Robinson Crusoe"? Here is a new book by the most popular writer for boys, Ralph Henry Barbour,—a story of three boys camping out for a month,—a kind of a civilized "Robinson Crusoe."

If you are *giving* Christmas presents, give "Harry's Island." It is a sure hit.

If you are *receiving* Christmas presents, try to get "Harry's Island" on the list. Handsome binding. Splendid pictures.

Other Books by Ralph Henry Barbour

THE CRIMSON SWEATER
TOM DICK AND HARRIET

Each beautifully illustrated; price of each $1.50. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

Send for our pamphlet "Books for Boys," with colored cover and [illegible] pictures on every page. It contains a [illegible] list of books for boys and girls. Address above.

$1.00 Christmas Gift. Sanford's Fountain Penholder

Useful and Novel. Use any steel pen. Change pen same as in ordinary penholders. A steady flow of ink. **Never leaks or floods.** [illegible] Order one to-day enclosing your favorite steel pen. [illegible] **Use it 10 days and if not satisfied, return it and we will refund your money.** Sent postpaid for $1.00, check, money-order or stamps. Safety Clip 10c extra. Booklet free. (Pat. Feb. 25, 1908).

Regular Stub
Semi-Stub
Full Stub
Fine Point
Book-keeper's Point
Spencer-ian Point
Corre-spondent's Pen
Bilder's Point

The Sanford Pen Co.
187 E. 106th St., Cleveland, O.

Ah! That's

Orchid SMOKING TOBACCO

There's no other tobacco like it. No other tobacco has the delightful aroma, the delicate, refined taste, the soothing, satisfying qualities of Orchid Tobacco.

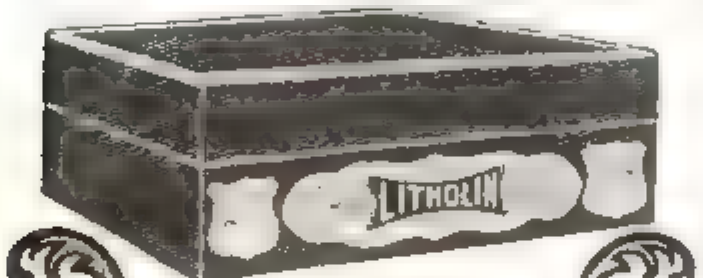
Orchid Tobacco is a blend of the finest tobaccos grown. The blending and curing is an art acquired by our hundred years of experience. To prove Orchid the "finest tobacco," you should try it. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send prepaid a pound for $3.00, half pound $1.50, quarter pound 75 cents.

To Dealers [illegible] advertisement [illegible] dealer [illegible] Write us and we will put you in touch with the distributer in your district.

Frishmuth Bro. & Co., Inc.
17th St. and Lehigh Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Oldest Independent Tobacco Manufacturers in the Country.

Orchid
TOBACCO



STYLE ECONOMY

THIS IS THE
LITHOLIN
COLLAR BOX
IT'S RED

FIT COMFORT

Imitations of the world famed LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs are on the market, and are occasionally substituted, when the buyer is not acquainted with the GENUINE. To protect ourselves and the public we reproduce cut of the **LITHOLIN Box, which is always RED.** Here is our

TRADE
LITHOLIN
MARK

on all goods. LITHOLIN Collars and Cuffs will save you at least $10 yearly in laundry bills and [illegible]

Collars 25c. **Cuffs 50c.**

If not at your dealer's, send style, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

The Fiberloid Co., Dept. 4, 7 Waverly Place, N.Y.

STATESMAN
WEATHERPROOF SIGNS
Wear Well

Weather Won't Faze 'Em

Hire salesmen that work all hours, *all weathers.* Our exclusive process "wax finish" weatherproof signs **on wire fences,** barns, anywhere; cost 75% less than metal or wood, average life 3 to 5 years. Almost impossible to tear down. Attractively printed in any size and variety of fast colors to order. Say anything you want or we furnish snappy phrases. Big trade pullers. A persistent, economical way to advertise. Any quantity you order shipped in 10 days, **freight paid.** Write for prices, samples. High-grade salesmen wanted.

The STATESMAN COMPANY 20 Jefferson Ave., Marshall, Mich.

HOME CANDY MAKING

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

We positively teach you how in one lesson. Outfit $3.00. Booklet free. Agents wanted.

The Home Candy Makers, 121 Bar Street, Canton, O.

THE SLEEPING COLUMN

(Continued from Page 7)

Davenport paused, refilled his pipe and lighted it, flinging the match over the rail, and resumed: "We rode on. And then my dreams, my imagination, my boyish play began to fail me. I could no longer find a satisfaction in pretending that this was my command, my regiment—their uniforms, you know, were the wrong color. I tried for a while to let my mind hide this defect as the night so effectually hid it, but it was futile, impossible. I began to think of General Forrest—where was he now? Where was that stock? Had his men, with the help of Paten and our black boys, got it all safely across the Tennessee? I thought, too, of Cousin John, off there in those glooms with Forrest's men to the north, riding so much faster, so much harder than we. I was glad that our column was too worn and weary to pursue them at the gallop. Was Wilson galloping behind us? I strained my ears to listen—it was silent back there along the dusky road; no ring of hoofbeats yet. I thought again of Cousin John—and my heart sank, grew heavy. What would he say? Then my conscience, with the supernatural acuteness night gives that optic of the soul, as if it were some dark, nocturnal bird—a figure in which, by the way, I might express my conception of your New England conscience—began to gaze at me. Where did my duty lie? My grandfather had told me to guide this sleeping commander who rode silently beside me; he himself had said I was an honest lad, and he trusted me. And yet—well—I thought, and rode along. And then I recalled my dreams and the ambitions of these four years, of the war in which I had longed to do my part; I thought of the Southern cause, *our* cause, and then, suddenly, my heart gave a leap, such a surprising leap that I almost, for an instant, feared it must awaken these sleepers. Here was my chance! I had no conception of the relative importance of this movement, of which so curiously I had come to form a part, and it was easy for me presently to regard it as possibly the great crisis, the turning point, the pivot of the war. Here, then, this night, the opportunity I had longed for, pleaded for, had come at last—an opportunity in which, by some strange miracle of chance, were concentrated all the opportunities that might have been mine had I been permitted to go forth as Cousin John had gone. And I made my resolve. You will bear in mind, gentlemen, that this was the mind of a boy at work, a Southern boy, who loved the South, the South that had demanded losses and sacrifices he was not to realize until later and even sadder years."

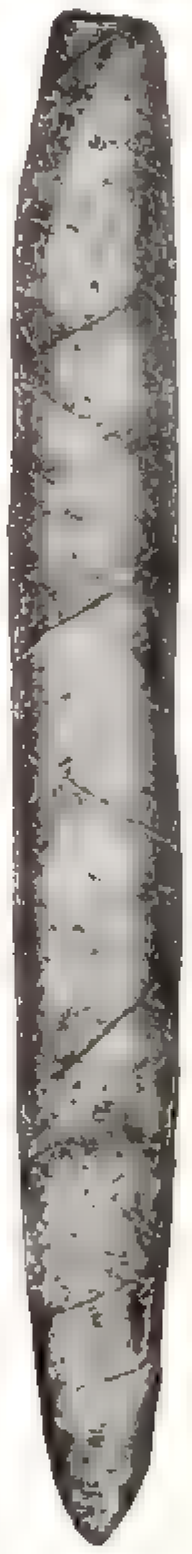
Davenport for a moment was silent.

"About half a mile farther on there branches off from the Nashville Pike a little dirt road, soft but dry at that season, for the rains had not yet come. I had not, at first, thought of that road; it was so insignificant; it rambled on for miles, and led—nowhere. But, suddenly, I remembered it, and it seemed to me just then a part of this Providence that I should have thought of it. I thought for an instant of the risk I was running; perhaps I magnified that risk, for I told myself that if this colonel should discover in the gray morning that I had purposely misled him he would order out a file and have me shot on the instant, or, perhaps—string me up to a tree by the roadside. Yes—he would hang me; that would be my fate. And yet—I would try. And we rode on, the line sleeping, the sabres clanking now and then, the horses blowing through their delicate nostrils. I leaned over and softly patted my own horse on the neck. 'Will you stand by me, old fellow?' I whispered. He plodded on; he was not, I fear, a very loyal horse, and seemed ready to desert. Well, we reached the side road, the road to nowhere, and quietly I drew my rein and turned into it. And quietly, obediently, the column followed without a question. I had committed myself to the issue now; there was no turning back. We moved on a quarter, a half, a full mile. The road was narrower than the pike; it was soft and the horses' hoofs made less noise on it. And the troopers slumbered in their saddles—ah! they were a tired, fagged outfit! But I was awake, the only one of them all who was awake, and my mind was alert,

"Tainted Advertisements"

is what Dr. Harvey Wiley—chief of the Washington Bureau of Chemistry and eagle-eyed guardian of the Pure Food Laws—in a recent speech, calls advertisements "which make misleading statements about the quality of the goods advertised."

Shivers' Panatela is full 5 in. long



Doctor Wiley thinks the principle of the Pure Food Law should apply to all other merchandise, and that a misleading advertisement is as bad as an untruthful label.

Good for Dr. Wiley! Nothing would please me better than to have a law enforced that would not only compel every maker of cigars to label every cigar box with a description of just what kind of tobacco was used in the manufacture of its contents, but to tell the truth about them in their advertising.

There would be something doing in the cigar business not now on the schedule.

Havana! What that name has to stand for. That word has been made to cover everything from fine leaf grown and cured in Cuba to the shorts and cuttings—the *by-product* of the cigar manufacturer; and to the seed tobacco grown in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and New York, etc.

And as to wrappers. Is it Havana? or is it Sumatra? Is it a *genuine* Sumatra or the so-called "Sumatra" grown in Florida? Or is it Connecticut seed leaf?

In no other field of manufacture is there more need of protecting the public against wrong labeling. Did you ever see a box labeled other than "Havana"?

It is in the light of the foregoing that I make my claims. I make them as definitely as I can with my present knowledge of the English language.

My Shivers' Panatela is a hand-made cigar—all of the filler is clear, clean, straight long Havana tobacco. No shorts, no cuttings—no doctoring of any kind. The wrapper is *genuine* Sumatra.

It is the ten cent cigar of the trade.

To a new customer, I will send them for a trial in boxes of fifty at $2.50—5c apiece. I let you try them before you buy them.

And no man need pay me a penny who for any reason doesn't like them or finds them different from my description.

Here is My Offer

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

I have been doing business under that offer for seven years.

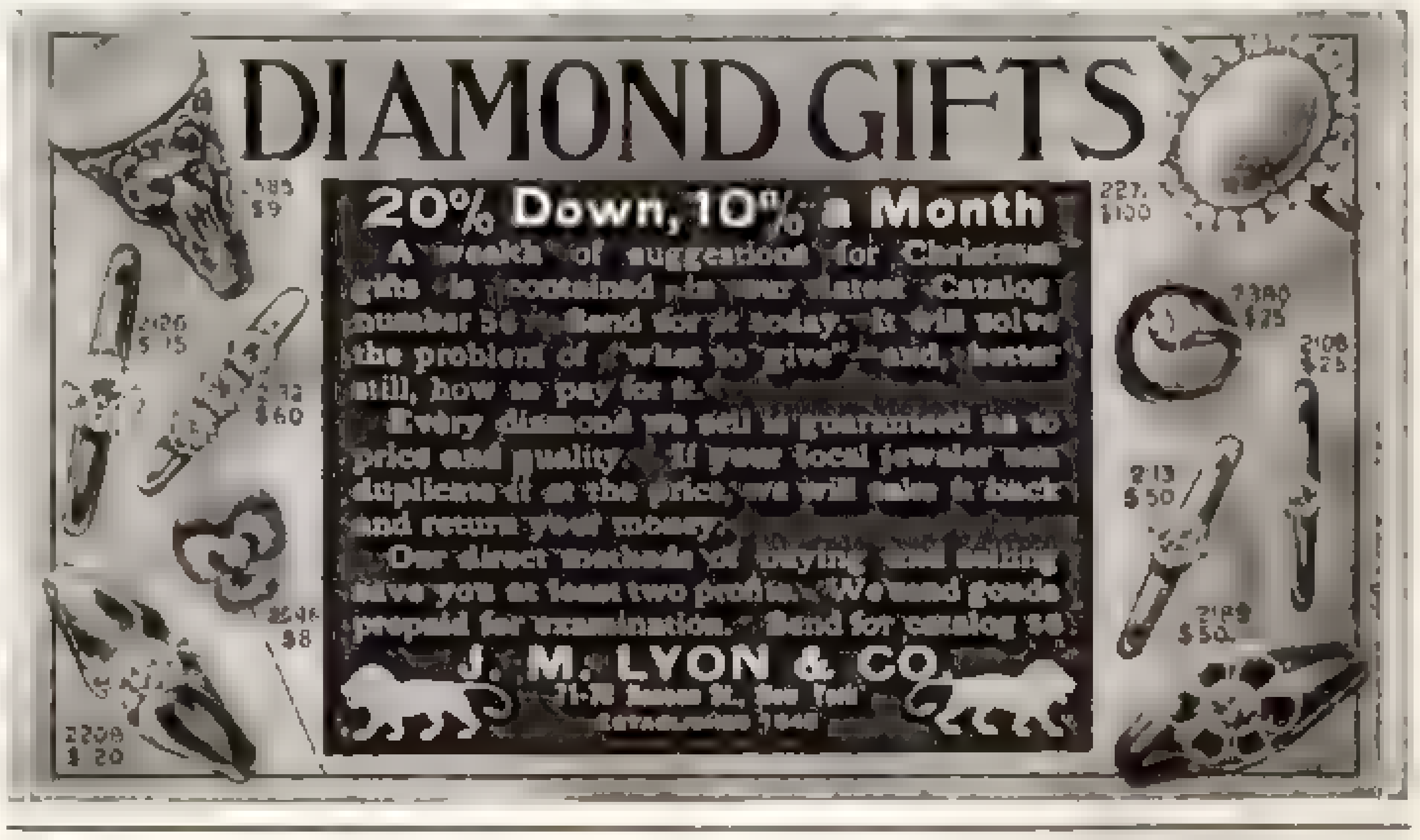
In that time my place of business has grown from a single loft to an entire five-story and basement building in the business centre of Philadelphia. 90% of my output goes to fill repeat orders.

If the shape of my Panatela doesn't appeal to you I have others that will. I make all sizes and shapes.

They are all labeled and made under sanitary surroundings that I welcome Dr. Wiley or any one else to inspect at any time.

My Book is Free It tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars, and smoking in general that every man should know. Illustrates and describes all the different shapes and sizes of cigars I make and **tells the truth about them.** Write for it.

Herbert D. Shivers, Inc.
913 Filbert Street **Philadelphia, Pa.**



20% Down, 10% a Month

A wealth of suggestions for Christmas gifts is contained in our latest Catalog number 56. Send for it today. It will solve the problem of "what to give"—and, better still, how to pay for it.

Every diamond we sell is guaranteed as to price and quality. If your local jeweler can duplicate it at the price, we will take it back and return your money.

Our direct methods of buying and selling save you at least two profits. We send goods prepaid for examination. Send for catalog 56.

J. M. LYON & CO.
71-73 Nassau St., New York
Established 1843

Red Baby "Vulcan" Ink Pencil

The ONE perfect, non-leakable ink pencil at a moderate price.

At your stationer's or by mail, postpaid.

$1.00

Agents Wanted

A SUITABLE HOLIDAY PRESENT

J. F. ULLRICH & CO., Manufacturers.
Thames B'ldg **135 Greenwich St.** **New York**

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EXAMINATIONS will soon be held in every state. 46,712 appointments last year. Full information about all Gov't Positions and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission free.

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WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50

Announcements, etc. engraved and printed. Latest styles, best quality, sent prepaid anywhere.

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all alive. Now my hopes arose; perhaps I could escape! This sleeping column, set in motion, would evidently move forward of its own momentum, as it were, and move on, probably, till morning. I wondered what time it was, and I tried to calculate. We had come about four miles; it must be well on toward midnight now. The sky was black and overcast with low clouds. The road was darker, too, than the pike had been. The woods of oak and chestnut trees that lined it, and, in some places, overhung it, grew more dense as we advanced. I was still fearful, wildly fearful, but now, if I were ever to escape, I must act. My feat had been performed, and the column thus diverted. Wilson far behind and General Forrest probably safe across the Tennessee, my work was done. It only remained for me to save myself, if I could. I began to make little tentative experiments. I lightly touched my bridle rein and drew aside, gently, stealthily.

"We were riding along beside the wildest part of the wood. The fence that once, in happier days, had surrounded it had fallen, perhaps under the ravage of some earlier raid, and was now decayed and gone. The place was wild, desolate and forlorn. A wind had come up, driving along the low-hanging wrack of clouds; I could hear it rustling mournfully through the trees, bare now save for a few clinging leaves that gave a snarl to the breeze. Under the touch of my bridle-hand my horse turned and edged gradually away from the side of the sleeping colonel—who had trusted me. He was oblivious; he rode on unconcerned, and his men followed. Slowly, step by step, I drew the horse to the roadside. My heart was in my throat, and my throat dry and rough with excitement. I suffered from a thirst that was intolerable, and fear was white within me. One step, one stumble, one unusual sound of that horse's hoof and the sleepers would be aroused; surely, there must be some in that long line who were awake, some who could not sleep under such circumstances, some whose weariness and saddle-galls must keep them awake. It was imperative to make haste—and yet, it was impossible to make haste. But slowly, surely, I was making progress, step by step of that tall and awkward steed who picked his way carefully into the curtained roadside. I dared not pat him, dared not speak to him; I feared that he might suddenly neigh or that some of his comrades in the column might whinny at his departure. I had read somewhere, in some romantic tale, that to rub a horse's nostrils with brandy would keep him from neighing at night alone this way—but I had no brandy.

"Well, I got into the woods, and here progress was more difficult; the horse hung back, afraid of the irritating undergrowth, and it was all that I could do to urge him into the thick of the forest. But I proceeded slowly, stopping now and then, in nice agony all the while. But the night was kind, and the darkness, thickened by the dense wood, hid me away in those profound depths. Behind me, along the road, I would hear the column moving on, and at every clink of scabbard, at every champ of bit I froze stock still, in an agony of fear. But I bent low over the horse's neck and pressed him on. Then I had to dismount, for the low-hanging boughs lacerated my face cruelly, and I dropped off, took him by the bridle, and, sheltering myself against his neck, led him forward. We went deep into the woods. The sounds from the moving column ceased, or ceased as individual sounds, to merge in one low sound made by the fall of the hoofs on that soft road.

"I felt that I had made my escape, and a feeling of elation possessed me. I patted my horse and spoke to him endearments and congratulations. Then it occurred to me that he was not mine, that he belonged to the enemy, and that I had no right to keep him, even to carry me home. And then, too, perhaps if I left him behind, to be found when the trick I had played on the Union cavalry should inevitably have been discovered, this might, somehow, plead for me with the Colonel; for horses were scarce. And so I halted that horse by a tree and flung my arm about his neck and whispered in his ear, lopping with fatigue:

"'Good-by, old fellow. You have helped to save our cause, anyway. Do try, old fellow, to find your way—well—to our army.'

"He was not demonstrative; whether he was a Northern or a Southern sympathizer I don't know; just then he was too weary,

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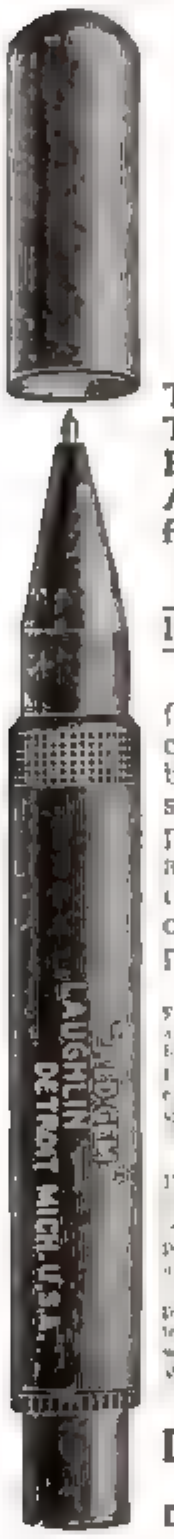

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and when he halted he instantly hung his head and slept. I left him and started on my long journey homeward. What became of him I don't know; he was sleepy and confused, and probably didn't know which army was *ours*. Things were badly mixed in those last days.

"I tried to keep the general direction, but it was hard in those woods, and yet I plunged on, as I hoped, toward the southeast, intending to make my détour that way. I could not return directly by the road—that involved too many risks. The troops might retrace their steps; besides, I didn't wish to meet General Wilson. He, too, might need a guide.

"I wandered about in those woods all night, and then, worn out and tired, I sat down and soon fell asleep. When I awoke the gray November dawn was spreading gradually through the trees; and stiff and sore from my ride and the exposure, lying out that way, I could scarcely move. But I did move; I got up and stumbled on. Presently it began to grow lighter in the woods, and then, to my relief, I saw daylight—real daylight, shining between the tree trunks. I ran, and emerged into an open cotton field.

"I got home that morning just as grandfather was at his breakfast.

"'Well, sir,' he said, 'what report?'

"I hesitated—and told him. And the old gentleman got up out of his chair and held out his arms, and silently enfolded me in a long embrace; in that silent embrace were all approval, satisfaction, gratitude and love.

"I sat down to breakfast and the old gentleman dwelt with rapture on the details I related, and then, about nine o'clock, Paten returned with the negroes, and there was more joy—General Forrest and all those horses were safely across the Tennessee by midnight. It was a happy morning for us on that old plantation, and I strutted about in my pride, enjoying my distinction and wishing nothing more than a wide field in which to display it. But that joy, like all joy, was short-lived. I began to have new fears, fears that gradually became morbid. Colonel Hutchins, I thought, must long since have discovered my perfidy—if it was perfidy and, in his rage and disappointment at being thus duped by a boy, would come back or else send back to take me. This fear preyed on my mind all day, and by night tortured me to distraction. Grandfather sent me to bed early, saying I needed a good night's rest. Long after I had gone to my room I listened for the hoofbeats of pursuers, riding toward me in the night. And then I made my resolve. About eleven o'clock I wrote a note, sealed it and left it for my grandfather, and when I was sure he had retired I stole out of the house and fled in the darkness. It broke my heart to leave the dear, old gentleman who had wanted me to have a good night's rest. I was not to have a good night's rest that night or for many nights afterward. I went away, and three days later overtook and joined General Forrest's army, enlisted, and rode away for the Mississippi campaign."

The Northern gentlemen sighed in relief. Davenport, too, sighed, almost inaudibly, but there was a difference in those sighs; theirs had been the sigh of satisfaction of a story that ends well; his the sigh of regret for a cause that had ended badly.

"But," said the Northern major, eager for more, "did General Forrest ever know?"

"And," added the Northern captain, "did you ever meet Colonel Hutchins again?"

"I had seen General Forrest, of course," Davenport resumed, "seen him at a distance—the great distance that separates a common soldier from the general officer—and I had looked up in boyish awe, with never a dream of daring to draw near and make myself known. But on our way south the General left his dwindling army one day, and, with his escort, galloped around to our plantation.

"I had the story from two sources afterward, from the General himself and from the old gentleman. General Forrest inquired for me, and grandfather had told him he had supposed that I had joined his command, and he had hoped for word of me.

"General Forrest told him that I was not with his army; that he knew, personally, every man in his command. My grandfather insisted that I might, nevertheless, be with him, and after they had discussed this point and debated it, and the General had noted some alarm in my grandfather, he calmed him and said sadly—I can imagine that he said it sadly:

"'Well, you are probably right, Colonel; there have been many changes among my boys of late.'

"Later—but, thank God, not *too* late—I communicated with my grandfather, even before General Forrest happened to recognize me one morning down in the glades of Mississippi and told me. But he left with my grandfather a horse, a magnificent animal, beautifully caparisoned, and a brace of cavalry pistols presents for me. I have those pistols now at home.

"It was a sacrifice; you know how valuable horses were just at that time and place. Many a time on that last campaign I wished I had that horse; many a time I needed him; but the war was over before I ever saw him, and those pistols have never been fired.

"There isn't much more to my little story, gentlemen. Three years later I was in St. Louis, a young man—young in years, but old in the experience those last days of the war brought me. One evening I was a guest at a reception given in honor of some officers then lately stationed at Jefferson Barracks. Early in the evening I saw, in one of the crowded drawing-rooms, a gentleman, tall and dark, whom I could not mistake, and even then my heart gave a little spring of fear, and it was a moment before I could adjust myself to all the changes that had come over the spirit and the aspect of events since the cause of that fear had found lodgment in my breast; those changes had removed that fear, but left a residuum more to be regretted and deplored.

"I sought an introduction, and when my presenter spoke of 'General Hutchins,' and the soldier thus addressed turned on me those deep, dark eyes with no brighter flame in them than that of polite acknowledgment, I said:

"'May I inquire if you are the gentleman who, as Colonel Hutchins, served under General Wilson in northern Alabama during the fall of '64?'

"'I am, sir,' he responded

"'And do you remember,' I said, 'a boy who undertook to guide you one night after General ——'

"I did not have to finish my question. The dark eyes lit with a brighter flame and the dark visage was illumined by a smile, one of the few smiles, I imagine, that ever touched it

"'Indeed, I remember that night and that boy!'

"'I am that boy,' I said

"And then he seized my hand and said:

"'Well, I am glad to meet you now and I would have been glad to meet you *then*.' He spoke with significance.

"'But glad in a different way,' I suggested.

"'Yes,' he said. 'I think, had I found you when we came to the bank of the Tennessee that morning I would have ——'

"'Strung me up; I know,' I said. 'I always knew that.'

"'Well, something like that, at any rate.' He looked at me a moment, and then, with some new impulse, he said: 'Come with me.'

"We went upstairs and into a room where men were smoking. There in a chair surrounded by many admirers was a middle-aged, bearded, stocky man, smoking a very black cigar. I recognized him, of course, and in an instant General Hutchins was saying.

"'General Grant, allow me to present Mr. Davenport.'

"General Grant gave me his hand, and then General Hutchins, in fewer words than I have employed, told him the story. He listened with interest, even smiled, and at the end he took my hand and said:

"'You served Hutchins just right!'"

The conclusion of his experience lifted Davenport out of the depression into which the memories auxiliary to that experience, rather than the experience itself, had cast him, and he laughed once more that laugh that told of his determination to be free from care. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and pushed back his chair.

"But, Mr. Davenport," said the Northern major, "you haven't told us—whatever became of the buried treasure?"

Davenport paused; there was a perceptible change, but he laughed that laugh again and said:

"Oh—*that* story—not to-night, please. I think, gentlemen, that I'll stroll up to the Casino and watch the young folks dance."

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"WE HAVE WITH US TO-NIGHT"

(Continued from Page 11)

delectation, which I have called 'A Reverie in Purple'—a poor thing, but mine own." He draws out a large roll of manuscript and reads:

> "*Ah, Life, thou brings't me little joy,*
> *Thou brings't me only pain;*
> *Thou arts't a hollow, shallow toy*
> *Mixs't up with sordid gain.*
> *Thous't lasts a few, short, weary years*
> *And then we gets't surcease*
> *So off with dreary, darkling fears*
> *That in our souls do crease,*
> *And from Lethe's stream now quaff with me*
> *And join in my Purple Reverie.*"

Whereupon Mr. Childers reads forty-seven more stanzas of his poem, each stanza telling of some new phase of his reverie, which is a fine, sloppy, sentimental reverie. As he recites the lines:

> "*And in emblossomed floral bowers*
> *When soul met soul in purple light*"

there is a loud cry of "Mush! Mush! Mush!" This rather disconcerts the poet, and he hurries through his remaining stanzas, while the young men at the end table chant: "Mush! Mush! Mush-mush-mush!"

The Toastmaster (severely): "I regret that any of our company so far forgot themselves as to be rude to Mr. Childers, whom, I am sure, we all thank for his beautiful poem, which is very uplifting; but, as the hour is growing late, I will be brief in my introductory remarks and only say that we have with us to-night that celebrated rancoontoor, I should say rangcongteur, Mr. Claude Chestnutt, who has kindly consented to tell us a few stories. Mr. Chestnutt."

Mr. Chestnutt is discovered to be a short, stout gentleman, very self-possessed, who moves back to the end of the hall so everybody can see him, and begins a long and involved story about a negro, a mule, two white men and a cotton field. He describes the negro with imitations, the mule with imitations, the white men with imitations, and the cotton with imitations. After he has talked half an hour he begins cautiously leading up to the point of his story, putting in all the detail he can think of, and using five or six dialects, including one for the mule. This is the way it comes out:

"Scipio, you black rascal, did you-all mail that letter that was on my desk this morning?"

"Yassir, yassir, I reckon I done mail um."

"But, you black idiot, didn't you-all see it had no address on it?"

"Well, massa, I dun 'spect it wuz one 'f dem 'nonnymus letters."

Mr. Chestnutt pauses for his laugh, assuming a sort of a Gee!-I-can-do-better-than-that air. Then he says: "Now I'll give you a short, new one I heard the other day. Two Irishmen eating together. One takes the mustard pot and puts a spoonful of mustard in his mouth. He begins to cry. 'Whot are yez cryin' about?' asks the other Mick. 'Sure, I'm cryin' because my poor father's did an' gone.' The other Mick puts a big spoonful of mustard in his mouth and begins to cry. 'Whot are yez cryin' for?' 'Sure, I'm cryin' becase ye didn't die whin y'r father did.'"

Judge Bolus and Mr. Skinnem laugh violently. "I hadn't heard it before for fifty years," says the Judge, gasping.

A Voice: "That'll be about all, Chestnutt!"

Mr. Chestnutt looks around in an aggrieved manner and goes to his seat.

The Toastmaster: "And now, gentlemen—now—we shall have the treat of the evening. We have with us to-night a guest whom I have purposely reserved to the last, to top off this feast of reason and flow of soul, as the poet says, to make this the most notable banquet ever held by this society. I refer, of course, to United States Senator Demosthenes Butt, who has honored us with his presence and who will speak on that inspiring topic: 'The Stars and Stripes.' Senator Butt."

The Senator had been sitting in a bored attitude for two hours. Now he brightens perceptibly, rises, bows to the Toastmaster and to the remaining diners and says, orotundly: "Mr. Toastmaster"—then he pauses for a moment, sweeps the room with

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We have [illegible] written, entitled "The Diary of a Daisy Boy." [illegible] containing full particulars of how to join the Daisy Cadets, the new National Boys' Drill Corps [illegible]

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Views of Forbidden City and wonders of China or Japan sent direct to you from the Orient. 12 superb cards, beautifully hand colored by natives sent on receipt of money order for 50 cents — the quality cards of the world. Address

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Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE MENDETS

A PATENT PATCH

that mends all leaks in all utensils — tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. [illegible] Complete package assorted sizes, 25c post paid. Agents wanted.

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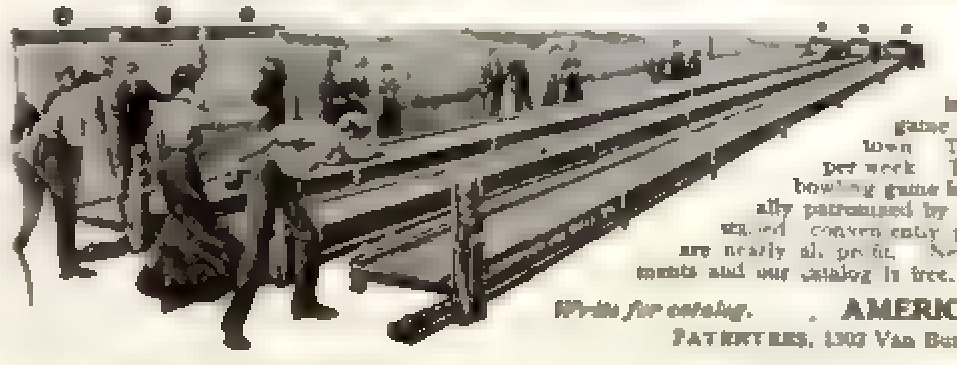
$513 CLEAR PROFIT IN 51 DAYS FROM AN INVESTMENT OF $150



Is the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley in Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? It is the most practical and popular bowling game in existence. It will make big money in any town. These alleys pay from $25.00 to $65.00 each, per week. This is no gambling device, but a splendid bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes. Quickly installed, conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. Nearly 5000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for catalog. AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY,
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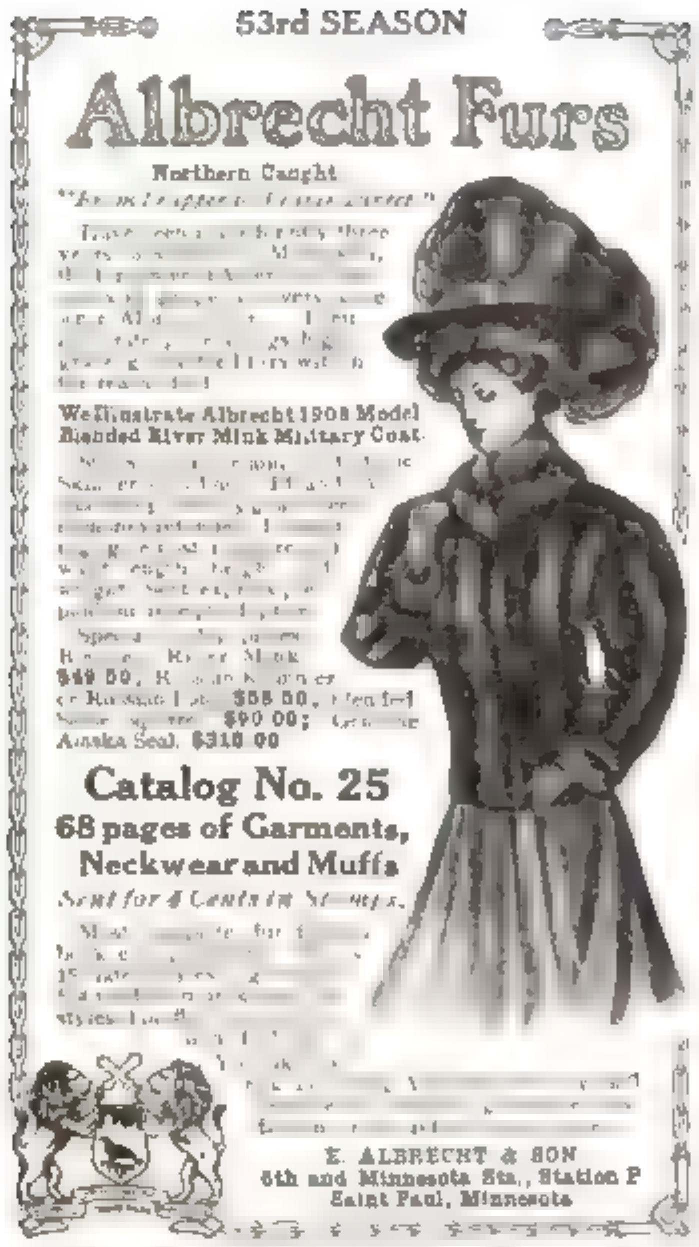
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Northern Caught

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Give her this doll

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of [illegible] interest to

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[illegible] Always drapes evenly in front and back [illegible] Can be worn the year round [illegible]

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GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

his eyes and says "and gentlemen: I have been highly edified this evening by the brilliant addresses I have heard, and I feel somewhat abashed" (pauses to let that sink into them; everybody laughs the sort of a laugh that means they all know what he can do when he lets out)—"I feel somewhat abashed in rising before you. Had I the legal clarity of vision of my friend, Judge Bolus" (bows to the Judge), "or the eloquence of my friend, Congressman McGuff" (bows to McGuff), "I might, with better grace, presume on your patience; but as I am not so highly gifted I crave your forbearance, and say to you, in all sincerity, that whatever shortcomings I may have will be shortcomings of the head and not of the heart.

"Gentlemen, when Freedom tore the azure robe of night and set the stars in glory there, there was created a banner of light that shall ever proudly wave as the emblem of the free. Those stripes of glorious red and milky white, those stars set on that gorgeous field of blue, the gonfalon of liberty, the standard of freedom, the pledge given by our forefathers and gallantly maintained by ourselves, that never in this country shall there be a throne, that never in this country shall there be aught but that life that is liberty and that liberty that is life.

"From where the great Atlantic surges on the rocky shores of our eastern coast to where the soft Pacific taps, with fairy fingers, the golden sands of our western shore, from the ultramarine and pellucid depths of the Great Lakes to the balmy breezes that blow over the tiny and odorous wavelets of the green-embosomed Gulf, from where the Mississippi rises to where, the Queen of Rivers, she gives her largess to the ocean tides, from the pines of Maine to the cypresses of Florida, from the ruddy orchards of Washington to the gleaming gold of the orange groves of California—from North to South, from East to West, there rises the grand, antiphonal chorus, that mingles with the music of the rolling spheres, that mighty pæan of praise and thanksgiving, that joyous anthem of the blest:

"'Hail! banner of freedom, blue and white and red. Hail! flag of deeds and destiny, spangled with shimmering stars. Hail! gonfalon of glory, my flag—your flag—OUR FLAG—hail! thrice hail! Never, *never*, NEVER shall your glorious folds be furled; never, *never*, NEVER shall you wave over aught but a free country and a free people, now and forevermore!'"

Senator Butt sinks into his seat, overcome with emotion. Everybody sings America. The crowd goes out. The dinner is over.

In the cloakroom: "That was fine what the Senator said, wasn't it?"

"Yes; what was it?"

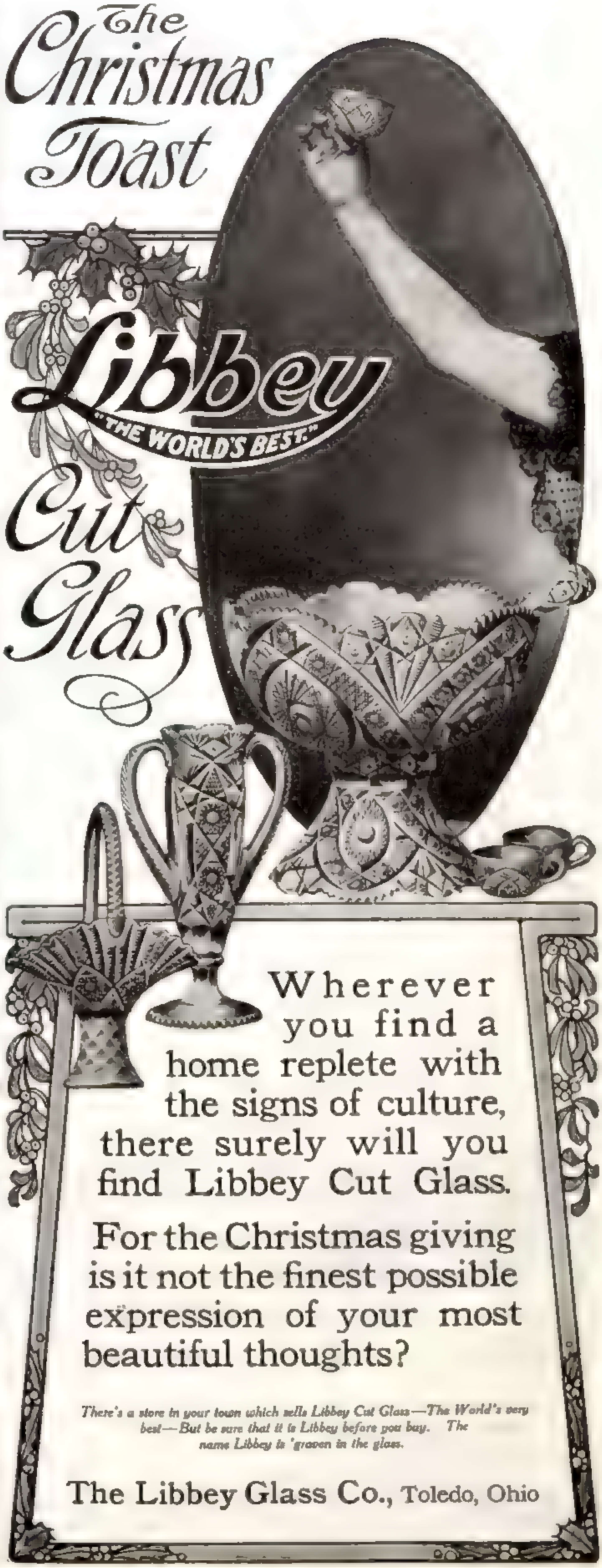
"I forget."

Recognition

"O Friend of other days"—
You start, at our first meeting,
To hear the cordial greeting,
And search the past for warrant of the phrase.
"My soul," you say, "have I forgot
Some memorable hour and spot
When, with long-clasping hand
And confident demand,
Mine eye its tribute took
In level, lingering look?
Or, in some age of yore
Trod we this path before?"

But why look back for treasure? Many a star
Was undiscovered once. Our choicest good
Was erst an unseen angel; long she stood
So near we knew not and esteemed it far,
For what to her was veil to us was bar.
No, not quite yet that moment, rich but dumb,
Of friendship's troth the sum.
We tread the same path toward it: we but hear
The inland tide to know the ocean near.
'Tis to the future, not the past, must be
Your staunchest loyalty,
O Friend of other days—to come!

— *Robert Underwood Johnson.*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Wherever you find a home replete with the signs of culture, there surely will you find Libbey Cut Glass.

For the Christmas giving is it not the finest possible expression of your most beautiful thoughts?

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The Libbey Glass Co., Toledo, Ohio

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Patent Blucher
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"Mercedes Toe"
Style No. 27

Price $4

Custom Made $5

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Patented
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Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 548 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Ind.

THE TRIPLE CROSS

(Concluded from Page 19)

whisper. "We've got to make a get-away or go up. They're fierce on us here if the pinch once comes."

"Hello, boys," broke in a third new voice, and then the real shock came. The third new voice was not in the play at all, and the consternation it wrought was more than ludicrous.

Wallingford, drawing back for a moment, was nearly knocked off his feet by fat Badger Billy's dashing past him through that door to the back stairway, closely followed by Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Phelps was trailed almost as closely by the gaunt man of the badge. Glancing toward the door, Mr. Wallingford smiled beatifically. The cause of all this sudden exodus was huge Harvey Willis, in his blue suit and brass buttons and helmet, with a club in his hand, who, making one dive for the husky, red-faced man as he, too, was bent on disappearing, whanged him against the wall with a blow upon the head from his billy; and as the red-faced man fell over, Harvey grabbed the black bag. The crash of a breaking water-pitcher from the adjoining room, the shrill voice of a protesting and frightened landlady as she came tearing up the stairs, and the clamor of one of those lightning-collected mobs in front of the house around the patrol-wagon, created a diversion in the midst of which Harvey Willis started out into the hall, a circumstance which gave the dazed, red-faced man an opportunity to stagger down the back stairway and out through the alley after his companions, whom Wallingford had already followed. They were not waiting for him, by any means, but this time were genuinely interested in getting away from the law, each man darkly suspicious of all the others, and Wallingford, alone, serene in mind.

In the hall, Willis, with a grin, thrust the black bag into his big pocket, and turned his attention to the terrified landlady and his brother officer of the wagon, who was just then mounting the stairs.

"Case of plain coke jag," he explained, and burst into the noisy room, from which the two presently emerged with the shrieking and inebriated man who had been brought upstairs but a short while before.

In Wallingford's room that night, Blackie Daw was just packing up to go to Boston in the morning, when Harvey Willis, now off duty, came up with the little black bag, which he dropped upon the table, sitting down in one of the big chairs and laughing hugely.

"Mr. Daw, shake hands with Mr. Willis, a friend of mine from Filmore," said Wallingford. "Order a drink, Daw."

As he spoke he untied the bag, and, taking its lower corners, sifted the mixture of cards and greenbacks upon the table. Daw, in the act of shaking hands, stopped with gaping jaws.

"What in Moses is that?" he asked.

"Merely a little contribution from your Broadway friends," Wallingford explained with a chuckle. "Harvey, what do I owe out of this?"

"Well," said Harvey, sitting down again and naming over the cast of characters on his fingers, "there's seven dollars for the room, and the tenner I gave Sawyer to go down on Park Row and hunt up a coke jag. Sawyer gets fifty. We ought to slip a twenty to the wagon-man. Sawyer will have to pay about a ten-case note for broken furniture, and I suppose you'll want to pay this poor coke dip's fine. That's all, except me."

"Ninety-seven dollars, besides the fine," said Wallingford, counting it up. "Suppose we say a hundred and fifty to cover all expenses, and about three hundred and fifty for you. How would that do?"

"Fine!" agreed Harvey. "Stay right here and keep me busy at the price."

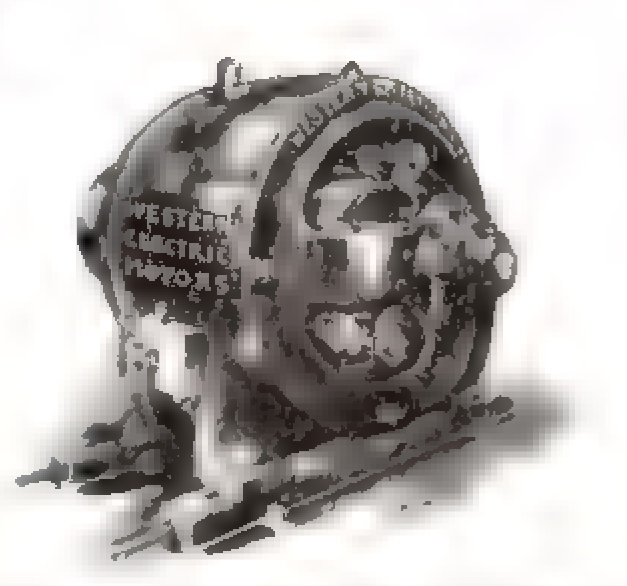
"Not me," said Wallingford warmly. "I only did this because I was peevish. I don't like this kind of money. It isn't honest money. I don't know how Phelps and Banting and Teller got this money."

Blackie Daw came solemnly over and shook hands with him.

"Stay amongst our midst, J. Rufus," he pleaded. "We need an infusion of live ones on Broadway. Our best workers have grown jaded and effete, and our reputation is suffering. Stay, oh, stay."

"No," refused J. Rufus positively. "I don't want to have anything more to do with crooks!"

Western Electric Motors for Manufacturer and Merchant



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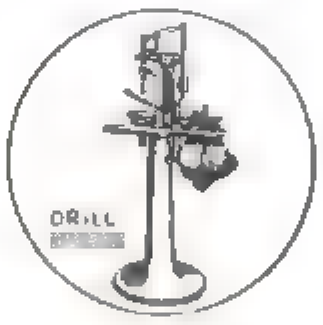
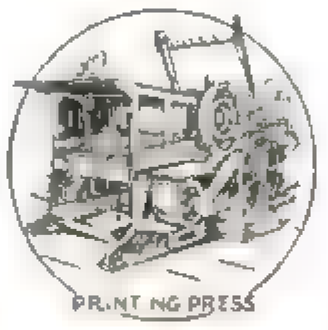
CIRCULAR SAW

ENGINE LATHE





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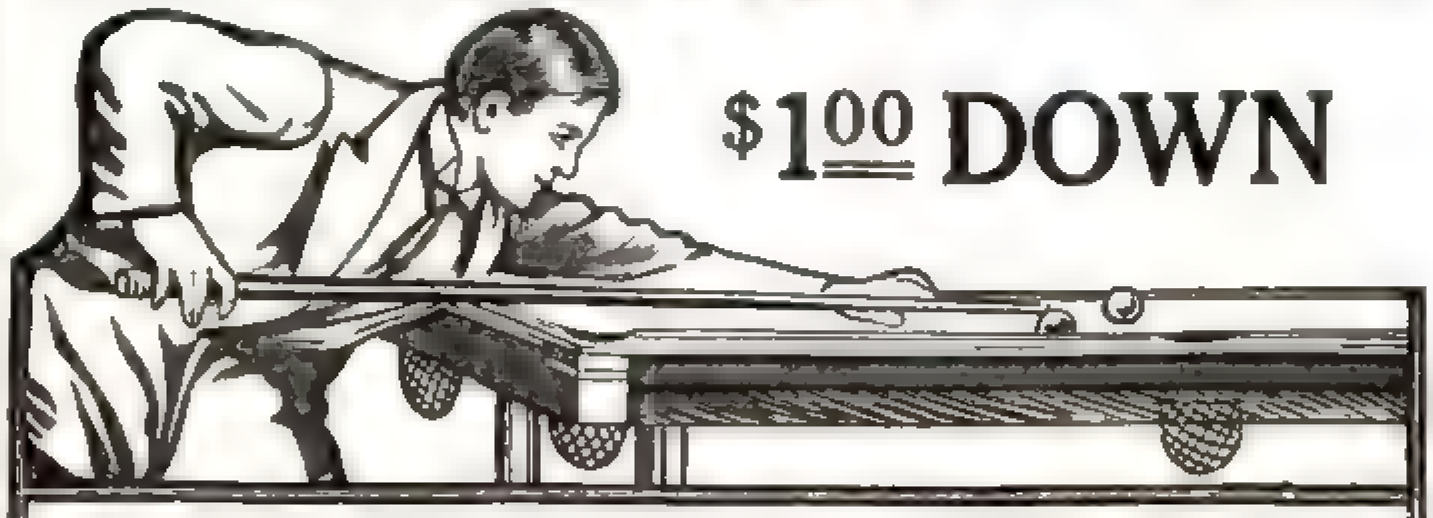

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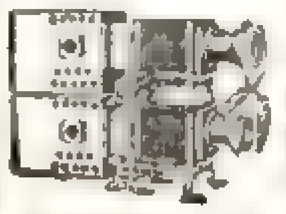

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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, 411 Pearl St., New York

"Pardon, You are Mademoiselle Girard!"

(Concluded from Page 23)

She was silent again. I understood that her conscience was a more formidable drawback than her penury.

"Monsieur, I said that you had asked me for a humiliating story—that I had poignant memories connected with La Voix. Here is one of them.

"I set myself to override her scruples—to render this girl false to her employers!

"Many men might have done so without remorse. But not a man like me. I am naturally high-minded, of the most sensitive honor. Even when I conquered at last, I could not triumph. Far from it! I blamed the force of circumstances furiously for compelling me to sacrifice my principles to my purse. *Hein?* I am no adventurer."

Enfin, the problem now was, where was I to hide her? Her portmanteau she had deposited at a railway station. Should we have it removed to another room, or to a *pension?* Both plans were open to objections—a room would necessitate her still challenging discovery in restaurants; and at a *pension* she would run risks on the premises. A pretty kettle of fish if *she* was spotted while I was holding for the rise!

We debated the point exhaustively. And, having yielded, she displayed keen intelligence in arranging for the best. Finally she declared:

"Of the two things, a *pension* is to be preferred. Install me there as your sister! Remember that people picture me a wanderer and alone; therefore, a lady who is introduced by her brother is in small danger of being recognized as Mademoiselle Girard."

She was right, I perceived it. We found an excellent *pension*, where I was unknown. I presented her as "Mademoiselle Henriette Durand, my sister." And, to be on the safe side, I engaged a private sitting-room for her, explaining that she was somewhat nervous.

Good! I waited breathless now for every edition of La Voix, thinking that her price might advance even sooner. But she closed at three thousand francs daily. Girard stood firm, but there was an upward tendency. Every afternoon I called on her. She talked about that conscience of hers again, sometimes, and it did not prove quite so delightful as I had expected when I paid a visit. Especially when I paid a bill as well.

"Monsieur, my disposition is most liberal. But when I had been mulcted in the second bill, I confess that I became a trifle downcast. I had prepared myself to nourish the girl wholesomely, as befitted the circumstances, but I had said nothing of *vin superieur*, and I noted that she was ordering it like water. The list of extras in those bills gave me the jumps, and the charges made for scented soap were nothing short of an outrage.

"Well, there was but one more week to bear now, and during the week I allowed her to revel. This, though I was approaching embarrassments *re* the rent of my own attic!

"How strange is life! Who shall foretell the future? I had wrestled with my self-respect, I had nursed an investment which promised stupendous profits were I capable of carrying my scheme to a callous conclusion. But could I do it? Did I claim the prize, which had already cost me so much? Monsieur, you are a man of the world, a judge of character; I ask you, did I claim the prize, or did I not?"

I regarded him, his irresolute mouth, his receding chin, his unquenchable thirst for absinthe. I paid no compliments. I said:

"You claimed the prize."

"You have made a howler," he answered. "I did not claim it. The prize was claimed by the wife of a piano-tuner, who had discovered Mademoiselle Girard employed in the artificial flower department of the Printemps. I read the blood-curdling news at nine o'clock on a Friday evening; and at nine-fifteen, when I hurled myself, panic-stricken, into the *pension*, the impostor who had tricked me out of three weeks' board and lodging had already done a bolt. I have never had the joy of meeting her since."

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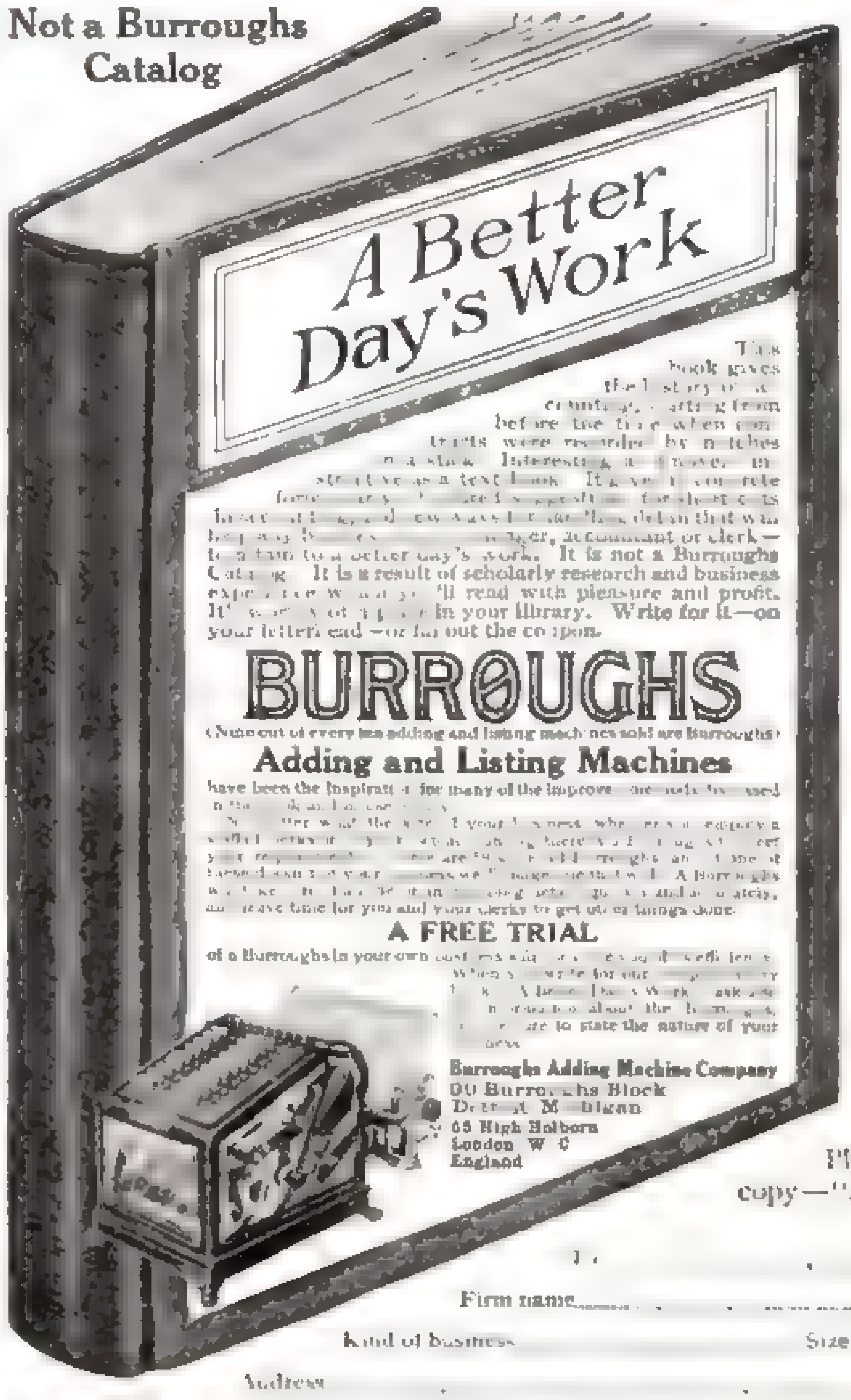

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The Thermos Jar
keeps solid foods like bottle keeps liquids—hot or cold as desired.

Keeps Liquids Steaming Hot 24 Hours

Peary keeps liquid nourishment steaming hot in Thermos Bottles in the Arctic regions.

Beware of imitations and infringements. If dealer can't supply you we will on receipt of price. **Pints $3.75, quarts $5.75.**

Write For Booklet.

American Thermos Bottle Co. of New York
533 Fifth Avenue
New York City

McClure's DIE STAMPED Stationery IS "FIT FOR A KING"

I make a specialty of fine Die Stamped Stationery for personal correspondence. My new system enables me to furnish this high grade stationery for less than one-third the price others ask. Hundreds of pleased customers all over the U. S. express delight and surprise at the low price and high quality of my stationery. **All I ask is a small trial order**—send me 50c for a sample lot of Letter Paper, [illegible] **Die Stamped with your Monogram or Initial.** I guarantee not only to please and surprise you, but that you could not duplicate the same elsewhere for three times the price. If you don't care to order a sample lot, write me anyhow, let me send my samples. I also make all kinds of business and professional stationery, visiting cards, etc.

FRED H. McCLURE. Box A 462, Detroit, Mich.

All Safety Razor Blades 2½c

Including all double-edged blades especially. You can't afford to throw away your dull blades. We sterilize, resharpen and return your own blades better than new at this trifling cost. State make of blades and we will send you a convenient mailing package free. Write today. Address
KEENEDGE CO., 600 Keenedge Bldg., Chicago

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, including Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania [illegible] **only 10c. Agts. wanted, 50 per cent. Big bargain list, coupons and a set of rare Stamps worth 50c. All Free! We Buy Stamps. C. E. Hussman Co., Dept S-1, St Louis Mo.**

Frishmuth's
CUBE MIXTURE

A New Pipe Mixture in the Handy Box

For a bang up good smoke try

Frishmuth's Cube Mixture Tobacco

It's packed in the handy box that fits the hip pocket. Can always have it with you just as clean and fresh as originally packed. All its original moisture and flavor retained.

A cool, satisfying smoke that will not bite the tongue. It's a cube-cut tobacco.

10 Cents a Box

Try and get it from your dealer; if he hasn't it send us 10 cents and we will send you a full size box.

FRISHMUTH BRO. & CO., Inc.,
17th Street and Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
The Oldest Independent Tobacco Manufacturers in the Country.

Congress Cards.

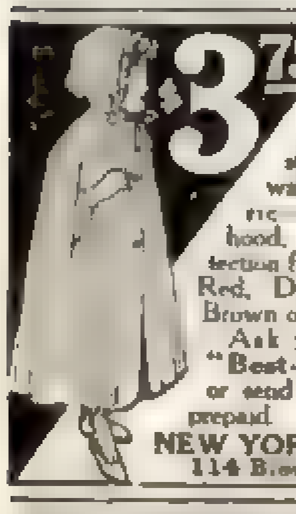
Gold edges. 50c. per pack. 90 picture backs, dainty colors and gold.

Bicycle Cards.

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS

40 regulation backs. Most durable 25c. card made. More sold than all others combined.

New 200-page book, "Card Games and How to Play Them," latest rules. Sent prepaid for 6 flap ends from Bicycle tuck boxes or 15c. in stamps.
The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 10, Cincinnati, U. S. A.



$3.75 BEST-YETTE STORM CAPE Good Holiday Gift

Well-made, of strong, silky waterproof fabric—plaid-lined hood. Complete protection from cold and rain. Red, Dark Blue, Golden Brown or Tan.

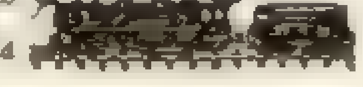
Ask your dealer for the "Best-Yette" storm cape, or send $3.75 for cape, express prepaid. Give child's age.

NEW YORK MACKINTOSH CO.
114 Bleecker Street, New York

ELECTRICITY VOLTAMP

FOR BOYS. A 2c stamp sent today will bring you our interesting 60 Page Catalog, full of illustrations and descriptions of all manner of electrical novelties—Motors, Dynamos, Telephones, Telegraph Instruments, "Wireless," Lamps, Flashlights, Miniature Electrical Railways, etc. Every boy should have this book—the greatest collection of electrical sensations [illegible] ever produced—just in time for the Holidays. Contains hundreds of suitable suggestions for Young Folks. Prices low. A 2c stamp gets it—send today to

Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co.
Post Building, Baltimore, Md



Our Practical Cousins

A Shilling Turned is a Luxury Earned

By Zaida Ben-Yûsuf

THE English have always been accused of taking their pleasures seriously, but that trait is the merest circumstance to the seriousness with which they take money-matters, large and small. In the first place, it is to them a deadly earmark of vulgarity and inexperience (particularly American) to spend any money carelessly or to pay a bill without first scrutinizing its details most carefully. The habit is no doubt born of necessity, for Europe, including England, still has its elastic scale of charges. In London alone there are several smart restaurants where prices are omitted on the menu card. Almost all small shops and many large ones continue to mark their goods in private cipher. Deductions are obvious. There is one price for the new-rich (again particularly American), one for the person of title, and yet another for the One Who Knows. For example, the writer once had occasion to search for a special article at a milliner's. What the saleswoman had to show was not according to requirements. They mentioned the price of the substitute they offered. When this was seen to have no effect they reduced this price; and, finally, to one's intense disgust it was discovered that a genuine reluctance to take something one does not want was mistaken for a method of bargaining; and in this instance the price of the article was practically cut in half before the pestered customer could go out of the place.

So one learns, and a little later ventures to profit by the knowledge. On the next visit to a Bond Street shop something like this may happen. The prospective customer enters a furrier's to examine an article in the window; it is brought for her inspection and the price is named at eleven guineas. The enlightened—we will say—American, anxious to get through with an unpleasant type of shopping says, as shortly as may be, "Go and ask your manager what is the best price you can make for this; say it is for cash and I am in a hurry." The saleswoman returns to say that the price is seven guineas! This is an actual incident, and is, besides, a fair example of the general state of affairs. One London shop has for years practiced this pernicious custom at its Fifth Avenue branch, and more than one New York woman has been known to leave without purchasing, and never return, simply because she refused to be compelled to haggle in order to avoid overcharge.

Cosmopolitan Americans are often stared at with surprise or suspicion by their less experienced countrymen when they permit a sensible and practical habit acquired abroad to be applied to home incidents. It is right and proper to understand fully just what one is paying for, and to have no false sentiment about it; we have, as a nation, much to learn in such matters, but let us pray the day may never come when Americans will be so entirely practical as their neighbors across the water.

There are actually—it is no fiction—hundreds of retail firms who exist on the published fact that Lord This and Lady That "patronize" their shops, and these dear, perfectly-practical personages lend their names for a very positive *pro quo*. There are thousands of them often unpleasantly hard up, and they are always willing to turn an honest shilling or its equivalent, if it is "cricket," and running up enormous bills or lending one's name apparently is "cricket" in England. Of course the impression made on individuals or general public by the judicious use of a titled client's name does not always imply that these clients are of the non-paying class—far from it—but to fail to make capital out of the fact that one had such a client would be rank stupidity in English opinion; the manner in which one uses it is of no matter whatever.

I once happened to be one of several persons waiting in the reception-room of what is called a Nursing Home, something which corresponds to an American private

No Stropping No Honing

Give Him a Gillette Safety Razor for Christmas

HE will use it, never fear! And thank you from his heart every time he shaves.

Over two million men are using the Gillette—any one of them will tell you he would not be without it for ten times its cost.

Shaving in the old way is the bane of a man's life. It means time wasted at the barber shop—or tedious stropping and scraping with the old-fashioned razor with the certainty of cuts and scratches if he is nervous or in a hurry. Besides, as you know, he is not always shaved when he ought to be.

The Gillette makes shaving easy. Takes only five minutes [illegible] satisfying shave, no matter how tough the beard or tender the skin.

No stropping, no honing. Any man can use it. [illegible] the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

A man is conservative. He takes to the Gillette like a duck to water once he gets [illegible] with other improvements it sometimes takes a woman to lead him to it.

The Gillette makes a beautiful gift, with its triple silver-plated handle, in velvet lined full leather case.

Standard set as illustrated above, $5.00.
Combination sets $6.00 to $50.00.
Send for illustrated booklet today.

The Gillette is on sale at all leading jewelry, drug, cutlery, hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us.

New York, Times Building
GILLETTE SALES CO.
206 Kimball Building, Boston
Chicago, Stock Exchange Building
Factories: Boston, London, Berlin, Paris, Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

This Heat Regulator Saves on Your Coal

30 Days to Try—60 Days to Pay

Prove it for yourself. We send it all ready to put up on 30 Days Free Trial to convince you [illegible] what we say it will. Any one can put it on [illegible] attach it to any furnace, steam or hot water heater.

The Chicago Heat Regulator keeps even heat whether the weather outside be below zero or above freezing. That means health and 1/3 coal saved.

The Thermostat keeps the temperature just as you want it during the day. Set the Time Set at night and it will open the dampers at any hour you desire in the morning. No getting up early to warm up the house. Send for our Free Booklet today, which gives all particulars—don't wait for zero weather.

"The Chicago" Heat Regulator Company
Dept. 1, 62 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Or, Otterville Mfg. Co., Canadian Agts., Otterville, Ont.

The Automatic Eye-Glass Holder

is the neatest and most convenient device made to hold glasses. Chain winds up when not in use and prevents mislaying them. As a

Christmas Present

it is excellent. Sold by jewelers and opticians or postpaid direct from us. 50c up. Our free catalog describes 30 styles.

Ketcham & McDougall, Est. 1832
39 Maiden Lane, New York

5 Acres $100

Payable $5 Monthly. Near Atlantic City, N. J.

Fertile soil especially adapted for fruits, truck and poultry. Excellent markets, near 3 main line railroads and 2 large manufacturing towns. Mild, healthful climate, pure water, early crops. Excellent shipping facilities to New York and Philadelphia. Write for booklet and map. White people only.

Daniel Frazier Co., 682 Bailey Bldg., Phila., Pa.

$11.00 Starts You in Business

Operate Premium Machines. [illegible]

PREMIUM VENDING CO., Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Agents Wanted

Just the Thing for a Christmas Present
The Little Shaver Pencil Sharpener

For the office, home or school, practical, useful and ornamental. Shaves pencil to as blunt or fine point as you like without breaking the lead. Sent postpaid on trial [illegible] price $1.00. [illegible] E. L. M. Divitt, P. O. Box 8 Belvidere, Ill.

SOLID COMFORT!
The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe
A MATTRESS FOR THE FOOT.

Send postal for illustrated catalogue
THE CUMMINGS COMPANY
406 V Washington St., Boston

Most Burglars Enter Through Windows
ROSENBERG'S BURGLAR PROOF Automatic Sash Lock

IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST BURGLAR INSURANCE

No mechanical skill required to fit it to any sash—the only tool necessary, a screw driver. By merely shutting the window, IT LOCKS AUTOMATICALLY. You can sleep by the open window without sacrificing security, as it locks the sashes securely at any desired point when open from top or bottom or both. You can not forget to lock your window; it is always locked when open or shut.

No Burglar's "Jimmy" Can Pry it Loose

It might splinter the sash to pieces, but the lock would hold. Cannot be picked from the outside—no knife can be inserted between the sashes to pick it. It is an entirely new principle and locks to stay locked. Draws sashes tightly together, no matter how far separated and

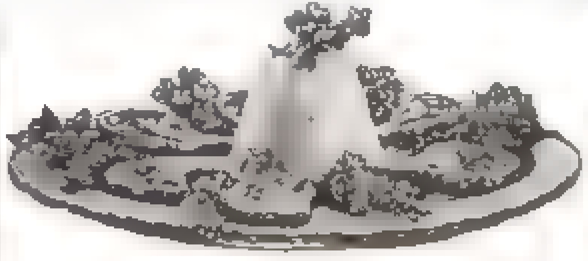
PREVENTS RATTLING OF WINDOWS

Fits any new or old style window and does not interfere with other sash locks which are already in use. Retail Price 50 Cents at all hardware stores. If your dealer will not supply you write to us.

An interesting Booklet tells more about this wonderful burglar proof lock. Write for it today. It's free.

Agents Wanted

Climax Lock & Ventilator Co., Dept. A, Ellicott Square, BUFFALO, N.Y.



LAMB CHOPS
are given a delightful piquancy and flavor by adding
LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
An Ideal Sauce for Soups, Gravies, Stews, Fish, Cheese, Game and Salads.
Assists Digestion.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N.Y.

6%
NEW YORK CENTRAL REALTY BONDS
For the Small Investor—
The Accumulative Bond, compelling the [illegible] small sums. Purchasable [illegible] payments and [illegible] 10 or 15 years, [illegible] 6 per cent. interest, compounded annually.
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The Coupon Gold Bond issued in multiples of $100 at par; maturing in 10 years for the face value with 6 per cent. interest.
An Ideal Investment—Because
Safety—Our Bonds are secured by the assets of the New York Central Realty Company, [illegible] highest order.
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New York Central Realty Co.
Suite 1164, 1328 Broadway, New York
(Surplus and Undivided Profits $1,250,000)
We want agencies in every city and offer a liberal proposition to men of character. Write for particulars.

The ROCKAWAY

Coaster & Sled & Wagon
"Snowless Coasting"
Boys and Girls Get a Rockaway. Runs on roller bearings. Can [illegible] without snow [illegible] $3.50 [illegible] Wholesalers, dealers, [illegible]
Write for free booklet "Snowless Coasting"
THE ROCKAWAY COASTER CO., 66 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets
From the Mill. We Pay Freight

Buy your rugs, carpets, blankets [illegible] actual colors. [illegible] REGAL RUGS [illegible] price of $3.75. Our
BRUSSELLO ART RUG
at $3.00 is the greatest rug value known. [illegible] of Lace Curtains, per pair 45c [illegible] write today for our catalogue.
UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2450-2462 Jasper St., Phila.

Class and Fraternity Pin Jeweler
Loving Cups, Badges, Medals, and Watch Fobs
Send for my free illustrated 1908 catalog.
FREDERICK T. WIDMER, 33 West Street, Boston

hospital. Into this room, wherein the occupants sat as restless and silent as they always are in waiting-rooms the world over, there bustled a tall, gaunt woman, looking very professional, so far as her neat uniform went. Her business was to tell one of the waiting clients that Miss ——, proprietor and head nurse, was engaged and could not see her for half an hour.

Ineradicable habit, however, and the practical instinct of both proprietor and employee could never permit a golden opportunity such as this to pass unused. Therefore the business which concerned the head nurse and a possible patient must be shouted so that the whole roomful of people] may be impressed with the fact that a duchess occupied the attention of Miss —— at that moment. Three times in the delivery of a short message did that woman make it clear to all whom she intended it to concern that a duchess (which duchess was left unsaid) was being massaged.

The root of the custom is in deep; more correctly speaking, it is very high up, and begins with By Royal Warrant to His Majesty, which is a very costly form of advertising for any firm to embark upon. There are too many strings attached to the honor. It is much like having a title conferred. To write Sir before his name will have cost—say, the King's physician—two hundred pounds in court and other fees for the investiture, but is a good business investment in England, if the ambitious gentleman can afford to tie up so much real money and accept the social burden which follows.

Fortunately his present Majesty is most particular that tradesmen's and other bills shall be promptly paid by the household officials. Etiquette requires that a bill shall be rendered but once to Royalty.

Customs that prevail at country houses are often positively revolting to the "vulgar" provincial American newly introduced to such things. It is true that the inhospitable plague of excessive tipping has established itself in America for some time past, but I think in no degree as it exists in England among corresponding social sets—sets among whom visits are a finely-calculated exchange of values, at houses where, between the hostess' bridge table and the demands of her servants, a visit entails personal expenses quite equal to the most extravagant hotel; where, too, the show guests are often "persuaded" to come, and gowns are worn by certain influential women for exactly so much off the bill, if a new client is guided to its maker.

In a daily paper there appeared at frequent intervals, last June, an advertisement in which a "titled gentleman, with fine country manor and estate," announced that he was arranging a "house-party," for terms please apply. I do not imply that all or even many country house-parties are formed by such means, but it is certainly an example of eminently practical use for a noble house and title. Another advertisement, which appeared only twice, explained that a Lady who was expert at arranging menus and bridge would act as hostess for American family or bachelor. Highest credentials, no salary required.

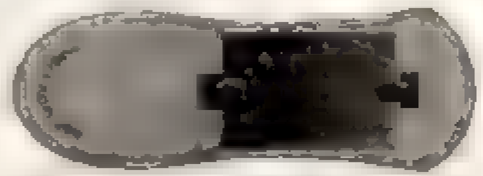
A touch of English delicacy is introduced by a well-known actor invited to this year's garden-party, who advertised in the newspapers that he was prevented from obeying the commands of Majesty because the people commanded his presence at a certain provincial town, which was named. Sandwiched into the account of a banquet to some English Royalty visiting a foreign country will be the fact that So-and-So's mineral water was served. "Why not?" says the practical editor. "That one line will pay the cost of the cable message." Quite in line with this is the way fashion papers in England, French-English editions included, will deliver over their reading pages *en bloc* and only report as fashionable such things as their advertisers are selling.

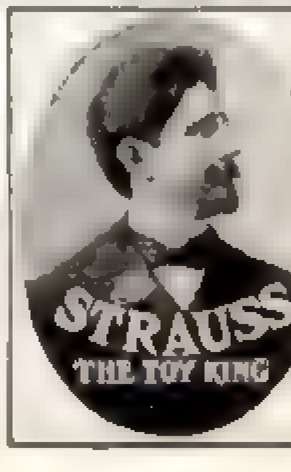
For downright unsentimental prudence the system of hiring out their homes to strangers must seen curious to American ideas. But the practical English mind sees nothing undesirable in it. High and low, they all do it, regardless of actual necessity. The beds in which their children have slept, and will again, their dearest books to be bent and thumbed by strange hands, the family china to be counted at so many shillings (or pounds) per dish, cracked or perfect as it may happen to be. To a simple American mind there has always been something akin to shame at the

Knotair
Merry Christmas Papa
Are your Hose as sheer as this
YULETIDE is the TIME
To make those around YOU —— HAPPY
What BETTER or more SUBSTANTIAL present can you give than a box of "Knotair" GUARANTEED Lisle Hose?
[illegible] SIX MONTHS or NEW ONES FREE
[illegible]
We spin the yarn, knit the hose, dye to color, and sell it to you with a GUARANTEE
That's just as good as the hose we make—
You can prove this for $[illegible]
A trial box will prove this—Your Wife, Mother or Sister will [illegible]
At the best stores everywhere [illegible] Write now for booklet, "Knotair Knots." It's free.
Representative dealers wanted in every town—Write now
Men's Hose [illegible] Price $2.00 the box [illegible] wear SIX MONTHS or MORE.
Women's Hosiery in Black and Tan, fine lisle like [illegible] garter splicing [illegible] to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE.
Men's Cashmere Hose [illegible] Australian Wool [illegible] SIX MONTHS or MORE.
Men's Pure Silk Lisle Hose, made in Black, Tan [illegible] Guaranteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE.
Women's Pure Silk Lisle Hosiery, made in Black [illegible] Copenhagen [illegible] garter splicing. Price $1.00 the box. Guaranteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE.
Knotair HOSIERY COMPANY 5301 Westminster Ave West Phila Pa

"Wearers of Rice & Hutchins' Shoes are comfortably, tastefully and economically shod."
There's a reason!
RICE & HUTCHINS
WORLD SHOEMAKERS
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

A boot like this for man or boy is the best thing in footwear that money can buy for winter wear. Storm-proof, durable, warm and dry. Made in "All America" high cut blucher, 12 to 17-inch top, tan oil grain stock, with solid heavy soles.
Price $5.50 UP (ACCORDING TO LENGTH)
BY EXPRESS 50 CENTS EXTRA.
Our well-known Brands of Shoes are sold generally by Dealers throughout the U. S.
Write to-day for Our Family Footwear Catalogue.
RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
Dept. A, 10 and 12 High Street, Boston, Mass.

BROKEN-DOWN ARCH OR WEAK INSTEPS CAUSE RHEUMATISM, LAMENESS and TENDERNESS of the feet, also legs, knees, and backache, and possibly deformity. The
C & H ARCH INSTEP SUPPORT
will prevent all this.
50c. PER PAIR

Your Dealer or by Mail. Give size shoe, Men's or Women's.
Shadow view showing steel arch through leather top
The C & H ARCH SHANK CO., Dept. E, Brockton, Mass.



Great Fun
For 10c
SPECIAL OFFER: To introduce my big Catalogue of Toys, Games and Musical Novelties I will on receipt of 10c. send you, all charges prepaid, the latest, sweetest, and funniest Musical Novelty you ever heard. Satisfaction guaranteed.
STRAUSS, The Toy King
395 B'way, Dept. 8, New York

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Without deposit — sent by prepaid express for 5 days' FREE examination if you mention the name of your employer [illegible]. If you wish to keep the books pay $2.00 within five days and $2.00 a month until you have paid the special $18.60 price, otherwise notify us to send for the books at our expense. Regular price is $36.00. Order within 30 days and we will include FREE for one year as a monthly supplement, the

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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST 12-5-'08

LIVING MUSIC BOX

is the registered name for our famous Geisler Rollers
U. S. Pat. No. 50851

A Cheer Bringer for Every Household. Delightful Music for Everybody.

[illegible] Canary [illegible]

GUARANTEED SONGSTERS, $5

[illegible] Sent by express anywhere in the United States or Canada, live arrival guaranteed.

Beware of Imitators. Cage and Box [illegible] must be stamped with our registered Trade Mark "Living-Music-Box."

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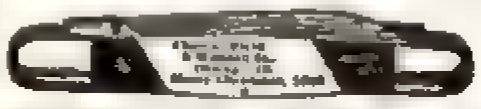
"Living Music Box" arrived in first class condition after traveling [illegible] miles. [illegible] the sweetest singer in America. [illegible] don't approach him. MRS. J. W. BETHEL.

Large Illustrated Catalogue and Proof Free.

MAX GEISLER BIRD CO., Dept. A, Omaha, Nebr.
Largest Mail Order Bird House in the World. Estab. 1888.

For His X-mas Gift

[illegible] beautiful transparent handle, three blade Golden Rule pocket knife No. 3, same as above cut. Lodge emblem or personal photo on one side and name and address on the other side. All knives forged from finest razor steel and are fully guaranteed. Makes a useful and treasured gift. Price, prepaid $1 [illegible]. Agents wanted. Write for catalog and terms.



Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 7 Wendell St., Chicago

A Family Gift

Show your good taste this Christmas by providing for the comfort of the home with a Kyndu Chair or Couch.

Real Rest in a "Kyndu"

A chair for everybody. A mark of the well appointed home. To see it and to sit in it is to make you want it. Ask your dealer. Also write us for fine free booklet.

KYNDU MFG. CO., 738 W. Kinzie St., Chicago

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No "positions" — no "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no "word-signs" — no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address Chicago Correspondence Schools, 718 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

Camera Craft Everything new in photography. Carries the most advertising. Sample copy upon request. Address: 727 Call Bldg. San Francisco, Cal.

thought of letting unknown persons take possession of their sacred personal home for the sake of a few extra dollars, but not all our English cousins. The cold fact is that many who own their town house could not possibly have their country one unless they did let one or the other each season to some stranger, of late years so often the despised American. Many an old family must let its shooting, ancestral home and all, once every few years in order to keep the thing going at all; but the advent of the stranger is not in any degree the bitter pill it would be to a less practical nation.

One may go into almost any "great" house by the mere payment of a fee to the porter and housekeeper. Indeed, few things give the newcomer more of a shock than to realize that, granted the fact one may enter at all, the dignified person in black silk is anxiously awaiting one's five-shilling tip. Tips are the time-honored heritage of the lower classes, from the waiter in a public restaurant, who, as it is well known, rarely has a regular wage but depends entirely upon gratuities, to the man who comes to one's house to read the gas meter, or the carpenter who is working for no master but himself. I am told that even a policeman will not disdain to take one's "tuppence," though I have never tried to prove it. "Why not?" they say. "You have more than we." But the whole thing is pitiful in the extreme, for it means not only an inherited servility but an unconscious conviction that they always will be where they are now.

There are many good points about class distinctions; even an inexperienced American can see that by such means much restlessness of spirit may be avoided, but it develops many side issues that are apt to make him impatient. It may be a 'bus conductor, earning thirty shillings a week, who stands in front of a passenger and says "Thank you" repeatedly, until you discover that that is the formula by which he asks for your fare. This is an instance chosen at random, yet even in this one example there is a whole volume of inference. So long, however, as he can be kept in his place, even by foolish formulas, anything is expedient. Every one, in fact, must be kept in his place, otherwise the whole social fabric would disintegrate. It would certainly never do for the lower classes to be able to drop their caste like an old coat. The marks must be so firmly ingrained that they stick forever, like a visible label. At an English railway station there came to the door of a first-class carriage an old man and woman. Externals proclaimed them to be thoroughly decent, self-respecting persons. The man was not traveling, but the woman, somewhat feeble, was provided with the ticket that entitled her to travel in English luxury. Though she would have been much more comfortable in a second-class carriage, a seat in the first was hers by every reasonable right; and yet a respectable-looking old man stood there in the door and actually whined: "Please make room for a poor old woman!" *That* was "their place."

Again, if I, who must be my own housekeeper, should venture into my own kitchen once a day, for what I consider good and sufficient reason, I know perfectly well that my cook will announce to my neighbor's cook or to my own upstairs maid that her mistress is certainly "no class"; she may even tell me so to my face if she chances to get drunk. An American friend told me of her disgust at the condition of a furnished house she proposed to hire. "Does not your mistress ever come downstairs to see for herself?" asked she of the servant who "went" with the house. "Oh, my, no," exclaimed the woman; "Mrs. —— is a real lady."

Really, taking it altogether, Americans are an awful lot of bother over in Europe, what with their insistence on warm rooms, baths and fresh linen, and wanting to take all the best things away with them to a place like America!

Quite naturally they recognize that, if the Americans are to have anything nice or mellow at all, they must come over here to get it, and it is particularly kind and prudent to make the process of buying and selling as mutually interesting as is possible.

But during this past summer there has gone up a large and dismal howl all over Europe from shop and hotel proprietors. The worm has turned. Their despised and succulent prey, the Rich American, has

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This Xmas Offer Holds Good Until December 31, 1908

The five free articles go only with your first order — be that for 100 or 1000 cigars. I will, however, fill an additional order and include the five Xmas gifts if I am instructed to ship direct to a friend of yours. Of course — you know my object. You can return any cigar you buy from me if you don't like it. My cigars are never fully sold until you have smoked them. It's easy to get your money back — just ask for it.

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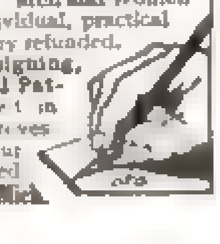

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begun to open its eyes. Although America genuinely had its money troubles and millions of us were obliged to economize, strangely, the outgoing steamers were as full as ever when sailing dates came round. The travelers landed in due time and swarmed, as usual, all over the place; but if mass meetings had been held in advance and solemn resolutions passed, no more concerted action could possibly have been effected than what actually did come to pass. With one accord the visitors all cried poor. When all the hundreds of thousands of harpies who live solely for and by the hordes of American visitors held out their welcoming arms this year they got sadly disappointed, and "my word," but they needed the lesson. "Dear me, no," said everybody; "we are all poor this year; don't dare to ask me such prices." And the harpies wrung their hands and told the true ones. "*Mein Gott!* they come, these peoples, but they buy not," was an anguished plaint that went forth in many languages, and this autumn great London cries poor in consequence. As for the continental hotel proprietor, he spreads his hands and rolls his eyes after the fashion of his class and cries that "If next year is ze same we are reeu-eend!"

In one way the year of American economy has had good results. Never again will the knowing American traveler submit to quite such extortion as we have been used to; besides which, the hotel and shopkeepers were getting to think they had a right to our money; they felt abused if it did not come their way. This year, if they did not get positive refusals to pay exorbitant prices, they got at least reduced orders. London tailors tell one tales of regular customers whose annual orders were for ten to fifteen suits; this year they would order three, or perhaps none. And London mourns, because West End trade is bad as bad can be; translated, this means that the cash business of June, July and August was alarmingly curtailed. The unfortunate thing is that all this reacts on a large class of innocent persons.

But woe betide the Englishman who, in his distress, borrows help from his more fortunate countryman. He may get what he needs, because the English are sympathetic and really kind, however much they may resent being caught in their emotional moments; but the borrower has nailed down his own social coffin unless he be unusually swift in erasing the debt. The great fetish is to be "on your own," and this leads to curious bypaths of self-help that are quite too shady to attract the people of a nation born to sunshine and the bigness of things. Some of these I have touched upon, others it is kindest to leave unsaid, but the strong feeling against lending money among friends and acquaintances is due, greatly, to the instinctive feeling that when a man is down, in the older countries, he is down to stay. In America it is different, for while no one loves the habitual borrower, every one does know that he who borrows to-day may be in a position to lend to-morrow. Of course, it is a perfectly just and eminently practical feeling that resents whatever may tend to break up the smoothly-running associations of years, one which is necessary and does exist everywhere; but in England the subject is looked upon with so much seriousness, and such quaint customs grow out of the insistence that one must be "on their own," and with such cool assumption that every one else must see things in the same light, that one is bound to notice, and sometimes even to smile.

If a man says, "Come on and have a drink," he by no means implies that he intends to pay for two. If one man says to another, "I wish you would go to the theatre with me to-night," it is very unlikely to be an invitation, as we understand it; and the invited one may expect to get a little note in a day or two asking for the price of the ticket, if he has so far failed to understand the rules of the game. Friends may ask you out to their country clubs. In the course of the afternoon you are asked to sign the visitors' book, and at the same time you are likely to be told in a perfectly matter-of-course manner that there is a shilling to pay. People may invite you to motor with them for a day's run, but that does not mean they invite you to luncheon. Each of the party will be quite comfortably and composedly "on his own."

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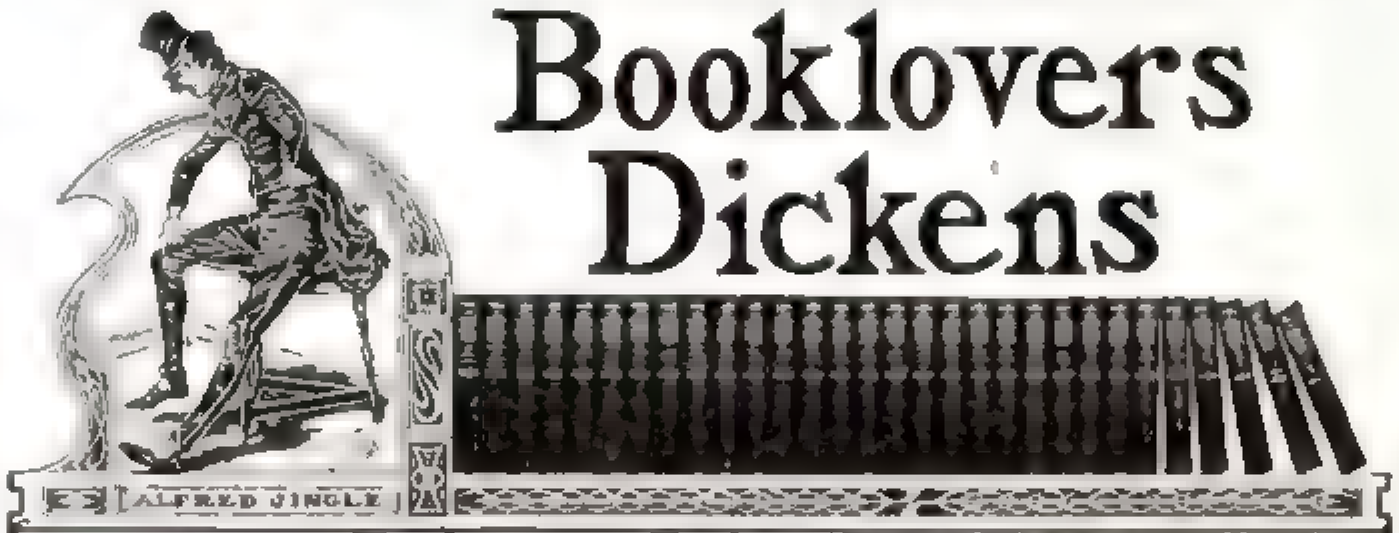

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How Rich Men Invest

By CHARLES GREVE

THE first thing any man of wealth who is an intelligent investor considers is the security of his fortune. Only the men who are rich to-day and poor to-morrow operate on any other plan. The question of increase is the second consideration. But the matter of security is first and foremost with every man who is sound and shrewd enough to deserve to be called a successful investor.

And he does not consider the question of security in a piecemeal fashion, with reference to each single investment as it comes along; on the other hand, he looks at it in a big, broad way in relation to his fortune as a whole. And this is the only sane way in which to look at it. Every bank has its sinking-fund, its undivided surplus. So has every big corporation which is soundly managed. What does this mean? Simply precaution, protection against the unforeseen emergency, a level-headed regard for the security of the enterprise taken as a whole.

So with the private investor: he must look ahead to the unexpected emergency and provide for it so that he may not be caught napping, so that some unexpected depression in business, some streak of hard luck, may not take him off his guard, with reference to certain particular investments, and thus force him, from a temporary disadvantage, to impair his fortune as a whole.

Undoubtedly there is a deadly sameness in the general plans and methods which men of wealth follow in providing for this matter of security. The rich man first puts a large proportion of his available fortune into first-lien securities, which are not only as sound and solid as the eternal hills, but are also in such constant demand that you can always get ready money for them. In most of the States of this country the laws are very stringent as to how trust funds may be invested. Broadly speaking, they have a tendency to compel the investors of trust funds to buy high-priced securities which pay only a small percentage of interest or return.

This fact alone helps to make a steady market for these first-lien securities, which pay a low interest rate—say, three to four per cent. Times have to be mighty tight when there are not enough trustees and other very cautious buyers in the field to make a reliable market for the tip-top securities.

This, of course, means that the investor who has the foundation of his structure laid on this kind of securities can always turn enough of them into cash to meet his necessities. This is what they are there for—at least this is the main reason. So far as the securities which go into this kind of a sinking-fund are concerned they should be absolutely the best of the first-lien order, and this means a return of about four per cent., or less.

As to what portion of his fortune an investor should put into these high-grade securities depends very largely upon the man—but it should not be less than one-half. If the investor is not too ambitious and too active, and if he is content to take life comparatively easy, he will do well to put every dollar of his resources into this highest type of securities. This is on the assumption that his fortune is large enough to give him all he requires for his expenses—and a little more—at three to four per cent. interest. Then, if death overtakes that man, his affairs will be in the best possible shape.

And right in this connection it is interesting to make a list of the men you know who have had fortunes and lost them—fortunes which would have given their owners a comfortable and perhaps a luxurious living if "planted" in the best securities. Every community has its group of these families. Hardly any country town is so small that it has not a few persons who are pointed out as having once been rich, but who are now in the thick of the struggle for a livelihood.

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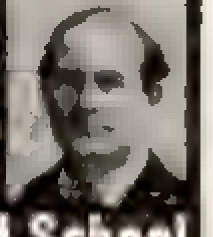
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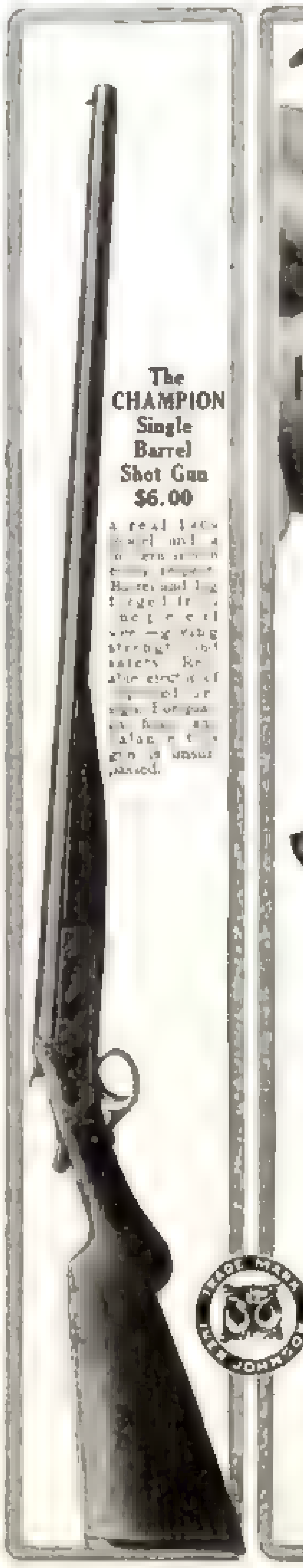
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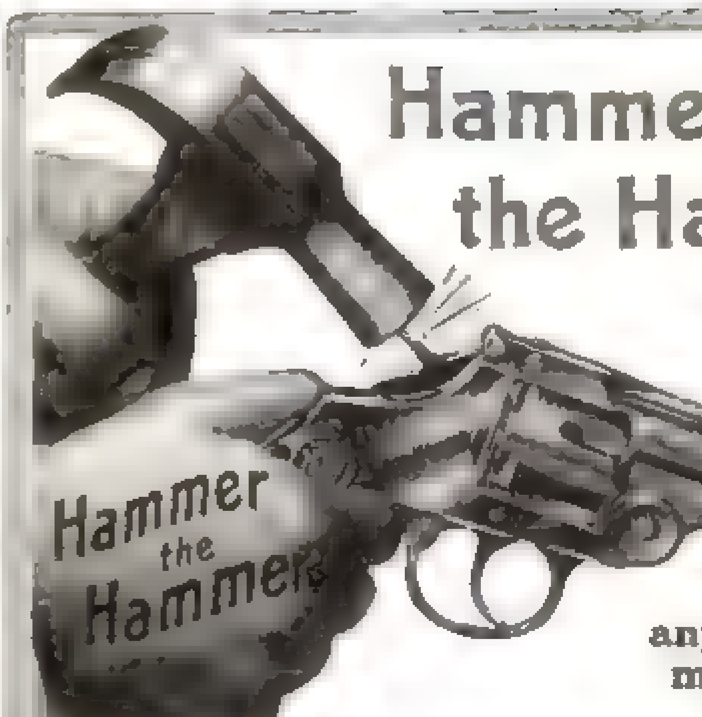

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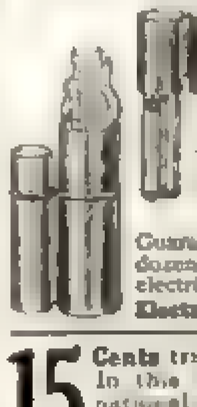
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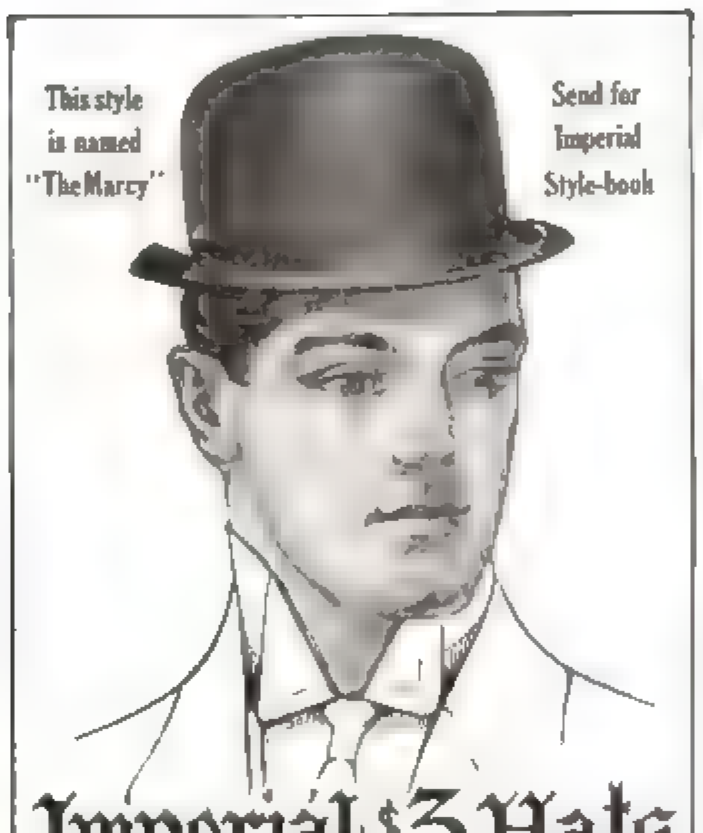

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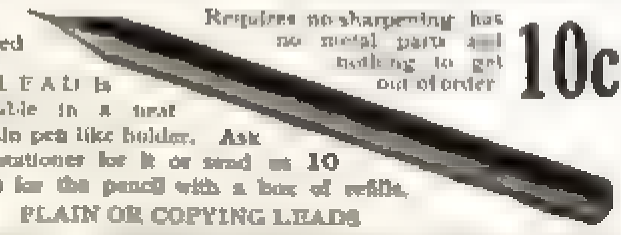

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However, I know that this is the way in which to get ahead fast, if you are equipped for the campaign with the sense that can see a bargain and the information necessary to measure the conditions. Seeing the success of this plan, as my friend followed it, I adopted it for my own, and I have seldom, if ever, had to take a loss, while the profits have been much better than the best of interest rates.

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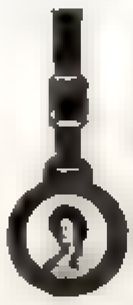

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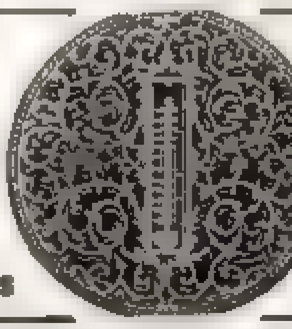

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FRANZ LEHÁR

COMPOSER OF THE MERRY WIDOW

By William Armstrong

Franz Lehár

FRANZ LEHÁR started out to write serious music, mellowed into operetta with Viennese Women, and crossed the borders of world-fame with The Merry Widow. Lehár has within him indisputable power for serious things, but, personally, I think he has done both art and humanity a better service in his present gay mood; more composers have already put the world to sleep than have lived to awaken it.

In the campaign of 1859, between Austria and Italy, there was a Franz Lehár, a regimental musician, who composed, on the field of Gustoza, a march that has since become a war-cry of Austria. The son of a line of Hungarian peasants, with good fighting blood in his veins, he passed a sturdy spirit and the musical gift on to his son, the Franz Lehár of present operetta achievements. The boy's birthplace was Komorn, in Hungary, and the date, April 30, 1870.

In his cradle-days he was what the German humorists call a "knapsack child" (*Tornistenkind*), a sobriquet given to the infants of soldiers constantly bundled from post to post, the father in this case being transferred with such frequency from one garrison town to conduct the band of another that the new Franz had scarcely time to cut teeth between journeys.

One day, at six years old, Franz emerged from an obscure corner and suspicious silence with his first little song. At four he had been able to put an accompaniment to any melody and in any key; to play on a piano with the keyboard covered with cloth; to take a given theme and improvise on it. Enough indications to assure a profitable prodigy to his struggling family; but good sense nipped the suggestion.

Of his brief schooldays at Budapest Lehár says that, had he not been able to play the harmonium in "singing hour," he does not know how things would have gone with him.

He was a dreamer of melodies that whispered all day in fascinating cadences foreign to the three R's; they sang still, loudly enough to drown both conscience and ancient history, in a fruitless year at the high school at Sternberg; then it became music or nothing.

Only twelve when he left home for the conservatory at Prague, he was entered as a violin pupil, and, instead of practicing, promptly began to compose. In the conservatory orchestra he was assigned the post of triangle player; there he heard the works of Smetana, Fibich and Dvorak, that set new melodies in his own brain to tingling. The violin went into silence for days at a time, while he put down a constantly lengthening procession of notes upon paper.

Called before the director for neglecting his chosen instrument, Lehár was given the choice of forsaking his studies in composition with Fibich or leaving the conservatory.

"Keep to your violin," wrote back his father, to whom he had appealed; "you must have a means of support."

"Hang your violin on a nail and stick to composing," said Dvorak, to whom he had submitted two sonatas. Brahms, the great composer, after scanning these works, confirmed the encouragement.

Oftentimes in those days the scant allowance from home had made hunger an intimate; once Franz Lehár, the boy, fell unconscious from it in the streets of Prague. But when his mother visited him briefly he had the courage to keep from her even a hint of it; only in the moment of her leaving, as the train moved out from the station, and the phantom of loneliness made that other clutching phantom too strong to fight, he ran along the platform crying, "Mother! Mother!" She, poor woman, understanding only too well the agony conveyed in his cry of despair, tried to jump out of the quickly-gliding train to the little figure trotting along on the platform beside it.

Then life went on again, as it has gone on before and since, for the boy with a gift too great for money to buy, but with scarcely enough of money itself to buy bread. That troubled him less than the hours he had to sacrifice to practice, as his father had ordered—hours that meant others stolen from sleep that the long procession of notes might keep on upon paper.

In 1888, when he was eighteen, he was given his certificate as violinist, and the Prague days were ended. In his heart he treasured, and still treasures, as best memory of them, the lessons that Dvorak and Fibich gave him, helping him out of the chrysalis to wings of his own.

To his first engagement as *concertmeister* at the combined theatres of Barmen-Elberfeld he took with him twelve hundred pounds of manuscript compositions. "I remember the exact amount," said Lehár, smiling, "because of the frightfully high freight rate."

With a salary of thirty-seven dollars a month life had begun; but his composing was now temporarily ended. Performances were given alternately at the two theatres; symphony concerts, opera and operetta jostled each other, with endless rehearsals wedged in between; one single song was all that he found time to write there. Unable longer to support it, one day between dark and dawn he departed, leaving a broken contract behind by way of good-by.

For ten happy months after that he lived in Vienna, a member of the Fifteenth Regiment Band, which his father conducted. There was a living in it, and, to Lehár, more important still, there was, between rehearsals, concerts and marching at the head of the regiment, time for composing. Many marches, dances, a Romance for violin, and a hymn for the unveiling of the Grilparzer monument in the Volksgarten, were written then.

The fate of the "knapsack child" fell to him for many a year after that, but those brief months fixed in Lehár an affection for Vienna and Viennese life that made it his home as surely as if he had been born there.

There is a beautiful season in youth when one is driven by the motor of energy to perpetual work, as the boy is driven to play. With Lehár this season came in the mud-paved isolation of Losoncz, a townlet in upper Hungary, where at twenty he donned the Austrian uniform as *kapellmeister* of the garrison band. The situation was not alluring; the peasant players were musical with Hungarian intuitiveness, and ended at that. Lehár set out to make them musicians, giving them lessons between rehearsals. To his credit and theirs they grew to be one of the best bands in the Empire, but it was when Lehár took up his violin and led some passionate Hungarian

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melody that they swept things most completely; the power and magnetism in his playing would carry any audience as completely to-day. It was that gift which was the cause of his departure from Losoncz. Utterly wearied, he was seated at supper at a restaurant where his band had played a long concert that evening. A waiter brought him word from a staff-officer that he wanted to hear his favorite melody played by Lehár. Tired out, his rage was too strong for restraint. "Tell him," was the answer, "that I am no gipsy leader, and if he wants me to play the violin he must come and ask me himself."

After that, to the regret of the many friends he had made there, nothing remained for him to do, under the existing military exactions, but resign.

All this self-imposed toil at Losoncz had left little time for composing. One opera, The Cuirassier, was partly written there, and another, Rodrigo, completed and entered in a contest at Coburg-Gotha for a prize, which it failed to receive. With that his probation ended, for his next opera, Kukuska, written at his succeeding post as conductor of the single marine orchestra of Austria, was produced at Leipsic.

As he was brought out many times that night, Lehár experienced distinction with empty pockets; that day his few valuables had been pawned that he might live over the twenty-four hours of a triumph. One unforgettable happiness, however, Kukuska brought him, though sorrow went with it. Getting word of the mortal illness of his father, he hurried from Trieste to upper Hungary. To his joy he found that the dying man had studied the score of the opera note for note, that he had faith in his son's future, fulfilling the wish the young composer had in his heart, that his father, severe but just critic, might believe in him.

At his request the piano was brought into the room, and by the light of a candle Franz played the prelude of the work. As he expresses it, no success ever meant, ever will mean, what his father's smile of joy and belief meant in that solemn moment.

Renamed Tatjana, the opera had a single hearing at Budapest, then it fell into forgetfulness, leaving its composer an exile, conducting a theatre orchestra at Trieste; he had given up his marine post in a moment of promise that he might live by composing. But his stay there had given him incentive that meant a turning-point in his life. It came from the German Emperor, the only monarch in Europe who has any intelligence in art. During a visit to the Austrian fleet the Emperor heard Lehár's work, his quick ear caught its worth, and he sent him a long message through the port admiral, together with a decoration of merit.

Half the men in the world fail because they prefer to do something in which they are as good as the rest, instead of that other thing which they can do better. The fetish of Chinese tradition which makes the son of a cobbler the father of succeeding generations of shoemakers is not stronger than that of the composer, once serious, to remain so for eternity, whether or not he can escape it.

Lehár has written, can write, serious enough music, though he will forgive me if I say frankly that even in it humor peeps out, like the smile on a child's lips at prayers. When he made his vault into fields where the lighter flower of the operetta waved him gay welcome, he had not lost his ability for serious music, he has not lost it yet. Neither did Offenbach. La Fille de Madame Angot, La Belle Hélène, La Grande Duchesse left intact the talent of the man who wrote The Tales of Hoffmann that, fifty years later, sang its song in every world-city, an opera half a century old, but half a century in advance of a day that the French and young Italians have but lately caught up with.

Like Offenbach, Lehár has espoused operetta; like him, too, he has held work of another style in abeyance. But a man who makes a world smile has created a fulcrum that tosses care into space.

With Lehár the forsaking of old fields for new was an affair of deliberation and thought, not accident. He looks on the operetta as a work that only a good musician can write, but of which not every good musician is capable; that its composer must have within him talent for melody that is never banal, a heart overflowing with gayety, and be possessed alike of feeling and inspiration; that for speculative and made music there is no place in it, all must be natural, fresh and sincere.

The future of operetta, he predicts, will be an approach nearer to the style of the *opéra comique,* in the continental and proper sense of the term.

From the start, the struggle with Lehár was between earning an existence and time to compose. When he exchanged Trieste for Vienna, in 1900, it was but a continuation of hard experience. As conductor of the Fiftieth Infantry Regiment band there, rehearsals, concerts, parades and musical functions claimed day and night. At the end of two years of it his troop was ordered to Raab, and it marched off without him; he had taken the post of first conductor at the Theatre an der Wien. With prospects of a chance to write actually nearer, he threw discretion out of the window, gave up his conductorship and went to composing two operettas at once against time, against circumstances. The one was Viennese Women, the other, Rastelbinder; for the latter, Leon, the librettist, had, after refusal, finally given him the book.

In the spring he had left his regiment; on November twentieth Viennese Women was brought out; four weeks later Rastelbinder appeared behind the footlights.

The first made an immediate impression, the second, doomed by the critics, refused to remain so. Inexperience and need of money led him to sell the score for two hundred dollars; the publishers who bought it cleared thirty-two thousand dollars.

Following these operettas came Göttergatte, Juxheirat, then The Merry Widow, Mystislav der Moderne, The Man With Three Wives, and his latest, The Prince's Child, to be produced in America by Colonel Savage this winter.

By the time The Merry Widow arrived Lehár had grown wiser. That operetta brought him his first financial recompense, and a very considerable one, Colonel Savage having paid, as the American royalties alone, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a single year.

Christening the Philippines

IN A POLITICAL campaign in Texas, a few years ago, the Republicans, for the sake of the party's organization in that State, had speakers in the field on behalf of the national ticket. One of these was W. H. Atwell, of Dallas, who now holds the office of United States District Attorney for the Northern District of Texas. He was billed to make a speech in the town of Seguin. When he arrived there to fill the appointment he found that the late ex-Governor James S. Hogg was billed to make a speech at the same hour on behalf of the Democrats.

"Former Governor Hogg and I were good personal friends," Mr. Atwell said, "and soon after I got to my hotel he came up to my room.

"'Bill, how would you like to divide time with me to-night?' he asked.

"I saw no way out of it, although I knew his powers as a stump speaker, so I agreed to the proposition.

"'Now, what subject shall we take for discussion?' I asked.

"'Let's talk about the Philippines,' said Governor Hogg. He pronounced the letter 'i' in the final syllable of the word like 'i' in pine. 'I'll discuss the question from the standpoint that the United States ought to turn the islands loose, and you can take the other side.'

"I agreed to this. I was given the opening of thirty minutes, was to be followed by Mr. Hogg in an hour's address, and, in turn, had the closing of the argument. In the course of Mr. Hogg's argument he said, with dramatic effect:

"'There are scores of islands in the Philipp-i-n-e group, and I'll tell you people what I'll do. If my opponent, Mr. Atwell, can name, give the names of five of these islands, I will concede that he has bested me in this joint debate.'

"This proposition the audience received with wild yells. My heart sank within me. As a matter of fact, I didn't know the name of but one of the islands, and that was Luzon. Suddenly it occurred to me that Governor Hogg probably didn't know any more. So I told the audience I gladly accepted the challenge, and as promptly proceeded to give the names of five brands of Havana cigars. The crowd applauded and the Governor bowed. Nobody knew enough to correct me, and I was accorded the honors of victory."

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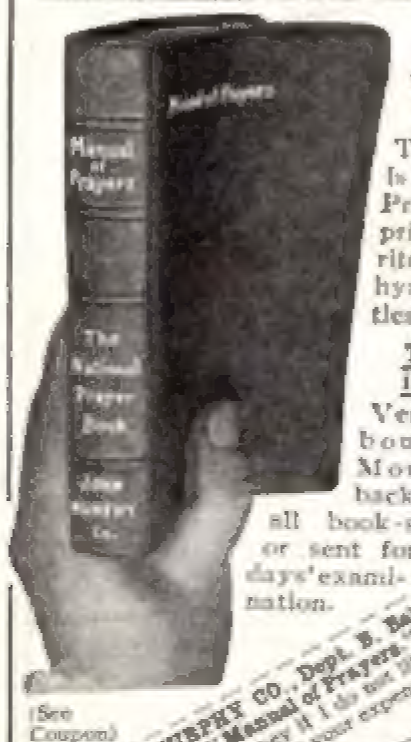

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HELPING ROSABEL

Borrowed Plumes and a Blow to Pride

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

"COME right in, Mis' Henderson. Laws, you shore is a sight fo' sore eyes. You'll have to 'scuse de disappe'ance of dis room. De chillen been a-litterin' up de place till it looks like a cyclome struck it. I tell 'em dat de Good Book say, 'Dey's a time when patience ceases to be a moniment,' but dey don't listen no mo'n a rabbit. Dey's like dey daddy. He's got de disposition to be tidy, but he jes' don't use it.

"Ain't it warm? I declare to gracious de preparation's a-drippin' off me like a shower. Yes'm, I'd be feelin' tollable well if it wasn't fo' de miz'ry in my bress', but I ain't done so much washin' lately, so de hurtin' kind slowed up on me.

"Ain't you heard I done give up de Slocumses' washin'? Yes'm, last Wednesday a week ago. It'll be fourteen years next November, if I lives an' nothin' happens, since I first took in dey washin', and if it hadn't 'a' been fo' dat fool niggah Ros'bel I'd be ironin' de Slocumses' clothes dis minute.

"How come Ros'bel mixed up in it? Well, dat's what I'm goin' to tell you, but every time I speak dat flouncin' gal's name I wants to spit.

"You see, all de trouble come along of her tryin' to git de new preacher over at de Shiloh Baptis' Church to pop de question. He'd been keepin' comp'ny with her fo' over a month, an' it begin to look like he was a little backwa'ds. Ros'bel bein' a orphtan an' not havin' no one to look after her I kinder took pity on her an' let her spend a good deal o' time at my house.

"One mornin' I was iron' a dress of Mis' Fanny's—I always call Mis' Slocum Mis' Fanny—when Ros'bel comes in. De dress was one of dese Maxicum drawed-work pieces, de kind dat's fix all over like a rockin'-chair tidy, an' I knows it cost a sight of money. De Cunnel brung it to Mis' Fanny when he come back from one of his trips, an' she set a heap o' store by it.

"Well, Ros'bel ain't no sooner'n clap her eyes on dat dress den she like to had a fit. She ask me how much I'd take to let her wear it dat afternoon, 'cause de preacher was goin' to call an' he'd shore have de blind staggers of de heart if he'd see her in it.

"She come at me so sudden-like I didn't scarcely know what to do. I ain't never lent out any of Mis' Fanny's good dresses, an' her askin' me dat way kinder put me to it. I jes' argyfied dis hyah way: Mis' Fanny she's rich an' got a-plenty, but Ros'bel's a orphtan, an' de preacher might be de chanst of her life. 'But den again,' I says, 'sposen' something happens to dat dress!' Dere I stood 'sputin' with myself, an' all de time Ros'bel a-talkin' me into lettin' her wear de dress till I was plum addled, an' de end of it was dat I finally give in. But first I made her mighty nigh swear de skin off'n her tongue dat she'd take good care of de dress an' not let it come to no harm.

"I 'member de time I let de folks over at de strawbe'y festibul have one of Mis' Fanny's baffinbug tidies for de table, an' how I had to scorch it with a hot iron to cover up de place where a stain was made on it, an' den preten' to Mis' Fanny like I scorched it by ax'dent. So I made dat gal promise me some mighty tall promisements. I knowed de dress was servin' in a good cause an' dat kind of kept me from feelin' so oneasy 'bout it.

"Well, a little after dinner here comes Ros'bel to my house all ready exceptin' de dress, 'cause I wouldn't trust her to git in it by herself. It was a blessin' she come early—leastways I thought so den—for it took till de end of kingdom come to hook her in dat dress. I had to be so careful 'cause it was a clost fit, an' by de time I finished hookin' it I knowed where de name 'drawed-work' come from, for it mighty near drawed my nails out by de roots gittin' dat dress on Ros'bel.

"But when de job was done dat gal shore did look fine! She knowed it, too, an' de way she switched up an' down in front o' de glass, an' grin at herself like a possum, was a sight.

"While I was standin' by, miratin' over her an' tellin' her to play her cards right an' she'd git de preacher easy, I saw a carriage drive up in front, an' a lady step out an' come in de gate. 'Ros'bel,' says I, 'ain't dat a white lady comin' in de gate?'

"'Yes'm,' says Ros'bel.

"'Laws-a-mussy,' says I, wonderin' who it was. 'I ain't fitten to see no ladies.' An' wid dat I kinder straighten myself out intendin' to step to de do'.

"An' den, what you reckon dat fool nigger done? It jes' takes one o' dese here yaller niggers to act dat-away. De black ones ain't so no-'count an' flutter-headed. She was so anxious to show herself, no sooner did a knock come, dan she flung open de do'. An' dere stands Mis' Fanny!

"De minute I rec'nize who it was I tried to jerk Ros'bel back in de room an' git in front of her. But it was too late. Mis' Fanny ain't no sooner'n set her eyes on dat coon den dey bulge out till you could 'a' hung a hat on 'em, an' she jes' said, 'My dress!' But dey was more language in dem two words dan if she'd 'a' talked a week.

"Dere was so much happen after dat, it fairly made my brames spin 'round. Ros'bel screamed an' started to run, but Mis' Fanny was dat quick, she reached out an' catch her by de Maxicum drawed-work, an' helt on to her. An' all de 'splainin' I was trying to do was jes' breff wasted. I never seen any one so hard-headed as white folks is.

"Mis' Fanny hung on to Ros'bel like a snappin' turtle, an' she wouldn't loose her holt till I peel de dress off dat no-'count nigger. I never was so much emba'ss'ment in all my bawn days.

"Den she makes me git all de rest of de clothes an' have de driver pile 'em in de carriage. I had to send one of de chillen out de back way to de next-do' neighbor's to git one of Cunnel Slocumses' white vests dat I let Mr. Johnson have de night befo'.

"John, de driver, tol' me de next day dat Mis' Fanny had come to ask me 'bout a ol' cook o' her'n. But dat don't make no diff'ence. White folks got no business pokin' round where dey don't belong, an' my 'pinion of Mis' Fanny cert'nly fell since dat happen.

"But I knows one thing. If dat yaller-faced, triflin', no-'count nigger Ros'bel comes round here askin' me to help her out in courtin' again, I'll have de law on her!"

Women in Business

IN A LARGE department store, a man buyer had charge of the women's underwear department. He did a very large volume of trade in those goods as he understood them. Really, though, his understanding of the women's underwear business was limited to close prices, favorable discounts and fortunate "jobs" on stock of an extremely staple and plebeian nature. There was hardly a garment in the department that ran above three dollars, retail. The average was about a dollar and a half. It was a fine *underwear* stock, and nothing more.

When he was promoted a woman succeeded him.

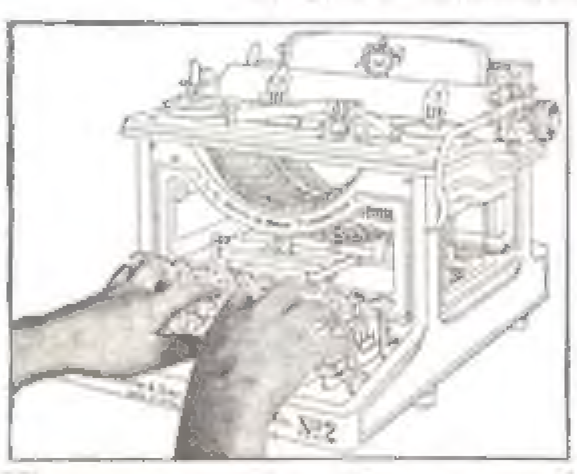
Inside of two years she had wholly changed the character of that department. "Jobs" no longer came, because she passed most of them along to the country trade. Her sales of low-price goods were as large as her predecessor's, and she perhaps beat him a bit on the quality of those goods, price with price. But it was in goods at higher prices that she did wonders. Soon it was an every-day thing to see customers come in and purchase fine, lace-trimmed garments at ten or twenty dollars, and from that to sets of garments retailing at fifty dollars, seventy-five dollars, one hundred dollars, and from that to an exclusive patronage in fine *trousseaux.*

Under a man this department went up to three dollars a garment.

Under the woman buyer, however, it regularly sold bride's outfits at five hundred to one thousand dollars.

The male buyer knew the underwear business.

But it took a woman to get the *lingerie* trade.



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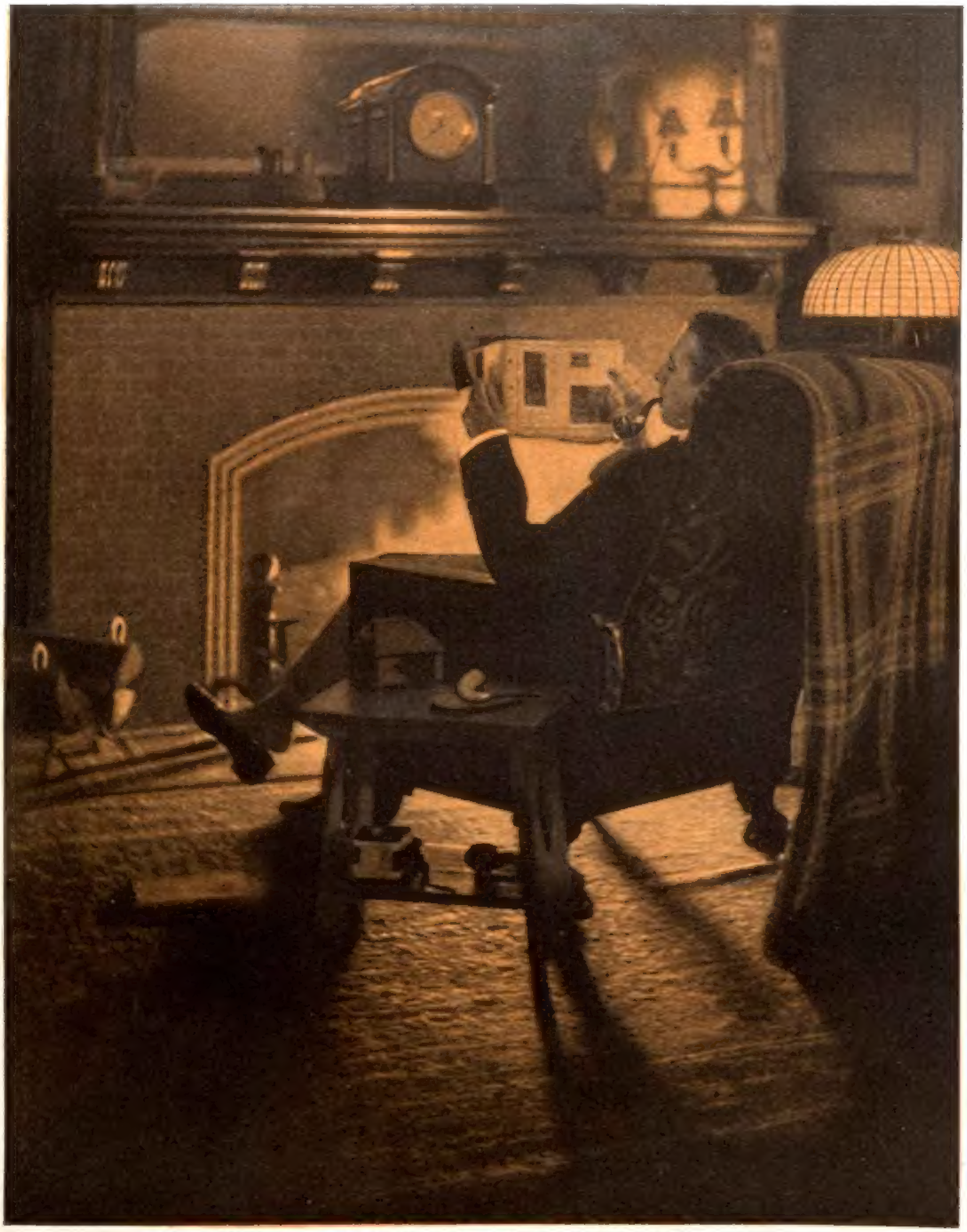

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